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THE

ODYSSEY

OF

HOMER,

TRANSLATED INTO

ENGLISH BLANK VERSE

BY THE LATE

WILLIAM COWPER, Esq.

The Second Edition,

With copious Alterations and Notes,

PREPARED FOR THE PRESS BY THE TRANSLATOR,

AND NOW PUBLISHED WITH A PREFACE

BY HIS KINSMAN,

J. JOHNSON, LL.B.

CHAPLAIN TO THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.

Τάδε δ' ἀεὶ πάρεσθ' ὅμοια, διὰ δὲ τῶν αὐτῶν ἀεί.—EPICHARMUS.

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APRIL 15, 1941

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

COUNTESS DOWAGER SPENCER,

THE FOLLOWING

TRANSLATION OF THE ODYSSEY,

A POEM THAT EXHIBITS,

IN THE CHARACTER OF ITS HEROINE,

AN EXAMPLE

OF ALL DOMESTIC VIRTUE,

IS WITH EQUAL PROPRIETY AND RESPECT

INSCRIBED

BY HER LADYSHIP'S

MOST DEVOTED SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

ODYSSEY.

BOOK I.

Muse make the man thy theme, for ſhrewdneſs famed
And genius verſatile; who far and wide
A Wand'rer, after Ilium overthrown,
Diſcover'd various cities, and the mind
And manners learn'd of men in lands remote.
He num'rous woes, on Ocean toſs'd, endured,
Anxious to ſave himſelf, and to conduct
His followers to their home; yet all his care
Preſerved them not; they periſh'd ſelf-deſtroy'd
By their own fault; infatuate! who devoured
The oxen of the all-o'erſeeing Sun,
And, puniſh'd for that crime, return'd no more.
Daughter divine of Jove, theſe things record,
As it may pleaſe thee, even in our ears.
The reſt, all thoſe who had perdition 'ſcaped
By war or on the Deep, dwelt now at home;
Him only, of his country and his wife
Alike deſirous, in her hollow grot

Calypſo, beauteous Goddeſs, ſtill detained
Wooing him to her arms; and, when at length,
Year rolling after year, the ſeaſon came
That ſhould reſtore him, by the will of heav'n,
To his loved Ithaca, (nor even there,
Friends only ſhould he meet, but many a foe)
Then all the Pow'rs above with pity view'd
His num'rous toils, ſave Neptune; He alone,
With ceaſeleſs rage purſuing him, withheld
Godlike Ulyſſes from his native ſhores.
But Neptune, now, the Æthiopians ſought,
(The Æthiopians, utmoſt of mankind,
Theſe Eaſtward ſituate, thoſe toward the Weſt)
Call'd to an hecatomb of bulls and lambs *.
There ſitting, pleas'd he banquetted; the Gods
In Jove's abode, mean-time, aſſembled all,
'Midſt whom the Sire of heav'n and earth began.
For he recall'd to mind Ægiſthus ſlain
By Agamemnon's celebrated ſon
Oreſtes, and retracing in his thought
That dread event, the Immortals thus addreſs'd.
How raſh are Human-kind! who charge on Us

* The Æthiopians, according to Diodorus Sic:, are ſaid to have been the firſt of the human race who celebrated the worſhip of the Gods, from whom they received, in recompenſe of their devotions, an immunity from conqueſt by the Kings their neighbours.

Their

Their ſuff'rings, far more truly the reſult
Of their own folly, than of our decrees *.
So now Ægiſthus, under no conſtraint
Of Deſtiny, hath ta'en Atrides' wife
To his own bed, and him at his return
Hath foully ſlain, though not unwarn'd by Us
That he would ſurely periſh; for we ſent
The watchful Argicide, who bade him fear
Alike, to ſlay the King, or woo the Queen;
For that Atrides' ſon Oreſtes, ſoon
As grown mature, and eager to aſſume
The ſway in Argos, ſhould avenge the deed.
So Hermes ſpake, but his advice moved not
Ægiſthus, on whoſe head the whole arrear
Of vengeance heap'd, at laſt, hath therefore fall'n †.
To whom Minerva, Goddeſs azure-eyed.
Oh Jove, Saturnian Sire, o'er all ſupreme!

* Chryſippus, as quoted by Gellius, inveighs with much reaſonable indignation againſt thoſe profligate and audacious perſons, who, to excuſe a ſlaviſh obedience to their luſts, have recourſe to the plea of Fatality, aſcribing all their wickedneſs, not to their own impious raſhneſs, the proper and true ſource of it, but to the will of heaven.—Homer however, as he obſerves, the wiſeſt as well as the moſt antient of the poets, was the firſt alſo to cenſure this egregious folly.—C.

† Argus, the ſon of Areſtor, was called the πολυόμματος κύων or *dog with many eyes*, on account of the vigilance with which he guarded Io the daughter of Inachus; but Mercury, by command of Jupiter ſlew him, and was thence entitled the Argicide.—B.

And well he merited the death he found;
So periſh all who ſhall, like him, offend.
But with a boſom anguiſh-rent I view
Ulyſſes, hapleſs Chief! who from his friends
Remote, affliction hath long time endured
In yonder wood-land iſle, the central boſs
Of Ocean. That retreat a Goddeſs holds,
Daughter of ſapient Atlas, who the abyſs
Knows to its bottom, and the pillars high
Himſelf upbears which ſep'rate earth from heav'n.
His daughter, there, the ſorrowing Chief detains,
And ever with ſmooth ſpeech inſidious ſeeks
To wean his heart from Ithaca; mean-time
Ulyſſes, happy might he but behold
The ſmoke aſcending from his native land,
Death covets. Canſt thou not, Olympian Jove!
At laſt relent? Hath not Ulyſſes oft
With victims ſlain amid Achaia's fleet
Thee gratified while yet at Troy he fought?
How, therefore, hath he thus incenſed thee, Jove?
To whom the Sov'reign of the realms of air.
What words, my daughter, have eſcaped thy lips?
Can I forget Ulyſſes? Him forget
So noble, who in wiſdom all mankind
Excels, and who hath ſacrificed ſo oft
To us whoſe dwelling is the boundleſs heav'n?

Earth-

Earth-circling Neptune—He it is whoſe wrath
Purſues him ceaſeleſs for the Cyclops' ſake
Whom he hath blinded, Polypheme the vaſt,
In ſtrength ſuperiour to his giant kind.
For Him the ſea-nymph, Phorcys' daughter, bore,
Thoöſa, by the Sov'reign of the waves
Impregnated in caverns of the Deep.
E'er ſince that day, the Shaker of the ſhores,
Although he ſlay him not, yet devious drives
Ulyſſes from his native iſle afar.
But come—deviſe we, now, with one conſent
His ſafe return, both means and proſp'rous end;
So Neptune ſhall his wrath remit, whoſe pow'r
In conteſt with the force of all the Gods
Exerted ſingle, can but ſtrive in vain.
To whom Minerva, Goddeſs azure-eyed.
Oh Jupiter! above all Kings enthroned!
If the Immortals ever-bleſt ordain
That wiſe Ulyſſes to his home return,
Diſpatch we then Hermes the Argicide,
Our meſſenger, to fair Ogygia's iſle,
Who ſhall inform Calypſo, nymph divine,
Of this our purpoſe, that Ulyſſes, long
A ſuff'rer, ſeek, at length, his home again.
Myſelf will hence to Ithaca, mean-time,
His ſon to animate, and with new force

Inſpire him, that (the Greecians all convened
In council,) he, at once, may bid depart
The ſuitors from his home, who, day by day,
His num'rous flocks and fatted herds conſume.
And I will ſend him thence to Sparta forth,
And into ſandy Pylus, there to hear
(If hear he may) ſome tidings of his Sire,
And to procure himſelf a glorious name.

This ſaid, her golden ſandals to her feet
She bound, ambroſial, which o'er all the earth
And o'er the moiſt flood waft her fleet as air;
Then, ſeizing her braſs-pointed ſpear robuſt,
In length and bulk and weight a matchleſs beam,
With which the Jove-born Goddeſs levels ranks
Of Heroes againſt whom her anger burns,
From the Olympian ſummit down ſhe flew
To Ithaca *, where, in the veſtibule
And on the threſhold of Ulyſſes' hall
Graſping her brazen ſpear ſhe ſtood, in form
The hero Mentes †, hoſpitable Chief

* Στῆ δ' Ἰθάκης ἐνὶ Δήμῳ— The word Δῆμος is here ſaid by the Scholiaſt to be a proper name, and the name of the place in Ithaca where ſtood the palace of Ulyſſes.—B. & C. But Barnes accounts this interpretation of it an idle dream, for which reaſon I have not attended to it in the tranſlation.

† We are told that Homer was under obligations to Mentes, who had frequently given him a paſſage in his ſhip to different countries which he wiſhed to ſee, for which reaſon he has here immortalized him.

Of Taphos' iſle *—ſhe found the haughty throng
The ſuitors; they before the palace gate
Sported with iv'ry cubes, reclined on hides
Of num'rous oxen which themſelves had ſlain.
The heralds and the buſy menials there
Miniſter'd to them; theſe their mantling cups
With water ſlaked; with bibulous ſponges thoſe
Made clean the tables, ſet the banquet on,
And portion'd out to each his plenteous ſhare.
Long ere the reſt Telemachus himſelf
Mark'd her, for ſad amid them all he ſat,
Pourtraying in deep thought contemplative
His noble Sire, and queſtioning if yet
Perchance the Hero might return to chaſe
From all his palace that imperious herd,
To his own honour lord of his own home.
Thus muſing there, he ſuddenly perceived
The Goddeſs, and ſprang forth, for he abhorr'd
To ſee a gueſt's admittance long delay'd;
Approaching eager, her right hand he ſeized,
The brazen ſpear took from her, and in words
With welcome wing'd Minerva thus addreſs'd.

Stranger! Thou ſhalt be welcome; ent'ring, ſhare
The banquet, firſt, then tell me thy deſire.

* Taphos was one of the Echinades, iſlands of the Ionian ſea, and was inhabited by the Teleboeans.—B, & C.

So ſaying, toward the ſpacious hall he moved
Follow'd by Pallas, and, arriving ſoon
Beneath the lofty roof, placed her bright ſpear
Within a pillar's cavity, long time
The armoury where many a ſpear had ſtood,
Bright weapons of his own illuſtrious Sire.
Then, leading her toward a footſtool'd throne
Magnificent, which firſt he overſpread
With linen, there he ſeated her, apart
From that rude throng, and for himſelf diſpoſed
A throne of various colours at her ſide;
Leſt, ſtunn'd with clamour of the lawleſs band,
His gueſt ſhould ſuffer pain, and that himſelf
Might aſk him tidings of his abſent Sire.
And now a maiden charg'd with golden ew'r
And with an argent laver, pouring firſt
Pure water on their hands, ſupplied them, next,
With a reſplendent table, which the chaſte
Directreſs of the houſehold heap'd with bread
And dainties, remnants of the laſt regale.
Then, in his turn, the ſewer* with ſav'ry meats
Served them, of delicate and various kinds,
And golden cups beſide the chargers placed,
Which the attendant herald fill'd with wine.

* Milton uſes the word—
——————————— Sewers and ſeneſchals.

Ere-

Erelong, in ruſh'd the ſuitors, and the thrones
And couches occupied, on all whoſe hands
The heralds pour'd pure water; then the maids
Attended them with bread in baſkets heap'd,
And eager they aſſail'd the ready feaſt.
At length, when neither thirſt nor hunger more
They felt unſatisfied, to new delights
Their thoughts they turn'd, to ſong and ſprightly dance,
Enlivening ſequel of the banquet's joys.
An herald, then, to Phemius' hand conſign'd
His beauteous lyre; he through conſtraint regaled
The ſuitors with his ſong, and while the chords
He ſtruck in prelude to his pleaſant ſtrains,
Telemachus, in accents whiſper'd cloſe
To Pallas ear, the Goddeſs thus addreſs'd.
My inmate and my friend! far from my lips
Be ev'ry word that might diſpleaſe thine ear!
Song and the ſprightly lyre may well engage
Theſe wanton feeders at another's coſt,
Whoſe bones lie weather-bleach'd, we know not where,
On foreign ground, or rolling in the Deep.
Ah! could they ſee him once to his own iſle
Reſtored, both gold and raiment they would wiſh
Far leſs, and nimbleneſs of foot inſtead.
But He, alas! hath by a wretched fate
Paſt queſtion periſh'd, and what news ſoe'er

We hear of his return, no comfort breeds
In us, convinced that he returns no more.
But anſwer undiſſembling; tell me true;
Who art thou? whence? where ſtands thy city? where
Thy father's manſion? In what kind of ſhip
Cam'ſt thou? Why ſteer'd the mariners their courſe
To Ithaca, and of what land are they?
For that on foot thou found'ſt us not, is ſure.
This alſo tell me, haſt thou now arrived
New to our iſle, or waſt thou heretofore
My father's gueſt? Since many to our houſe
Reſorted in thoſe happier days, for he
Drew irreſiſtibly the hearts of all.

Then thus the Goddeſs of the azure eyes.
I will with all ſimplicity of truth
Thy queſtions ſatisfy*. Behold in me
Mentes, the offspring of a Chief renown'd
In war, Anchialus; and I rule, myſelf,
The Taphians, mariners expert and bold.
This day we here arrived, myſelf and crew,
Seeking a people of another tongue

* Μάλ' ἀτρεκέως—Pallas promiſes in theſe emphatical words that ſhe will tell him the truth, yet begins with a fiction. The promiſe therefore is underſtood by ſome to have reference only to the aſſurance ſhe gives him that his father is ſtill alive. But others interpret the words here noted as ſignifying no more than *circumſtantially*.—C.

Athwart

Athwart the gloomy flood, in queſt of braſs
For which I barter ſteel, ploughing the waves
To Temeſa*. My ſhip beneath the woods
Of Neïus, at yonder field that ſkirts
Your city, in the haven Rhethrus rides.
We are hereditary gueſts; our Sires
Were friends long ſince; as, when thou ſeeſt him next,
The Hero old Laertes will avouch,
Of whom, I learn, that he frequents no more
The city now, but in ſequeſter'd ſcenes
Dwells ſorrowful, and by an antient dame
Oft as ſtrength fails him, while he creeps and toils
Among his vines, with food and drink ſupplied.
But I have come drawn hither by report
Which ſpake thy Sire arrived, though ſtill it ſeems
The adverſe Gods his homeward courſe retard.
For not yet breathleſs lies the noble Chief,
But in ſome iſland of the boundleſs flood
Reſides a priſoner, by barbarous force
Of ſome rude race detained reluctant there.
And I will now foreſhow thee what the Gods
Teach me, and what, though neither augur ſkill'd

* Temeſa was, according to ſome, a city of Cyprus, but others find it in Italy.—B. & C. Strabo obſerves of this laſt, that if in Homer's time it was famous for workers in braſs, it has ſince ceaſed to be ſo.—C.

Nor

Nor prophet, I yet truſt ſhall come to paſs.
He ſhall not, henceforth, live an exile long
From his own ſhores; no, not although in bands
Of iron held, but will erelong contrive
His own return; for in expedients, framed
With wond'rous ingenuity, he abounds.
But tell me true; art thou, in ſtature ſuch,
Son of himſelf Ulyſſes? for thy face
And ſparkling eyes ſeem plainly to beſpeak
Ulyſſes in thee; for delights like theſe,
With Him converſing, I have oft enjoy'd,
Ere yet, with many a gallant Greecian more
He ſail'd to Troy. But never have I, ſince,
Ulyſſes ſeen, nor hath Ulyſſes, me.
To whom Telemachus, diſcrete, replied.
Stranger! The truth is this. My mother Him
Affirms my father, and the mother's voice
That queſtion can, alone, with truth decide*.

* Euſtathius obſerves that the legitimacy of a birth is beſt known to the mother; and Ariſtotle is of the ſame opinion, who cites the caſe of a woman named Peparethia, whoſe oath in a diſpute at law concerning the legitimacy of her child, was accepted as deciſive. Telemachus therefore does not mean to impeach his mother's chaſtity, but merely to affirm his ignorance on a point which ſhe alone was qualified to determine.—C.

Among us the child is always given by the Law to him to whom the mother ſwears it.

Would

Would I were offspring of ſome happier Sire,
Ordain'd in calm poſſeſſion of his own
To reach the verge of life. But now, alas!
I am the rumour'd offspring of a man
Of all mankind unhappieſt. Thy demand
Was ſimple truth; thus therefore I reply.
Then anſwer blue-eyed Pallas thus return'd.
From no ignoble race, in future days,
The Gods ſhall prove thee ſprung, whom ſo endow'd
With ev'ry grace Penelope hath borne.
But tell me true. What feſtival is this?
This throng—whence are they? wherefore haſt thou need
Of ſuch a multitude? Behold I here
A banquet, or a nuptial feaſt? for theſe
Meet not by contribution * to regale,
With ſuch brutality and din they hold
Their riotous banquet! a wiſe man and good
Arriving, now, among them, at the ſight
Of ſuch enormities would much be wroth.
To whom replied Telemachus diſcrete.
Since, ſtranger! thou haſt aſk'd, learn alſo this.

* Ἔρανος, a convivial meeting, at which every man paid his proportion, at leaſt contributed ſomething;—B. & C. but it ſeems to have been a meeting at which ſtrict ſobriety was obſerved, elſe Pallas would not have inferred from the noiſe and riot of this, that it was not ſuch a one.

While

While yet Ulyſſes with his people dwelt,
His preſence warranted the hope that here
Virtue ſhould dwell and opulence; but heav'n
Hath caſt for us, at length, a diff'rent lot,
And he is loſt, as never man before.
For I ſhould leſs lament his death itſelf,
Had he among his friends at Ilium fall'n,
Or in the arms of his companions died,
Troy's ſiege accompliſh'd. Then his tomb the Greeks
Of ev'ry tribe had built, and he had won
A never-dying name for me; but now,
By harpies torn inglorious, beyond reach
Of eye or ear he lies; and hath to me
Grief only, and unceaſing ſighs bequeath'd *.
Nor mourn I for his ſake alone; the Gods
Have plann'd for me ſtill many a woe beſide;
For all the rulers of the neighbour iſles,
Samos, Dulichium, and the foreſt-crown'd

* The Harpies and their place of habitation are mentioned by Virgil.—Æn. 3. l. 210.

The Strophades are iſles of Grecian name
Amid the wide Ionian Deep, poſſeſs'd
By dire Celæno and her Harpy brood;
Nor ever, through the anger of the Gods,
Emerg'd a fouler, feller peſt from Hell.
The birds have virgin looks, but they annoy
The ſcent with filthieſt ordure; talons arm
Their hands, and famine pales their ghaſtly cheeks.

Zacynthus,

Zacynthus, others alſo, rulers here
In craggy Ithaca, my mother ſeek
In marriage, and my houſehold ſtores conſume.
But ſhe nor *will* accept, nor *can* diſmiſs
Their hated ſuit, and They, mean-time, devour
My ſubſtance, who, myſelf, muſt periſh ſoon.
To whom, with deep commiſeration pang'd,
Pallas replied. Alas! great need haſt thou
Of thy long abſent father to avenge
Theſe num'rous wrongs; for could he now appear
There, at yon portal, arm'd with helmet, ſhield,
And graſping his two ſpears, ſuch as when firſt
I ſaw him drinking joyous at our board,
From Ilus ſon of Mermeris, who dwelt
In diſtant Ephyre *, juſt then return'd,
(For thither alſo had Ulyſſes gone
In his ſwift bark, ſeeking ſome pois'nous drug
Wherewith to taint his brazen arrows keen †,
Which drug through fear of the eternal Gods
Ilus refuſed, but readily my Sire
Gave to him, for he lov'd him paſt belief)
Could now, Ulyſſes, clad in arms as then,

* Ephyre has been already noticed in the firſt volume of the Iliad as a city of Theſprotia; but the Ephyre mentioned by Homer both there and here was probably Elis.

† The poet, it is obſerved, prepares us to ſee the ſuitors die by a ſingle wound of theſe arrows.—B. & C.

Mix with theſe ſuitors, ſhort his date of life
To each, and bitter ſhould his nuptials prove.
But whether, ſafe reſtored, he ſhall avenge,
In his own houſe, his wrongs, or whether not,
Reſts, for deciſion, with the Gods alone.
Mean-time I counſel thee, thyſelf to think
By what means likelieſt thou ſhalt expel
Theſe from thy doors. Now mark me: cloſe attend.
To morrow, ſummoning the Greecian Chiefs
To council, ſpeak to them, and call the Gods
To witneſs that ſolemnity. Bid go
The ſuitors hence, each to his own abode,
And if thy mother's choice be ſtrongly bent
To marriage, let her to the houſe return
Of her own potent father, who, himſelf,
Shall furniſh forth her matrimonial rites,
And ample dow'r, ſuch as it well becomes
A darling daughter to receive, beſtow.
But hear me now; thyſelf I thus adviſe.
The prime of all thy ſhips preparing, mann'd
With twenty rowers, voyage hence to ſeek
Intelligence of thy long-abſent Sire.
Some mortal may inform thee, or a word *,

* Ὀσσα—a word ſpoken, with reſpect to the ſpeaker, caſually; but with reference to the inquirer ſuppoſed to be ſent for his information by the eſpecial appointment and providential favour of the Gods.

Perchance

Perchance, by Jove directed (ſafeſt ſource
Of notice to mankind) may reach thine ear.
Firſt voyaging to Pylus, there enquire
Of noble Neſtor; thence to Sparta tend,
To queſtion Menelaus, laſt arrived
Of all the Greecians; and, if there thou learn
That ſtill thy father lives, and hope obtain
Of his return, then, ſuffer as thou may'ſt,
With patience wait his coming, yet a year.
But ſhould'ſt thou learn his death, then, ſeek again
Thy native ſhores, and, having heap'd his tomb,
And with due pomp his fun'ral rites perform'd,
Make thou thy mother's ſpouſals, next, thy care.
Theſe duties ſatisfied, delib'rate laſt
Whether thou ſhalt theſe troublers of thy houſe
By ſtratagem, or by aſſault, deſtroy.
For thou art now no child, nor may'ſt purſue
The ſports of children longer. Has the deed
Of brave Oreſtes never reach'd thine ear,
Whom all mankind extol? For he hath ſlain
Ægiſthus, ſly contriver of the death
Of Agamemnon, his illuſtrious ſire.
And Thou, my youthful friend, whoſe form robuſt
And fair proportions with delight I view,
Be Thou brave alſo, that renown like His
Thou may'ſt acquire with ages yet to come.

But I will to my veſſel now repair,
And to my mariners, whom, abſent long,
I may perchance have troubled. Weigh thou well
My counſel; let not my advice be loſt.
To whom Telemachus diſcrete replied.
Stranger! thy words beſpeak thee much my friend,
Who, as a father teaches his own ſon,
Haſt taught me what I never will forget.
But, though in haſte thy voyage to purſue,
Yet ſtay, that in the bath refreſhing firſt
Thy limbs now weary, thou may'ſt ſprightlier ſeek
Thy gallant bark, charged with ſome noble gift
Of finiſh'd workmanſhip, which thou ſhalt keep
As my memorial ever; ſuch a boon
As men confer on gueſts whom much they love.
Then thus Minerva, Goddeſs azure-eyed.
Retard me not, for go I muſt; the gift
Which lib'ral thou deſireſt to beſtow
Give me at my return, that I may bear
The treaſure home; and, in exchange, thyſelf
Expect ſome gift equivalent from me.
She ſpake, and as with eagle-wings upborne,
Vaniſh'd incontinent, but him inſpired
With daring fortitude, and on his heart
Dearer remembrance of his Sire impreſs'd
Than ever. Conſcious of the mighty change,

Amazed

Amazed he ſtood, and, in his ſecret thought
Revolving all, believed his gueſt a God.
The youthful Hero to the ſuitors then
Repair'd; they ſilent, liſten'd to the ſong
Of the illuſtrious Bard; he the return
Deplorable of the Achaian hoſt
From Ilium by command of Pallas, ſang.
Penelope, Icarius' daughter, mark'd
Mean-time the ſong celeſtial, where ſhe ſat
In the ſuperiour palace; down ſhe came,
By all the num'rous ſteps of her abode;
Not ſole, for two fair handmaids follow'd her.
She then, divineſt of her ſex, arrived
In preſence of that lawleſs throng, beneath
The portal of her ſtately manſion ſtood,
Between her maidens, with her lucid veil
Her lovely features mantling. There, profuſe
She wept, and thus the ſacred bard beſpake.
Phemius! for many a ſorrow-ſoothing ſtrain
Thou know'ſt beſide, ſuch as exploits record
Of Gods and men, the poet's frequent theme;
Give them of thoſe a ſong, and let themſelves
Their wine drink noiſeleſs; but this mournful ſtrain
Break off, unfriendly to my boſom's peace,
And which of all hearts neareſt touches mine,
With ſuch regret my deareſt Lord I mourn,

Rememb'ring ſtill an huſband praiſed from ſide
To ſide, and in the very heart of Greece.
Then anſwer thus Telemachus return'd.
My mother! leave the tuneful bard unblamed
To his own choice. No bard, himſelf, creates
The woes of which he ſings, but Jove ſupplies
Each, at his pleaſure, with a mournful theme;
And He records Achaia's hapleſs doom
Thus ſweetly, with good cauſe; for neweſt ſtrains
Moſt take the liſt'ning ear. Of all who fought
At Troy, Ulyſſes hath not loſt, alone,
His day of glad return; but many a Chief
Hath periſh'd alſo. Seek thou then again
Thy own apartment, ſpindle ply and loom,
And taſk thy maidens; management belongs
To men of joys convivial, and of men
Eſpecially to me, chief ruler here*.
She heard aſtoniſh'd; and the prudent ſpeech
Repoſing of her ſon deep in her heart,
Again with her attendant maidens ſought

* This part of the ſpeech of Telemachus has been rejected by ſome critics who contend that whatever propriety it may have when addreſſed by Hector to Andromache, it has not the ſame when addreſſed by a ſon to his mother. But Telemachus probably uſes it, not as a reproof to her, but that the ſuitors hearing it, may infer from it his determined purpoſe to take the management of his family henceforth into his own hands. To be maſter, in ſhort, for the time to come, and a child no longer.—B.

Her

Her upper chamber. There arrived, ſhe wept
Her loſt Ulyſſes, till Minerva bathed
Her weary lids in dewy ſleep profound.
Then echoed through the gloomy vaults of all
The lofty roof, the ſuitors' boiſt'rous roar,
For each was hot to ſhare the royal bed.
Whom thus Telemachus diſcrete addreſs'd.

All ye my mother's ſuitors, though addict
To contumacious wrangling fierce, ſuſpend
Your clamour; for a courſe to me it ſeems
More decent far, when ſuch a bard as this,
Godlike for ſweetneſs, ſings, to hear his ſong.
To morrow meet we in full council all,
That I may plainly warn you to depart
From this our manſion. Seek ye where ye may
Your feaſts; conſume your own, alternate fed
Each at the other's coſt; but if it ſeem
Wiſeſt in your account and beſt, to eat
Voracious thus the patrimonial goods
Of one man, rend'ring no account of all *,
Bite to the roots; but know that I will cry
Ceaſeleſs to the eternal Gods, in hope
That Jove, for retribution of the wrong,
Shall doom you, where ye have intruded, there
To bleed, and of your blood aſk no account *.

* There is in the Original an evident ſtreſs laid on the word Νήποινοί, which is uſed in both places. It was a ſort of Lex Talionis

He ended, and each gnaw'd his lip, aghaſt
At his undaunted hardineſs of ſpeech.
Then thus Antinoüs ſpake, Eupithes' ſon.
Telemachus! the Gods, methinks, themſelves
Teach thee ſublimity, and to pronounce
Thy matter fearleſs. Ah forbid it, Jove!
That one ſo eloquent ſhould with the weight
Of kingly cares in Ithaca be charged,
A realm, by claim hereditary, thine.
Then prudent thus Telemachus replied.
Although my ſpeech, Antinoüs, may, perchance,
Provoke thee, know that I am not averſe
From kingly cares, if Jove appoint me ſuch.
Seems it to thee a burthen to be fear'd
By men above all others? truſt me, no.
There is no ill in royalty; the man
So ſtation'd, waits not long ere he obtain
Riches and honour. But I grant that Kings
Of the Achaians may no few be found
In ſea-girt Ithaca both young and old,
Of whom ſince great Ulyſſes is no more,
Reign whoſo may; but King, myſelf, I am
In my own houſe, and over all my own

which Telemachus hoped might be put in force againſt them; and that Jove would demand no ſatisfaction for the lives of thoſe, who made him none for the waſte of his property.

Domeſtics,

Domeſtics, by Ulyſſes gained for me.
To whom Eurymachus replied, the ſon
Of Polybus. What Greecian Chief ſhall reign
In ſea-girt Ithaca, muſt be referr'd
To the Gods' will, Telemachus! mean-time
Ulyſſes' rich poſſeſſions and his houſe
Are doubtleſs thine, and thou art ſov'reign here.
May never that man on her ſhores arrive,
While an inhabitant ſhall yet be left
In Ithaca, who ſhall by violence wreſt
Thine from thee. But permit me, noble Sir!
To aſk thee of thy gueſt. Whence came the man?
What country claims him? Where are to be found
His kindred and his patrimonial fields?
Brings he glad tidings of thy Sire's approach
Homeward? or came he to receive a debt
Due to himſelf? How ſwift he diſappear'd!
Nor opportunity to know him gave
To thoſe who wiſh'd it; for his face and air
Him ſpeak not of Plebeian birth obſcure.
Whom anſwer'd thus Telemachus diſcrete.
Eurymachus! my father comes no more.
I can no longer credit tidings now,
If ſuch arrive; nor heed I more the ſong
Of ſooth-ſayers whom my mother may conſult,
But this my gueſt hath known in other days

My father, ſea-girt Taphos is his home,
Mentes his name, Anchialus his ſire,
And his control the Taphian race, renown'd
For naval ſkill, unanimous obey.
So ſpake Telemachus, but in his heart
Knew well his gueſt a Goddeſs from the ſkies.
Then they to dance and heart-enlivening ſong
Turn'd joyous, waiting the approach of eve;
The duſky evening found them joyous ſtill,
When each, to his own houſe retiring, ſought
Needful repoſe. Telemachus, the while,
In various muſings occupied, to reſt
Alſo retired, in his own chamber, built
On the hall-roof, conſpicuous from afar.
Sage Euryclea, bearing in each hand
A torch, preceded him; her ſire was Ops,
Piſenor's ſon, and, in her early prime,
At his own coſt Laertes made her his,
Paying with twenty beeves her purchaſe-price.
Nor in leſs honour than his ſpotleſs wife
He held her ever; but his conſort's wrath
Fearing, at no time call'd her to his bed.
She bore the torches, and with truer heart
Loved him than any of the female train,
For ſhe had nurs'd him in his infant years.
He open'd his broad chamber-valves, and ſat

On his couch-ſide; then, putting off his veſt
Of ſofteſt texture, placed it in the hands
Of the attendant dame diſcrete, who firſt
Folding it with exacteſt care, beſide
His bed ſuſpended it, and, going forth,
Drew by its ſilver ring the portal cloſe,
And faſten'd it with bolt and brace ſecure.
There lay Telemachus, on fineſt wool
Repoſed, contemplating all night his courſe
Preſcribed by Pallas to the Pylian ſhore.

ARGU-

ARGUMENT

OF THE

SECOND BOOK.

Telemachus having convened an aſſembly of the Greecians, publickly calls on the Suitors to relinquiſh the houſe of Ulyſſes. During the continuance of the Council he has much to ſuffer from the petulance of the Suitors, from whom, having informed them of his deſign to undertake a voyage in hope to obtain news of Ulyſſes, he aſks a ſhip, with all things neceſſary for the purpoſe. He is refuſed, but is afterwards furniſhed with what he wants by Minerva, in the form of Mentor. He embarks in the evening without the privity of his mother, and the Goddeſs ſails with him.

BOOK II.

AURORA, roſy daughter of the dawn,
Now ting'd the Eaſt, when, habited again,
Uproſe Ulyſſes' offspring from his bed.
Athwart his back his ſaulchion keen he ſlung,
His ſandals bound to his unſullied feet,
And, godlike, iſſued from his chamber-door.
At once the clear-voiced heralds he enjoin'd
To call the Greeks to council; they aloud
Gave forth the ſummons, and the throng began.
When all were gather'd, and th' aſſembly full,

He

He graſp'd his lance, and, ſetting forth, repair'd,
Himſelf, to council; nor alone he went,
But follow'd by his hounds, a faithful pair.
O'er all his form Minerva largely ſhed
Majeſtic grace divine, and, as he moved,
The gazing crowd his princely port admired.
The ſeniors gave him place, and down he ſat
On his paternal throne. Then grave aroſe
The Hero, old Ægyptius; bow'd with age
Was he, and by experience deep-inform'd *.
His ſon had with Ulyſſes, godlike Chief,
On board his fleet to diſtant Ilium gone,
The warrior Antiphus, whom in his cave
The ſavage Cyclops ſlew, and on his fleſh
At ev'ning made obſcene his laſt regale.
Three ſons he had beſide, a ſuitor one,
Eurynomus; whoſe brothers, day by day,
Both ſerv'd their antient father in his fields.
Yet he forgat not, father as he was

* Euſtathius remarks it as a ſymptom that the poet himſelf was alſo an orator, and knew how difficult a young man muſt find it to open a debate by ſpeaking firſt in the preſence of more experienced perſons, that he conſigns that part of the buſineſs to Ægyptius, a ſpeaker of long practice, who by interrogating the aſſembly gives Telemachus an opportunity to anſwer; an eaſier taſk than to introduce the ſubject with nothing to lead to it. The young prince has the ſame advantage afforded him in the third book, where Neſtor prepares the way for him by an enquiry concerning the cauſe of his voyage.—C.

Of

Of theſe, his abſent eldeſt, whom he mourn'd
Ceaſeleſs, and thus his ſpeech, with tears, began.
Hear me, ye men of Ithaca, my friends!
Nor council here nor ſeſſion hath been held
Since great Ulyſſes left his native ſhore.
Who now convenes us? what eſpecial need
Hath urged him, whether of our youth he be,
Or of our ſenators by age matured?
Have tidings reach'd him of our hoſt's return,
Which here he would divulge? or brings he aught
Of publick import on a diff'rent theme?
I deem him, whoſoe'er he be, a man
Worthy to proſper, and may Jove vouchſafe
A bleſſing on the purpoſe of his heart!
He ended, and Telemachus rejoiced
In that good omen. Ardent to begin,
He ſat not long, but, moving to the midſt,
Received the ſceptre from Piſenor's hand,
His prudent herald, and addreſſing, next,
The hoary Chief Ægyptius, thus replied.
Not far remote, as thou ſhalt ſoon thyſelf
Perceive, oh venerable Chief! he ſtands,
Who hath convened this council. I, am He.
I am in chief the ſuff'rer. Tidings none
Of the returning hoſt I have received,
Which here I would divulge, nor bring I aught

Of

Of publick import on a different theme,
But my own trouble, on my own houſe fall'n,
And two-fold fall'n. One is, that I have loſt
A noble father, who, as fathers rule
Benign their children, govern'd once yourſelves;
The other, and the more alarming ill,
With ruin threatens my whole houſe, and all
My patrimony with immediate waſte.
Suitors, (their children who in this our iſle
Hold higheſt rank) importunate beſiege
My mother, though deſirous not to wed,
Dare not ſolicit, in that cauſe, her Sire
Icarius, who might give his daughter dow'r,
And portion her to whom he moſt approves,
(A courſe which, only named, moves their diſguſt)
But rather chooſe, intruding here, to ſlay
My ſheep, and beeves, and fatted goats, and drink
My ſable wine—waſte hard to be ſuſtain'd.
For I have no Ulyſſes to relieve
Me and my family from this abuſe.
Ourſelves are not ſufficient; we, alas!
Too feeble ſhould be found, and yet to learn
How beſt to uſe the little force we own;
Elſe, had I pow'r, I would, myſelf, redreſs
The evil; for it now ſurpaſſes far
All ſuff'rance, now they ravage uncontroll'd,

Nor

Nor ſhow of decency vouchſafe me more.
Reſent, yourſelves, this outrage; dread the blame
Which, elſe, ye muſt incur from ev'ry ſtate
Around us, and the anger of the Gods,
Leſt they impute theſe impious deeds to you *.
I, next, adjure you by Olympian Jove,
By Themis, who convenes and who diſſolves
All councils †, that ye interpoſe, my friends!
To check them, and afford to my diſtreſs
A ſolitary and a ſilent home.
But if Ulyſſes, my illuſtrious Sire,
Hath injur'd any noble Greecian here,
Whoſe wrongs ye purpoſe to avenge on me,
Then, aid them openly; for better far
Were my condition, if yourſelves conſumed
My revenue ‡; ye ſhould compenſate ſoon
My ſuff'rings at *your* hands; for my complaints

* The reader is to be reminded that this is not an aſſembly of the ſuitors only, but a general one, which affords Telemachus an opportunity to apply himſelf to the feelings of the Ithacans at large.

† It is ſaid by ſome to have been cuſtomary with the antients to introduce the image of Themis into all their public aſſemblies,—C. as the repreſentative of peace and juſtice.

‡ The word *revenue* is very nearly a literal tranſlation of the original word προβασίν, which Barnes, and Clarke after him, render by the word *proventus*. This ſeems the better ſenſe of it, though there are others who underſtand it to ſignify *moveables*, eſpecially ſuch things as are *ſelf-moved*, ſheep, oxen, &c.

Should rouſe all Ithaca to my redreſs,
Nor ceaſe, till I were ſatisfied for all;
But now, conniving at the wrong, ye pierce
My ſoul with anguiſh not to be endured.
He ſpake impaſſion'd, and to earth caſt down
His ſceptre, weeping. Pity at that ſight
Seiz'd all the people; mute the aſſembly ſat
Long time, none dared with anſwer rough to greet
Telemachus, till of them all, at laſt,
Antinoüs, ſole ariſing, thus replied,
Telemachus, intemp'rate in harangue,
High-ſounding orator! it is thy drift
To make us odious, all; but the offence
Lies not with us the ſuitors; ſhe alone
Thy mother, who in ſubtlety excels,
And deep-wrought ſubterfuge, deſerves the blame.
Three years entire, and, now, well nigh a fourth,
She hath beguiled with her deluſive arts
The Greecians; meſſage after meſſage ſent
Brings hope to each, by turns, and promiſe fair;
But ſhe, mean-time, far otherwiſe intends.
Her other arts exhauſted all, ſhe framed
This ſtratagem; a web of ampleſt ſize
And ſubtleſt woof beginning, thus ſhe ſpake *.

* The web ſhe began was of the largeſt dimenſions and of the fineſt texture, becauſe a work of that kind proceeding ſlowly, both on

Princes, my ſuitors! ſince the noble Chief
Ulyſſes is no more, preſs not as yet
My nuptials, wait till I ſhall finiſh, firſt,
A fun'ral robe (leſt all my threads decay)
Which for the antient Hero I prepare,
Laertes, looking for the mournful hour
When fate ſhall ſnatch him to eternal reſt;
Elſe, I the cenſure dread of all my ſex,
Should he, ſo wealthy, want at laſt a ſhroud.
So ſpake the Queen, and unſuſpicious, we
With her requeſt complied. Thenceforth, all day
She wove the ample web, and by the aid
Of torches ravell'd it again at night.
Three years by ſuch contrivance ſhe deceived
The Greecians; but when (three whole years elaps'd)
The fourth arrived, then, conſcious of the fraud,
A damſel of her train told all the truth,
And we ſurpriſed her marring all her work.
Thus, through neceſſity ſhe hath, at length,
Perform'd the taſk, and in her own deſpite.
Therefore, to ſatisfy not thee alone
But all men here aſſembled, we reply.
Diſmiſs thy mother with a charge to wed

on account of the ſize and the difficulty with which it would be performed, the ſuitors would the leſs wonder at the time it coſt to accompliſh it.—C.

Whom

Whom moſt Icarius and herſelf approve.
But ſhould ſhe ſtill torment us with delay,
Studious alone to merit praiſe for arts
By Pallas giv'n her largely; matchleſs ſkill
To weave the ſplendid web; ſagacious thought;
And ſhrewdneſs, ſuch as never fame aſcribed
To any beauteous Greek of antient days,
Tyro, Mycene, or Alcmena lov'd
By Jove himſelf, all whom th' accompliſh'd Queen
Tranſcends in knowledge, ignorant alone
That wooed long-time ſhe ſhould, at laſt, be won,
Then know, that while the Gods with adverſe ſway
Thus warp her judgment, ev'ry ſuitor, ſtill,
Shall banquet at thy coſt. A glorious name
She to herſelf inſures, but equal woe
And devaſtation of thy wealth to thee;
For neither to our proper works at home
Go we, of that be ſure, nor yet elſewhere,
Till him ſhe wed to whom ſhe moſt inclines *.
Then prudent, thus, Telemachus replied.
Antinoüs! to thruſt the mother forth

* Some have underſtood that Antilochus, in this cloſe of his ſpeech, produced a prophecy without intending it, becauſe the ſuitors in fact did not depart till Ulyſſes came, the only perſon of her choice, and ſlew them. But Clarke judges, and ſeemingly with good reaſon, that the interpretation is a mere ſubtlety and of no value; though Madame Dacier approves it.

Who gave me birth and rear'd me, were a deed
Unnat'ral and impoſſible to me.
Alive or dead, my Sire is far remote,
And ſhould I, voluntary, hence diſmiſs
My mother to Icarius, I muſt much
Refund, which hardſhip were and loſs to me *.
So doing, I ſhould alſo wrath incur
From my offended Sire, and from the Gods
Still more; for ſhe, departing, would invoke
Erynnis to avenge her, and reproach
Beſide would follow me from all mankind.
That word I, therefore, never will pronounce.
No, if ye judge your treatment at her hands
Injurious to you, go ye forth yourſelves,
Forſake my manſion; ſeek where elſe ye may
Your feaſts; conſume your own; alternate feed
Each at the other's coſt. But if it ſeem
Wiſeſt in your account and beſt to eat
Voraciouſly the patrimonial goods
Of one man, rend'ring no account of all,
Bite to the roots; but know that I will cry

* The commentators are here divided in opinion, doubting whether Telemachus means to ſay, that *if he ſends away his mother he muſt refund her dower to Icarius*, or *if he ſends her to Icarius, he muſt incur great evil.*—B. & C. The words will bear either ſenſe, according to their punctuation, but Dacier and Clarke both give the preference to that in which the paſſage is here rendered.

Ceaſeleſs to the eternal Gods, in hope
That Jove, in retribution of the wrong,
Shall doom you, where ye have intruded, there
To bleed, and of your blood aſk no account.
So ſpake Telemachus, and while he ſpake,
The Thund'rer from a lofty mountain-top
Turn'd off two eagles; on the winds, awhile,
With outſpread pinions ample ſide by ſide
They floated; but, erelong, hov'ring aloft,
Right o'er the midſt of the aſſembled Chiefs
They wheel'd around, clang'd all their num'rous plumes,
And eyeing with a downward look the throng,
Death boded, ominous; then rending each
The other's face and neck, they ſprang at once
Toward the right, and darted through the town *.
Amazement univerſal, at that ſight,
Seized the aſſembly, and with anxious thought
Each ſcann'd the future; amidſt whom aroſe
The Hero Halitherſes, antient Seer,
Offspring of Maſtor; for in judgment he
Of portents augural, and in forecaſt
Unerring, his coevals all excell'd,
And prudent thus the multitude beſpake.

* Not the faces and necks of the ſuitors, as ſome have very abſurdly imagined, but each others, for an unanſwerable reaſon which the learned reader will find in Clarke.

Hear, all ye men of Ithaca! but hear
Ye Suitors chiefly, for I ſpeak of woes
Tremendous, by the Gods prepared for you.
Ulyſſes ſhall not from his friends, henceforth,
Live abſent long, but, haſting to his home,
Comes even now, and as he comes, deſigns
A bloody death for theſe, whoſe bitter woes
No few ſhall ſhare, inhabitants with us
Of pleaſant Ithaca; but let us frame
Effectual means maturely to ſuppreſs
Their violent deeds, or rather let themſelves
Repentant ceaſe; and ſooneſt ſhall be beſt.
Not inexpert, but well-inform'd I ſpeak
The future, and the accompliſhment announce
Of all which when Ulyſſes with the Greeks
Embark'd for Troy, I to himſelf foretold.
I ſaid that, after many woes, and loſs
Of all his people, in the twentieth year,
Unknown to all, he ſhould regain his home,
And my prediction ſhall be now fulfill'd.
Him, then, Eurymachus thus anſwer'd rough
The ſon of Polybus. Hence, dotard! Hence
To thy own houſe; there propheſying, warn
Thy children of calamities to come.
Birds num'rous flutter in the beams of day,

Not

Not all predictive. Death, far hence remote
Hath found Ulyſſes, and I would to heav'n
That, where he died, thyſelf had periſh'd too.
Then had'ſt thou not with theſe prophetic ſtrains
O'erwhelm'd us, nor Telemachus impell'd
Already thus incenſed, in hope to win,
Perchance, for thine ſome favour at his hands.
But I to *thee* foretell, ſkilled as thou art
In legends old, (nor ſhall my threat be vain)
That if by artifice thou move to wrath
A younger than thyſelf, no matter whom,
Thou ſhalt but plunge him deeper, in his cauſe
Much enterpriſing, and performing nought,
And we will charge thyſelf with ſuch a fine
As thou ſhalt pay with difficulty, and bear
The burthen of it with an aching heart.
As for Telemachus, I him adviſe,
Myſelf, and preſs the meaſure on his choice
Earneſtly, that he ſend his mother hence
To her own father's houſe, who ſhall, himſelf,
Set forth her nuptial rites, and ſhall endow
His daughter ſumptuouſly, and as he ought.
For this expenſive wooing, as I judge,
Till then ſhall never ceaſe; ſince we regard
No man—no—not Telemachus, although

In words exub'rant; neither fear we aught
Thy vain prognoſtics, venerable ſir!
But only hate thee for their ſake the more.
Waſte will continue and diſorder foul
Unremedied, ſo long as ſhe ſhall hold
The ſuitors in ſuſpenſe, for, day by day,
Our emulation goads us to the ſtriſe,
Nor ſhall we ſeek, departing hence, to eſpouſe
Each his own conſort ſuitable elſewhere.
To whom, diſcrete, Telemachus replied.
Eurymachus, and ye the ſuitor train
Illuſtrious, I have ſpoken; ye ſhall hear
No more this ſupplication urged by me.
The Gods, and all the Greeks, now know the truth.
But give me inſtantly a gallant bark
With twenty rowers, ſkill'd their courſe to win
To whatſoever haven; for I go
To ſandy Pylus, and ſhall haſten thence
To Lacedemon, tidings to obtain
Of my long-abſent Sire, or from the lips
Of man, or by a word from Jove vouchſafed
Himſelf, beſt ſource of notice to mankind.
If, there inform'd that ſtill my father lives
I hope conceive of his return, although
Diſtreſs'd, I ſhall be patient yet a year.

But

But ſhould I haply learn that he ſurvives
No longer, then, returning, I will raiſe
At home his tomb, will with ſuch pomp perform
His fun'ral rites, as his great name demands,
And give my mother's hand to whom I may.
This ſaid, he ſat, and after him aroſe
Mentor, illuſtrious Ulyſſes' friend,
To whom, embarking thence, he had conſign'd
All his concerns, that, under his diſcrete
And juſt control, his houſehold might enjoy
Peace and ſecurity till his return.
Ariſing, thus the ſenior, ſage, began.
Hear me, ye Ithacans! be never King
From this time forth, benevolent, humane
Or righteous, but let every ſceptred hand
Rule mercileſs, and deal in wrong alone,
Since none of all his people, whom he ſway'd
With ſuch paternal gentleneſs and love,
Remembers the divine Ulyſſes more!
That the imperious ſuitors thus ſhould weave
The web of miſchief and atrocious wrong,
I grudge not; ſince at hazard of their heads
They make Ulyſſes' property a prey,
Perſuaded that the Hero comes no more.
But much the people move me; how ye ſit

All mute, and, though a crowd oppoſed to few,
Check not the ſuitors with a ſingle word!
Then thus Liocritus, Evenor's ſon.
Injurious Mentor! headlong orator!
How dar'ſt thou move the populace againſt
The ſuitors? Truſt me they ſhould find it hard,
Numerous as they are, to cope with us,
A feaſt the prize. Or ſhould the King himſelf
Of Ithaca, returning, undertake
T' expel the jovial ſuitors from his houſe,
Much as Penelope his abſence mourns,
His preſence ſhould afford her little joy;
For fighting ſole with many, he ſhould meet
A dreadful death. Thou, therefore, ſpeak'ſt amiſs.
Mentor and Halytherſes, from their youth
His father's choſen friends, ſhall furniſh forth
Telemachus; but likelier far it ſeems
That news ſhould reach him here, than that himſelf
In ſearch of news, ſhould reach the Pylian ſhore *.
Thus ſaying, Liocritus diſſolved in haſte

* The poet, it is obſerved by the Scholiaſt, repreſents Antinoüs as a plain and artleſs ſpeaker, Eurymachus as vehement and haughty, and Liocritus as a man of not many words, but daring and inſolent, who not only expreſſes himſelf contemptuouſly when he mentions Ulyſſes, but breaks up the council abruptly though he had not convened it.—B. & C. Euſtathius makes the ſame obſervation.—C.

The

The council, and the ſcatt'red concourſe ſought
Their ſev'ral homes, while all the ſuitors flock'd
Thence to the palace of their abſent King.
Mean-time, Telemachus from all reſort
Retiring, in the ſurf of the gray Deep
Firſt laved his hands, then, thus to Pallas pray'd.
O Goddeſs! who waſt yeſterday a gueſt
Beneath my roof, and didſt enjoin me then
A voyage o'er the ſable Deep in queſt
Of tidings of my long-regretted Sire!
Behold! the Greeks, but, moſt of all, the proud
Injurious ſuitors thwart the whole deſign.
Such pray'r he made; then Pallas, in the form,
And with the voice of Mentor, drawing nigh,
In accents wing'd, him kindly thus beſpake.
Telemachus! thou ſhalt hereafter prove
Nor baſe, nor poor in talents. If, in truth,
Thou have received from heav'n thy father's force
Inſtill'd into thee, and reſembleſt him
In promptneſs both of action and of ſpeech,
Thy voyage ſhall not uſeleſs be, or vain.
But if Penelope produced thee not
His ſon, I hope not, then, a good effect
Of this deſign which, ardent, thou purſueſt.
Few ſons their fathers equal; moſt appear
Degenerate; but we find, though rare, ſometimes

A ſon

A ſon ſuperiour even to his Sire *.
And ſince thyſelf ſhalt neither baſe be found
Nor ſpiritleſs, nor altogether void
Of talents, ſuch as in Ulyſſes ſhone,
I therefore hope ſucceſs of thy attempt.
Heed not the ſuitors' projects; neither wiſe
Are they, nor juſt, nor aught ſuſpect the doom
Which now approaches them, and in one day
Shall overwhelm them all. No long ſuſpenſe
Shall hold thy purpoſed enterpriſe in doubt,
Such help from me, of old thy father's friend,
Thou ſhalt receive, who with a bark well-oar'd
Will ſerve thee, and myſelf attend thee forth.
But haſte, join thou the ſuitors, and provide,
In ſep'rate veſſels ſtow'd, all needful ſtores,
Wine in thy jars, and flour, the ſtrength of man,
In ſkins cloſe-ſeam'd. I will, mean-time, ſelect
Such as ſhall voluntary ſhare thy toils.
In ſea-girt Ithaca new ſhips and old
Abound, and I will chooſe, myſelf, for thee
The prime of all, which without more delay

* The ſentiment is juſtified by the opinion of many Antients. Ælius Spartianus in his life of the Emperor Severus ſays "It is ſufficiently known that hardly any great man has left a ſon of much merit or uſe behind him."—*The ſons of heroes are a nuiſance*, was proverbial, and Demoſthenes obſerved that *good and valuable men are ſo often ſucceeded by a race of triflers, that it ſeems the effect of ſome fatality.*—C.

We

We will launch out into the ſpacious Deep.
So Pallas, progeny of Jove; nor long,
Thus greeted by the voice divine, delay'd
Telemachus, but to his palace went
Diſtreſs'd in heart. He found the ſuitors there
Goats flaying in the hall, and fatted ſwine
Roaſting; when with a laugh Antinoüs flew
To meet him, faſten'd on his hand, and ſaid,
Telemachus, in eloquence ſublime,
And of a ſpirit not to be controll'd!
Give harbour in thy breaſt on no account
To after-grudge or enmity, but eat
Rather with cheerfulneſs as thou art wont,
And freely drink, committing all thy cares
To the Achaians, who ſhall furniſh forth
A gallant ſhip and choſen crew for thee,
That thou may'ſt hence to Pylus with all ſpeed,
Tidings to learn of thy illuſtrious Sire.
To whom Telemachus, diſcrete, replied.
Antinoüs! I have no heart to feaſt
With gueſts ſo inſolent, nor can indulge
The pleaſures of a mind at eaſe, with you.
May it not well ſuffice you to have uſed
My noble patrimony as your own
While I was yet a child? now, grown mature,
And competent to underſtand the ſpeech

Of

Of my inſtructors, feeling, too, a mind
Within me conſcious of augmented pow'rs,
I will attempt your ruin, be aſſured,
Whether at Pylus, or continuing here.
I go, indeed, (nor ſhall my voyage prove
Of which I ſpeak, a fruitleſs one) I go
An humble paſſenger, who neither bark
Nor rowers have to boaſt my own, denied
That honour (ſo ye judg'd it beſt) by you.
He ſaid, and from Antinoüs' hand his own
Drew ſoftly. Then their delicate repaſt
The buſy ſuitors on all ſides prepared,
Still taunting as they toil'd, and with ſharp ſpeech
Sarcaſtic wantoning, of whom a youth,
Arrogant as his fellows, thus began.
Our doom is fixt, and we muſt all be ſlain.
Either Telemachus will aids procure
From ſandy Pylus, or will bring them arm'd
From Sparta; ſuch is his tremendous drift.
Even to fruitful Ephyre, perchance,
He will proceed, ſeeking ſome baneful herb
Which caſt into our cup, ſhall drug us all *.

* It is as plain in the original as in the tranſlation that the ſuitors ſpeak ironically, though the Scholiaſt, much to the aſtoniſhment of Clarke, underſtands them as expreſſing ſerious apprehenſions that Telemachus has framed ſome ſuch project. It is indeed hardly poſſible not to remark with how much labour the commentators ſometimes miſinterpret, eſpecially when the true ſenſe is obvious.

Another, in his turn, thus ſcoff'd aloud.
Who knows but that himſelf, while far remote
From all his friends, he roams the dreary Deep,
May periſh like Ulyſſes? Whence to us
Should double toil enſue, on whom the charge
To parcel out his wealth would then devolve,
And to endow his mother with the houſe
For his abode whom ſhe ſhould chance to wed.
So ſported they; but he, aſcending, ſought
His father's chamber, where his braſs and gold
And raiment in capacious cheſts he kept,
And oils of fragrant ſcent, a copious ſtore.
There many a caſk with ſeaſon'd nectar fill'd
The grape's pure juice divine, beſide the wall
Stood waiting, orderly arranged, the hour
(Should e'er ſuch hour arrive) when, after woes
Num'rous, Ulyſſes ſhould regain his home.
Secure that chamber was with folding doors
Of maſſy planks compact, and, night and day,
Within it antient Euryclea dwelt,
Guardian diſcrete of all the treaſures there,
Whom, thither call'd, Telemachus addreſs'd.
Nurſe! draw me forth ſweet wine into my jars,
Delicious next to that which thou reſerv'ſt
For our poor wand'rer; if eſcaping death
At laſt, divine Ulyſſes e'er return.

Fill twelve, and ſtop them cloſe; pour alſo meal
Well-mill'd (full twenty meaſures) into ſkins
Cloſe-ſeam'd, and mention what thou doſt to none *.
Place them together; for at even-tide
Soon as the Queen, retiring to her couch
Shall ſeek repoſe, I will beſtow them all
On board a bark; for to the Pylian ſhore
And Spartan, there to gather, if I may,
Some hopes that ſtill Ulyſſes lives, I go.
He ended, and in accents ſhrill that ſpoke
Her tender fears, his gentle nurſe exclaim'd.
My child! ah, wherefore hath a thought ſo raſh
Poſſeſs'd thee? whither, only and belov'd,
Seek'ſt thou to ramble, travelling, alas!
To diſtant climes? Ulyſſes is no more;
Dead lies the Hero in ſome land unknown,
And thou no ſooner ſhalt depart, than theſe
Will plot to ſlay thee, and divide thy wealth.
No, ſtay with us who love thee. Need is none
That thou ſhould'ſt on the barren Deep diſtreſs
Encounter, roaming without hope or end †.

* The Scholiaſt tells us that the Antients kept their flour in ſkins and not in ſacks, which were a ſubſequent invention, and applied the word meaſure both to wet and dry.—B. & C.

† She ſpeaks of the death of Ulyſſes as a certainty, the more effectually to deter Telemachus from his voyage, though it is plain that ſhe did not in reality conſider it as ſuch, ſince ſhe kept for him with ſo much care the very beſt of all the wines entruſted to her.—C.

Whom, prudent, thus anſwer'd Telemachus.
Take courage, nurſe! for not without conſent
Of the Immortals I have thus reſolved,
But ſwear, that till eleven days be paſt,
Or twelve, or, till enquiry made, ſhe learn
Herſelf my going, thou wilt nought impart
Of this my purpoſe to my mother's ear,
Leſt all her beauties fade by grief impair'd.

He ended, and the antient matron ſwore
Solemnly by the Gods; which done, ſhe fill'd
With wine the veſſels and the ſkins with meal,
And he, returning, join'd the throng below *.

Then Pallas, Goddeſs azure-eyed, her thoughts
Elſewhere directing, all the city ranged
In ſemblance of Telemachus, each man
Exhorting, at the duſk of eve, to ſeek
The gallant ſhip, and from Noëmon, ſon
Renown'd of Phronius, aſk'd, herſelf, a bark,
Which ſoon as aſk'd, he promis'd to ſupply †.

Now

* The word *ſwear* ſerves us for oaths of both kinds, both negative and affirmative; but the Greeks had words to diſtinguiſh them; ὀμνύναι ſignifying to ſwear that a thing *ſhall be done*, ἀπομνύναι, that it *ſhall not*.—C. The latter is the word uſed here.

† Both Euſtathius and the Scholiaſt underſtand here a ſecret meaning, and conſider the exhortations given by Minerva in the form of Telemachus, as an allegorical way of ſaying, that the Ithacans being much impreſſed and affected with the remembrance of

Now ſet the ſun, and twilight dimm'd the ways,
When, drawing down his bark into the Deep,
He gave her all her furniture, oars, arms
And tackle, ſuch as well-built galleys bear,
Then moor'd her in the bottom of the bay.
Mean-time, his mariners in haſte repair'd
Down to the ſhore, for Pallas urged them on.
And now, on other purpoſes intent,
The Goddeſs ſought the palace, where with dews
Of ſlumber drenching ev'ry ſuitor's eye,
She fool'd the drunkard multitude, and daſh'd
The goblets from their idle hands away.
They through the city reeled, all glad to leave
The dull carouſal, when the ſlumb'rous weight
Oppreſſive on their eyelids once had fall'n.
Next, Pallas azure-eyed in Mentor's form
And with the voice of Mentor, ſummoning
Telemachus abroad, him thus beſpake.

Telemachus! already at their oars
Sit all thy fellow-voyagers, and wait
Thy coming; linger not, but haſte away.

of what had paſſed in council, ſeeming ſtill to have the figure of Telemachus before their eyes, and convinced that he had required only what was reaſonable and juſt, though they accounted it too dangerous an enterpriſe to engage publickly on his ſide, had yet no unwillingneſs to accommodate him with a ſhip, or even to furniſh him from among themſelves with mariners.—B. & C.

This

This ſaid, Minerva led him thence, whom he
With nimble ſteps purſued, and, on the ſhore
Arrived, found all his mariners prepared,
Whom thus the princely voyager addreſs'd.
Haſte ye, my friends! and from the palace bring
The ſtores, which all ſtand ready; but the Queen
Of this my purpoſed voyage nothing knows,
Nor the Queen's women aught, ſave One alone.
He ſpake, and led them; they, obedient, brought
All down, and, as Ulyſſes' ſon enjoin'd,
Within the gallant bark the charge beſtow'd.
Then, led by Pallas, went the prince on board,
Where down they ſat, the Goddeſs in the ſtern,
And at her ſide Telemachus. The crew
Caſt looſe the hawſers, and, embarking, fill'd
The benches. Blue-eyed Pallas from the Weſt
Call'd forth propitious breezes; freſh they curled
The ſable Deep, and, ſounding, ſwept the waves.
He loud-exhorting them, his people bade
Hand, briſk, the tackle; they, obedient, reared
The pine-tree maſt, which in its ſocket deep
They lodg'd, then ſtrain'd the cordage, and with thongs
Well-twiſted, drew the ſhining ſail aloft.
A land-breeze fill'd the canvas, and the flood
Roar'd as ſhe went againſt the ſteady bark
That ran with even courſe her liquid way.

The rigging, thus, of all the galley ſet,
Their beakers crowning high with wine, they hail'd
The ever-living Gods, but above all
Minerva, daughter azure-eyed of Jove.
Thus, all night long the galley, and till dawn
Had brighten'd into day, cleaved ſwift the flood *.

* Scaliger comparing the two lines of Homer

Ἔπρησεν δ' ἄνεμος μέσον ἱστίον· ἀμφὶ δὲ κῦμα
Στείρῃ πορφύρεον μεγάλ' ἴαχε, νηὸς ἰούσης·

with the following two of Virgil

Tendunt vela Noti; fugimus ſpumantibus undis
Qua curſum ventuſque gubernatorque vocabant,

is enraptured with the laſt of Virgil's, and for the ſake of it gives him the preference. But, as Clarke juſtly obſerves, the learned Critick forgot himſelf a little, for the line that charms him to ſuch a degree is almoſt a literal verſion of a line found in the eleventh book of the Odyſſey.

—Τὴν δ' ἄνεμός τε κυβερνήτης τ' ἴθυνεν.

ARGU-

ARGUMENT

OF THE

THIRD BOOK.

Telemachus arriving at Pylus, enquires of Neſtor concerning Ulyſſes. Neſtor relates to him all that he knows or has heard of the Greecians ſince their departure from Troy, but not being able to give him any ſatisfactory account of Ulyſſes, refers him to Menelaus. At evening Minerva quits Telemachus, but diſcovers herſelf in going. Neſtor ſacrifices to the Goddeſs, and the ſolemnity ended, Telemachus ſets forth for Sparta in one of Neſtor's chariots, and accompanied by Neſtor's ſon Piſiſtratus.

BOOK III.

THE ſun, emerging from the lucid waves,
Aſcended now the brazen vault with light
For the inhabitants of earth and heav'n,
When in their bark at Pylus they arrived,
City of Neleus. On the ſhore they found
The people ſacrificing; bulls they ſlew
Black without ſpot, to Neptune azure-hair'd *.

* On the ſouthern ſide of Pylus ſtood a town called Lepreos, at the diſtance of forty ſtadia from the ſea. In the midway between Lepreos and Annios ſtood the temple of Samian Neptune, diſtant an hundred ſtadia from each. At that temple it was that Telemachus found the Pylians performing ſacrifice.—C.

On ranges nine of ſeats they ſat; each range
Received five hundred, and to each they made
Allotment equal of nine ſable bulls *.
The feaſt was now begun; theſe taſting † ſat
The entrails, thoſe ſtood off'ring to the God
The thighs, his portion, when the Ithacans
Puſh'd right aſhore, and, furling cloſe the ſails,
And making faſt their moorings, diſembark'd.
Forth came Telemachus by Pallas led,
Whom thus the Goddeſs azure-eyed addreſs'd.
Telemachus! there is no longer room
For baſhful fear, ſince thou haſt croſs'd the flood
With purpoſe to enquire what land conceals
Thy father, and what fate hath followed him.
Advance at once to the equeſtrian Chief
Neſtor, within whoſe boſom lies, perhaps,
Advice well worthy of thy ſearch; entreat
An anſwer at his lips ſincere and true,
Who will not lye, for he is paſſing wiſe.
To whom Telemachus diſcrete replied.
Ah Mentor! how can I advance, how greet

* In Pylus were nine cities, and each city had a ſeat or bench appropriated to it.—B. & C.

† They are ſaid to *taſte* them only, becauſe they were a great multitude, and the entrails would not afford more than a taſte for each.—C.

A Chief like him, unpractis'd as I am
In manag'd phraſe? Shame bids the youth beware
How he accoſts the man of many years.
But thus the blue-eyed Goddeſs in return.
Telemachus! Thou wilt, in part, thyſelf
Fit ſpeech deviſe, and heav'n will give the reſt;
For thou waſt neither born, nor haſt been train'd
To manhood, under unpropitious Pow'rs.
So ſaying, Minerva led him thence, whom he
With nimble ſteps attending, ſoon arrived
Among the multitude. There Neſtor ſat,
And Neſtor's ſons, while, buſily the feaſt
Tending, his num'rous followers roaſted, ſome,
The viands, ſome, transfix'd them with the ſpits.
They ſeeing gueſts arrived, together all
Advanced, and, graſping courteouſly their hands,
Invited them to ſit; but firſt, the ſon
Of Neſtor, young Piſiſtratus, approach'd,
Who, faſt'ning on the hands of both, beſide
The banquet placed them, where the beach was ſpread
With fleeces, and where Thraſymedes ſat
His brother, and the hoary Chief his Sire.
To each, a portion of the inner parts
He gave, then fill'd a golden cup with wine,
Which, taſted firſt, he to the daughter bore

Of Jove the Thund'rer, and her thus beſpake,
Now, ſtranger! worſhip Neptune; for the feaſt,
As it hath chanced, which ye arrive to ſhare
Is ſacred to the Sov'reign of the waves;
Libation therefore, firſt, thyſelf perform,
And ſupplication, as thy duty bids,
Then give the goblet of delicious wine
To this thy fellow-voyager, that He
Pour forth libation alſo; for I deem
Him wont to pray; ſince all of ev'ry land
Need ſuccour from the Gods. But he is young;
Coeval with myſelf; and, for that cauſe,
I ſhall preſent the goblet firſt to Thee.
He ceas'd, and to her hand conſign'd the cup,
Which Pallas gladly from a youth received
So juſt and wiſe, who to herſelf had firſt
The golden cup preſented *. Then ſhe pray'd,
And thus the Sov'reign of the Seas adored.
Hear, earth-encircler Neptune! O vouchſafe

* Plutarch obſerves that Minerva rejoices in Piſiſtratus neither becauſe he is rich, nor becauſe he is beautiful, nor becauſe he is ſtrong, but becauſe he is prudent and judicious. The ſame joy is expreſſed in the Pythian Oracle cited by Barnes.

Εὐσεβέσιν δὲ βροτοῖς γάνυμαι τόσον, ὅσσον Ὀλύμπῳ.—C.
Heav'n is not more my joy, than pious men.

To

To us thy ſuppliants the deſired effect
Of this our voyage; glory, firſt, beſtow
On Neſtor and his offspring both, then grant
To all the Pylians ſuch a gracious boon
As ſhall requite their noble off'ring well.
Grant alſo to Telemachus and me
To voyage hence, poſſeſs'd of what we ſought
When hither in our ſable bark we came.
So Pallas pray'd, and her own pray'r herſelf
Accompliſh'd. To Telemachus ſhe gave
The ſplendid goblet next, and in his turn
His pray'r Ulyſſes' offspring alſo made.
And now (the banquet from the ſpits withdrawn)
They, next, diſtributed ſufficient ſhare
To each, and all were ſumptuouſly regaled.
At length (both hunger ſatisfied and thirſt)
Thus Neſtor, the Gerenian Chief, began.
Now with more ſeemlineſs we may enquire,
After repaſt, what gueſts we have received.
Our gueſts! who are ye? Whence have ye the waves
Plough'd hither? Come ye to tranſact concerns
Commercial, or at random roam the Deep
Like pirates, who with miſchief charged and woe
To foreign States, oft hazard life themſelves*?
Him

* The Antients, it is obſerved by the Scholiaſt, accounted piracy no diſhonourable occupation.—B.&C. And Thucydides ſays, The Grecians

Him anſwer'd, bolder now, but ſtill diſcrete,
Telemachus. For Pallas had his heart
With manly courage arm'd, that he might aſk
From Neſtor tidings of his abſent Sire,
And win, himſelf, diſtinction and renown.
Oh Neſtor, Neleus' ſon, glory of Greece!
Thou aſkeſt whence we are. I tell thee whence.
From Ithaca, by the umbrageous woods
Of Neritus o'erhung, by private need,
Not publick, urged, we come. Deſire to learn
The mighty deeds of my illuſtrious Sire
Ulyſſes, if I may, me prompted forth;
For Fame reports him, by thy prudent aid,
Long ſince the conqu'ror of imperial Troy.
Full well we know, where all beſides, who fought

cians formerly, and the Barbarians alſo, as well thoſe who inhabited the ſhores of the continent as the iſlanders, ſoon as they became ſufficiently ſkilled in navigation to paſs over to each other, inclined to piracy, and were conducted in their expeditions of that ſort by the principal men of their country, animated by a deſire to enrich themſelves and to procure ſuſtenance for the weaker. They invaded the inhabitants of unwalled cities and villages, and plundered them, and ſubſiſted chiefly by ſuch acts of rapine, accounting them by no means diſgraceful, but rather honourable. To this very day there are ſome who dwell on the continent of the ſame opinion; and in the works of the antient poets mariners are univerſally aſked—if they are pirates? the enquirer accounting it no uncivil queſtion, and the anſwerer never reſenting it.—C.

At

At Ilium, found a miſerable end,
But of Ulyſſes' fate Saturnian Jove
Denies us knowledge; for enquiry gains
No clear report from any, where He died,
If on the continent in battle ſlain,
Or overwhelm'd by billows of the Deep.
Now, therefore, whether thou beheld'ſt, thyſelf,
Ulyſſes' death, or at ſome wand'rer's lips
Haſt learn'd it, ſuppliant at thy knees I beg
The ſad recital; for no common woes
Were his allotted portion from the womb.
Neither through pity, or o'erſtrain'd reſpect
Flatter me, but explicit all relate
Which thou haſt witneſs'd. If my noble Sire
E'er gratified thee by performance juſt
Of word or deed at Ilium, where ye fell
So num'rous ſlain in fight, oh, recollect
Now his fidelity, and tell me true.
Then Neſtor thus Gerenian Hero old.
Young friend! ſince thou remind'ſt me, by thy ſuit
Of all the woes which on thoſe hoſtile ſhores
We Grecians with ſuch fortitude endured,
Both when, in queſt of ſpoil, we roam'd the Deep
Achilles leading us, and in the ſiege
Of Priam's royal city, learn the truth—
Then, all the chief Achaians bled and died.

There

There warlike Ajax lies, there Peleus' ſon;
There, too, Patroclus, like the Gods themſelves
In council, and my ſon beloved there,
Brave, virtuous, ſwift of foot, and bold in fight,
Antilochus. Nor are theſe ſorrows all;
What tongue of mortal man could all relate?
Should'ſt thou, abiding here, five years employ
Or ſix, enquiring of the woes endured
By the Achaians, ere thou ſhould'ſt have learn'd
All, thou would'ſt leave us, weary of the tale.
For ſtratagems of ev'ry kind nine years
We framed againſt them, and Saturnian Jove
Scarce crown'd the difficult attempt at laſt*.
There, no competitor in wiles well-plann'd
Ulyſſes found, ſo far were all ſurpaſs'd
In ſhrewd invention by thy noble Sire,
If thou indeed art his, as ſure thou art,
Whoſe ſight breeds wonder in me, and thy ſpeech
His ſpeech reſembles more than might be deem'd
Within the ſcope of years ſo green as thine.
There, never in opinion, or in voice
Illuſtrious Ulyſſes and myſelf

* Longinus has obſerved that Homer introducing into his Odyſſey a variety of facts ſubſequent to the concluſion of the Iliad, as ſo many epiſodes ariſing out of the war of Troy and its conſequences, has rendered it a ſort of epilogue to that poem, of which it may with the ſtricteſt propriety be termed a ſecond part.—C.

Divided

Divided were, but, one in heart, contrived
As beſt we might, the benefit of all *.
But when, Troy's lofty tow'rs in aſhes laid,
We thence embark'd, and, by the will of heav'n,
With diſunited minds, then Jove ordain'd
Our ſorrowful return; for neither wiſe
Were all, nor righteous, therefore many found
A fate diſaſt'rous through the vengeful ire
Of Jove-born Pallas, who between the ſons
Of Atreus ſharp contention interpoſed †.
They, unadviſedly, nor leſs againſt
Juſt order, ſummoning by night ‡ the Greeks

To

* It is a remark of Euſtathius that Neſtor having firſt aſcribed to Ulyſſes the honour of ſurpaſſing all the Greeks in ſubtlety and ingenuity of contrivance, and following this praiſe of him with an aſſertion that they never differed in opinion, compliments, by implication, himſelf, as much as the hero he celebrates.—C.

† The wrath of Pallas was occaſioned, as I believe has been already noted, by the rape which Ajax the Locrian perpetrated on Caſſandra in the temple of that Goddeſs; and ſhe avenged it on all the Greecians, becauſe, permitting the offender to go unpuniſhed, they had all alike connived at the enormity.—B. & C.

‡ Spondanus obſerves that councils were regularly convened in the morning, and that the poet therefore condemns this, becauſe it was convened at night.—C. But Euſtathius, with whom Clarke agrees, is of a different opinion, and alleges that many of Homer's councils, as well as others mentioned by hiſtorians, were held, and very properly too, at as late an hour, and that the fault therefore was not that they met at an undue ſeaſon, but that they met in a ſtate of intoxication.

To council, of whom many came with wine
Oppreſs'd, promulgated the cauſe for which
They had convened the people. Then it was
That Menelaus bade the general hoſt
Their thoughts bend homeward o'er the ſacred Deep,
Which Agamemnon in no ſort approved.
His counſel was to ſtay them yet at Troy,
That ſo he might aſſuage the dreadful wrath
Of Pallas, firſt, by ſacrifice and pray'r.
Vain hope! he little thought how ill ſhould ſpeed
That fond attempt; for, once provok'd, the Gods
Are not with eaſe conciliated again.
Thus ſtood the brothers, altercation hot
Maintaining, till at length, uproſe the Greeks
With deaf'ning clamours, and with diff'ring minds.
We ſlept the night, but teeming with diſguſt
Mutual, for Jove great woe prepar'd for all.
At dawn of day we drew our gallies down
Into the ſea, and, haſty, put on board
The ſpoils and female captives. Half the hoſt

toxication. But though it might be lawful in a caſe of emergency to aſſemble in the evening or even in the night, may not the poet cenſure them for having done it on this occaſion, when, for aught that appears, there was no emergency to juſtify it? If it were lawful to differ from two ſuch authorities, I ſhould not heſitate to ſay that Spondanus is in the right. In time of battle commanders may be ſuppoſed ſober at any hour, but not in an evening when there is no enemy to diſturb them.

With

With Agamemnon, ſon of Atreus, chief
Commander, tarried, and, embarking, half
Puſh'd forth. Swift courſe we made, for God before
Our gallant barks made ſmooth the monſtrous Deep.
At Tenedos arriv'd, we there perform'd
Oblation to the Gods, ardent to reach
Our native land; but unpropitious Jove,
Not yet deſigning our arrival there,
Involv'd us in diſſention yet again.
For all the crews attendant on the King
Thy noble Sire, to gratify our Chief,
The ſon of Atreus, choſe a diff'rent courſe,
And ſteer'd their oary barks again to Troy.
But I, aſſured that evil from the Gods
Impended, gath'ring all my gallant fleet,
Fled thence in haſte, and warlike Diomede
Exhorting his attendants, alſo fled.
At length, the Hero Menelaus join'd
Our fleets at Leſbos; there he found us held
In deep deliberation on the length
Of way before us, whether we ſhould ſteer
Above the craggy Chios to the iſle
Pſyria, that iſland holding on our left,
Or under Chios by the wind-ſwept heights
Of Mimas. Then we aſk'd from Jove a ſign,
And by a ſign vouchſafed he bade us cut

The

The wide ſea to Eubœa ſheer athwart,
So ſooneſt to eſcape the threat'ned harm.
Shrill ſang the riſing gale, and with ſwift prows
Cleaving the filthy flood, we reach'd by night
Geræſtus; where arrived, we burn'd the thighs
Of num'rous bulls to Neptune, who had ſafe
Conducted us through all our perilous courſe.
The fleet of Diomede in ſafety moor'd
On the fourth day at Argos; but myſelf
Held on my courſe to Pylus, nor the wind
One moment thwarted us, or died away,
When Jove had once commanded it to blow *.

Thus, uninform'd, I have arrived, my ſon!
Nor of the Greecians, who are ſaved have heard,
Or who have periſh'd; but what news ſoe'er
I have obtain'd ſince my return, with truth
I will relate, nor aught conceal from thee.

The warlike Myrmidons, as rumour ſpeaks,
By Neoptolemus, illuſtrious ſon
Of brave Achilles led, have ſafe arrived;

* Leſbos was a Trojan iſland in which were five cities—Pyrrha, Ereſſus, Mitylene, Methymna, and Antiſſa. Chios lay between Pſyriæ and Mimas. Pſyria was a ſmall narrow iſland at no great diſtance from Chios, and had an harbour where ſhips that had ſuffered in the Ægean ſea took ſhelter. Mimas was a promontory oppoſite to Chios, which had its name from Mimas one of the Giants; and Geræſtus was a port of Eubœa.—B. & C.

Safe, Philoctetes alſo, ſon renown'd
Of Pæas; and Idomeneus at Crete
Hath landed all his followers who ſurvive
The bloody war; the waves have ſwallow'd none.
Ye have yourſelves doubtleſs, although remote,
Of Agamemnon heard, how he return'd,
And how Ægiſthus cruelly contrived
For him a bloody welcome, but himſelf
Hath with his own life paid the murth'rous deed.
Good, therefore, is it, when, the father ſlain,
A ſon ſurvives him; ſince, although a youth,
Oreſtes hath avenged his glorious Sire,
Slaying Ægiſthus by whoſe arts he died.
And Thou, my youthful friend, whoſe form robuſt
And fair proportions with delight I view,
Be Thou brave alſo, that renown like His
Thou may'ſt acquire with ages yet to come.
To whom Telemachus, diſcrete, replied.
Oh Neſtor! Neleus' ſon! The pride of Greece!
And righteous was that vengeance; *his* renown
Achaia's ſons ſhall far and wide diffuſe,
To future times tranſmitting it in ſong.
Ah! would that ſuch ability the Gods
Would grant to me, that I, as well, the deeds
Might puniſh of our ſuitors, whoſe exceſs
Enormous, and whoſe bitter taunts I feel

Continual,

Continual, object of their ſubtle hate.
But not for me ſuch happineſs the Gods
Have twined into my thread; no, not for me
Or for my father. Patience is our part.
To whom Gerenian Neſtor thus replied.
Young friend! (ſince thou remind'ſt me of that theme)
Fame here reports that num'rous ſuitors haunt
Thy palace for thy mother's ſake, and there
Much evil perpetrate in thy deſpite.
But ſay, endur'ſt thou willingly their acts
Imperious, or becauſe the people, ſway'd
By ſome reſponſe oracular, incline
Againſt thee? But who knows? the time may come
When to his home reſtored, either alone,
Or aided by the force of all the Grecks,
Ulyſſes may avenge the wrong; at leaſt,
Would Pallas thee ſo favour as, of late,
Ulyſſes, in the fatal field of Troy;
(For never ſuch apparent aid I ſaw
Giv'n by the Gods, as to thy Father there)
Would but the Goddeſs to thyſelf extend
Like fond ſolicitude, ſome few of thoſe
Should dream, perchance, of wedlock never more.
Then anſwer thus Telemachus return'd.
Oh Neſtor! never ſhall I ſee fulfill'd
That word of thine; it paſſes all belief,

All

All hope, and overwhelms me with amaze;
No—were I conſcious that the Gods themſelves
Such Good deſign'd me, I ſhould yet deſpair.
But him the blue-eyed Goddeſs thus reproved.
Telemachus! what word was that which leap'd
The iv'ry guard that ſhould have fenced it in*?
A God, ſo willing, could with utmoſt eaſe
Save any man, howe'er remote. Myſelf
Far happier ſhould eſteem a late return
After much ſorrow, to my native home,
Than to arrive there only to be ſlain,
Like Agamemnon, whom his faithleſs wife
And her adult'rer ſlew; but mortal man
Once ſeized by Fate, muſt periſh; nor the Gods
Themſelves can ſave him, love him as they may.
To whom Telemachus, diſcrete, replied.
Howe'er it intereſt us, let us leave
This queſtion, Mentor! He, I am aſſured,
Returns no more, but hath already found
A ſad, ſad fate by the decree of heav'n.
But I would now interrogate again
Neſtor, and on a different theme, for him

* Ἕρκος ὀδόντων. Prior alluding to this expreſſion, ludicrouſly renders it

"When words like theſe in vocal breath
"Burſt from his twofold hedge of teeth."

In human rights I judge, and laws expert,
And in all knowledge beyond other men;
For he hath govern'd, as report proclaims,
Three generations; therefore in my eyes
He wears the awful impreſs of a God.
Oh Neſtor, ſon of Neleus, tell me true;
The means, the manner of Atrides' death—
Relate them—Where, in that tremendous hour,
Was Menelaus? By what cruel ſtroke
Contrived Ægiſthus, ſubtle as he was,
To ſlay ſo much a nobler than himſelf?
Had not the brother of the Monarch reach'd
Achaian Argos yet, but, wand'ring ſtill
In other climes, by his long abſence gave
Ægiſthus courage for that bloody deed *?
Whom anſwer'd the Gerenian Chief renown'd.
My ſon! I will inform thee true; mean-time
Thy own ſuſpicions border on the fact.
Had Menelaus, Hero amber-hair'd,

* Euſtathius, remarking on this paſſage, ſays that you cannot gratify an old man more than by aſking him many queſtions, even when you feel yourſelf but little intereſted in his anſwers; and Macrobius, making the ſame obſervation, quotes this paſſage in ſupport of it, to which he adds another from Virgil, where Æneas, to flatter the antient Evander's propenſity to talk, is as inquiſitive as Telemachus here.

——————————————ſingula lætus
Exquiritque, auditque virûm monumenta priorum.—C.

Ægiſthus

Ægiſthus found alive at his return
From Ilium, never on *his* bones the Greeks
Had heap'd a tomb, but dogs and rav'ning fowls
Had torn him lying in the open field
Far from the town, nor him had woman wept
Of all in Greece, for heinous was his crime *.
But we, in many an arduous taſk engaged,
Lay before Ilium; he, the while, ſecure
Within the green retreats of Argos, found
Occaſion apt by flatt'ry to delude
The ſpouſe of Agamemnon; ſhe, at firſt,
(The royal Clytemneſtra) firm refuſed
The deed diſhonourable (for ſhe bore
A virtuous mind, and at her ſide a bard
Attended ever, whom the King, to Troy
Departing, had appointed to the charge †.)
But when the Gods, that he might periſh, form'd

* We learn from Xenophon that the Athenians had a law among them according to which no traitor or perſon guilty of ſacrilege, once duly convicted, was allowed the rites of burial.—C.

† The poets of antient times, ſays Athenæus, were not only eſteemed as ſuch, but as philoſophers alſo. Therefore, Agamemnon at his departure for Troy, entruſted his wife to the care of ſuch a one, whoſe office it was to inſpire her with an ambition to excel in the performance of all female duties, and to divert her attention from trivial and criminal topicks by ſtrains of pleaſant and inſtructive poetry. Nor could Ægiſthus with all his ſeductive practices prevail to alienate Clytemneſtra from the paths of virtue and honour, till he had firſt diſpoſed of the bard by baniſhing him to a deſart iſland.—C.

The ſnare which caught Ægiſthus, he convey'd
The bard into a deſart iſle remote,
Where leaving him to rav'nous birds a prey,
The Queen he led, not willing leſs than he,
To his own manſion. Num'rous thighs he burn'd
On all their hallow'd altars to the Gods,
And hung with tap'ſtry, images, and gold
Their ſhrines, his great exploit paſt hope achiev'd.
We (Menelaus and myſelf) had ſailed
From Troy together, but when we approach'd
Sunium, headland of th' Athenian ſhore,
There Phœbus, ſudden, with his gentle ſhafts
Slew Menelaus' pilot while he ſteer'd
The volant bark, Phrontis, Onetor's ſon,
A mariner paſt all expert, whom none
In ſteerage match'd, what time the tempeſt roar'd.
Here, therefore, Menelaus was detained,
Giving his friend due burial, and his rites
Funereal celebrating, though in haſte
Still to proceed. But when, with all his fleet
The wide ſea traverſing, he reach'd at length
Malea's lofty foreland in his courſe,
Rough paſſage, then, and perilous he found.
Shrill blaſts the Thund'rer pour'd into his ſails,
And wild waves ſent him mountainous. His ſhips
There ſcatter'd, ſome to the Cydonian coaſt

Of Crete he puſh'd, near where the Jardan flows.
Beſide the confines of Gortyna ſtands,
Amid the gloomy flood, a ſmooth rock, ſteep
Toward the ſea, againſt whoſe leftward point
Phæſtus, the Southwind rolls the ſea amain,
Whoſe mighty ſurf the rock, though ſmall, repels *.
Hither with part he came, and ſcarce the crews
Themſelves eſcaped, while the huge billows broke
Their ſhips againſt the rocks; but five were driv'n
By winds and waves to the Ægyptian ſhore.
Thus he, proviſion gath'ring as he went
And gold abundant, roam'd to diſtant lands
And nations of another tongue. Mean-time,
Ægiſthus theſe enormities at home
Deviſing, ſlew Atrides, and ſupreme
Ruled the ſubjected land; ſev'n years he reign'd
In opulent Mycenæ, but the next,
To Him an evil year, from Athens brought
Oreſtes home, and young Oreſtes ſlew
(Glorious revenge!) the ſlayer of his Sire.
Oreſtes, therefore, the funereal rites
Performing to his ſhameleſs mother's ſhade

* The waves excited by the South would have deprived Phæſtus of its haven, had not the rock here mentioned made the water ſmooth within, receiving the billows firſt and breaking the force of them.—B. & C.

And to her luſtful paramour, a feaſt
Gave to the Argives; on which ſelf-ſame day
The warlike Menelaus, with his ſhips
All treaſure-laden to the brink, arrived.
And thou, young friend! from thy forſaken home
Rove not long time remote, thy treaſures left
With inmates proud as they; left, much conſumed,
They ſhare the remnant, and thy voyage thence
In queſt of tidings prove a fruitleſs toil.
But hence to Menelaus is the courſe
To which I counſel thee; for he hath come
Of late from diſtant lands, whence none could hope
A ſafe return, whom ſtorms had firſt compell'd
To plough the billows of ſo wide a ſea;
A gulph ſo vaſt, that not the birds of heav'n
From ſide to ſide might paſs it in a year.
Go, then, with ſhip and ſhipmates, or if more
The land delight thee, ſteeds thou ſhalt not want
Or chariot, and my ſons ſhall be thy guides
To noble Lacedemon, the abode
Of Menelaus; aſk from him the truth,
Who will not lye, for he is paſſing wiſe.
While thus he ſpake, the ſun declined, and night
Approaching, blue-eyed Pallas interpoſed.
Oh antient King! well haſt thou ſpoken all.
But now delay not. Cut ye forth the tongues,

And mingle wine, that (Neptune firſt invoked
With due libation, and the other Gods)
We may repair to reſt; for even now
The ſun is ſunk, and it becomes us not
To make a banquet ſacred to the Gods
Exceed the limits of a ſober hour*.
So ſpake Jove's daughter; they obedient heard.
The heralds, then, pour'd water on their hands,
And, filling high the cups, attendant youths
Served them from right to left. Next all the tongues
They caſt into the fire, and ev'ry gueſt
Ariſing, pour'd libation to the Gods.
Libation made, and all with wine ſufficed,
Godlike Telemachus and Pallas both
Would have return'd, incontinent, on board,
But Neſtor urged them ſtill to be his gueſts.
Jove and the Gods forbid that ye ſhould ſeek
Your galley now, me leaving as a wretch
Neceſſitous and wanting couch-attire,
Rugs and warm mantles for the ſoft repoſe
Of me and of my gueſts, for I poſſeſs
Large ſtores of each; nor ſhall Ulyſſes' ſon

* It is ſaid to have been cuſtomary in the days of Homer, when the Greeks retired from a banquet to their beds, to cut out the tongues of the victims, and offer them to the Gods in particular who preſided over converſation.—B. & C.

Hence to a galley's deck for ſleep retire
While Neſtor lives; and, dying, may I leave
An offſpring ever prompt to entertain
The worthy gueſt, come hither whoſo may.
To whom the Goddeſs of the azure eyes.
Old Chief! thou haſt well ſaid, and reaſon bids
Telemachus thy kind commands obey.
Let *him* attend thee hence, that he may ſleep
Beneath thy roof; but I return on board
Myſelf, to inſtruct my people, and to give
All needful orders; for among them none
Is old as I, but they are youths alike,
Coevals of Telemachus, with whom
They have embark'd for friendſhip's ſake alone.
I therefore will repoſe myſelf on board
This night, and to the Caucons* bold in arms
Will ſail tomorrow, to demand arrears
Long time unpaid, and of no ſmall amount.
But, ſince he is become thy gueſt, afford
My friend a chariot, and a ſon of thine
Who ſhall direct his way, nor let him want
Of all thy ſteeds the ſwifteſt and the beſt.
The Goddeſs ſaid, and, in an eagle's form
Flew ſwiftly thence. Amazement at the ſight

* According to the Scholiaſt a people of Arcadia,—B.&C. but according to Strabo a people dwelling in the country of the Epeans.—C.

Seized

Seized all beholders; hoary Neſtor, fill'd
With wonder, gazed, and graſping, as he ſtood,
The hand of young Telemachus, exclaim'd.
Nor ſordid thou, my friend! nor prone to fear
Shalt prove hereafter, whom the Gods attend
Thus early; for of all th' Olympian Pow'rs
None other, now, than Pallas have we ſeen,
Jove's awful daughter, who with honour crown'd,
So oft, thy father, where the Greecians fought.
But thou, O Queen! compaſſionate us all,
Myſelf, my ſons, my conſort; give to each
A glorious name, and I to thee will give
For ſacrifice an heifer of the year,
Untamed, gall'd never by the pond'rous yoke,
And will incaſe her horns with hammer'd gold.
So Neſtor pray'd, whom Pallas gracious heard.
Then the Gerenian warrior old, before
His ſons and ſons-in-law, to his abode
Magnificent proceeded; they (arrived
Within the ſplendid palace of the King)
On thrones and couches ſat in order ranged,
Whom Neſtor welcom'd, charging high the cup
With wine of richeſt ſort, which ſhe who kept
That treaſure, now, in the eleventh year
Firſt broach'd, unſealing the delicious juice.
With this the hoary Senior fill'd a cup,

And

And to the daughter of Jove ægis-arm'd
Pouring libation, offer'd fervent pray'r.
When all had made libation, and no wiſh
Remain'd of more, then each to reſt retired,
And Neſtor the Gerenian warrior old
To a carved couch led forth Ulyſſes' ſon
In his own ſounding portico prepared.
Beſide him he bade ſleep the ſpearman bold,
Piſiſtratus, a gallant youth, the ſole
Unwedded in his houſe of all his ſons.
Himſelf in the interiour palace lay,
Where couch and ſplendid cov'ring for his uſe
Provided by the conſort Queen he found.
But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
Had tinged the Eaſt, ariſing from his bed,
Gerenian Neſtor iſſued forth, and ſat
Before his palace-gate on the white ſtones
Reſplendent as with oil, on which of old
His father Neleus had been wont to ſit,
In council like a God; but he had ſought,
By deſtiny diſmiſs'd long ſince, the ſhades.
On thoſe ſtones therefore, guardian of the Greeks
Sat Neſtor now, his ſceptre in his hand,
And thither from their chambers alſo came,
T' encircle him around, his num'rous ſons,

Aretus,

Aretus, Stratius, Perſeus, Echephron,
And godlike Thraſymedes; after whom
Came, ſixth and laſt, Piſiſtratus. Beſide
Their antient Sire, Telemachus they placed,
And the Gerenian Hero thus began.

Be quick, my ſons! to ſerve me; for in haſte
I would propitiate of all Pow'rs above
Minerva firſt, of whoſe arrival here
To ſhare our hallow'd feaſt, no doubt remains.
Seek, One, in haſte the paſture, and command
The herdſman that he drive an heifer home;
Another—from his bark bring all the friends
Of young Telemachus, ſave only two;
And let a third find, inſtantly, the ſmith
Laerceus, that he come to enwrap with gold
The victim's horns. Abide ye here, the reſt,
And bid my female train (for I intend
A banquet) with all diligence provide
Seats, ſtores of wood, and water from the rock.

He ſaid, whom inſtant all obey'd. The ox
Came from the field, and from the gallant ſhip
The ſhip-mates of the brave Telemachus;
Next, charged with all his implements of art,
His mallet, anvil, pincers, came the ſmith
To give the horns their gilding; alſo came

Pallas

Pallas herſelf to her own ſacred rites *.
Then Neſtor, hoary warrior, furniſh'd gold,
Which, hammer'd thin, the artiſt wrapp'd around
The victim's horns, that ſeeing him attired
So coſtly, Pallas might the more be pleaſed.
Stratius and brave Echephron introduced
The victim by his horns; Aretus brought
A laver, in one hand, with flow'rs emboſs'd,
And in his other hand a baſket ſtored
With cakes, while warlike Thraſymedes, arm'd
With his long-hafted axe, prepared to ſmite
The ox, and Perſeus to receive the blood.
The hoary Neſtor conſecrated firſt
Both cakes and water, and with earneſt pray'r
To Pallas, gave the forelock to the flames.
When all had pray'd, and ſtrew'd with crumbled cakes
The heifer o'er, then, haſting to his work,
The godlike Thraſymedes with his axe
Her tough neck-tendons ſever'd, and ſhe fell.

* The Antients obſerved it as a conſtant practice, to make an offering to the Gods at the beginning of a feaſt, and to pour libation at the end of it, that the company perſuaded that the Gods, though unſeen, were perſonally preſent, might abſtain from all thoſe outrages into which the occaſion might otherwiſe betray them.—C. At thoſe tables of ours where Grace is ſaid, the effect is much better inſured, if it be not uſed merely as an unmeaning ceremony.

At

At once, the daughters of the Pylian King,
His ſons' fair conſorts, and the conſort Queen,
Daughter firſt-born of Clymenus, the chaſte
Eurydice, with mingled voices ſhrill
Upſent their ſuppliant wailings to the ſkies.
The royal youths then raiſing from the ground
The heifer's head, ſuſtain'd it, while ſhe pour'd
Her ebbing life's laſt current, in the throat
Pierced by Piſiſtratus, the Prince of men.
Soon as the ſable blood had ceaſed, and life
Had left the victim, ſpreading him abroad,
With nice addreſs they parted at the joint
His thighs, and wrapp'd them in the double cawl,
Which with crude ſlices thin they overſpread.
The hoary King, himſelf, with incenſe ſtrew'd
The flaming brands, and pour'd libation forth
Of ſable wine, while, ranged on either ſide,
The Princes held the ſpits. The thighs conſumed,
They ate the interiour part, then, ſlicing thin
The remnant, pierced and held it to the fire.
Mean-time the youngeſt of the daughters fair
Of Neſtor, beauteous Polycaſte, laved,
Anointed, and in veſt and tunick clothed
Telemachus, who, ſo refreſh'd, ſtepp'd forth
From the bright laver graceful as a God,

And

And took his ſeat at antient Neſtor's ſide *.
The viands dreſs'd, and from the ſpits withdrawn,
They ſat to ſhare the feaſt, and princely youths
Ariſing, gave them wine in cups of gold.
When neither hunger now nor thirſt remain'd
Unſated, thus Gerenian Neſtor ſpake.
My ſons, ariſe! lead forth the ſprightly ſteeds,
And yoke them, that Telemachus may go.
So ſpake the Chief, to whoſe command his ſons
Obedient, yoked in haſte the rapid ſteeds,
And ſhe who held in charge his houſehold ſtores,
Within the chariot wine and bread diſpoſed,
With viands, ſuch as regal ſtate requires.
Telemachus into the chariot firſt
Aſcended, and beſide him, next, his place
Piſiſtratus the ſon of Neſtor took,
Then ſeiz'd the reins, and laſh'd the courſers on.
They, nothing loth, ſprang ſwiftly forth, and ſoon
The lofty tow'rs of Pylus left remote.
Thus, journeying, they ſhook on either ſide

* The ſtrict morality and modeſty of the Antients may be fairly enough inferred from the cuſtom of employing young women to perform this office for ſtrangers young as themſelves. Had the conſequences been ſuch as we ſhould have reaſon to apprehend from the ſame practice here, it would either never have obtained ſo univerſally as it did in Greece, or would quickly have been diſcontinued.

The

The yoke all day, and when the ſetting ſun
To duſky evening had reſign'd the roads,
At Pheræ they arrived, and at the houſe
Where dwelt Diocles, whoſe illuſtrious Sire
Orſilochus from Alpheus ſprang, repoſed.
But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
Look'd roſy forth, then, binding to the yoke
Their ſteeds again, they mounted. Neſtor's ſon
Urged through the veſtibule and ſounding porch
His courſers, of themſelves not ſlack to go.
A corn-inveſted land* receiv'd them next,
And there they brought their journey to a cloſe,
So rapidly they ſped; and now the ſun
Went down, and even-tide dimm'd all the ways.

* Lacedæmon.

ARGU-

ARGUMENT

OF THE

FOURTH BOOK.

Telemachus, with Piſiſtratus, arrives at the palace of Menelaus, from whom he receives ſome freſh information concerning the return of the Greecians, and is in particular told on the authority of Proteus, that his father is detained by Calypſo. The ſuitors, plotting againſt the life of Telemachus, lie in wait to intercept him in his return to Ithaca. Penelope being informed of his departure, and of their deſigns to ſlay him, becomes inconſolable, but is relieved by a dream ſent to her from Minerva.

BOOK IV.

In hollow Lacedæmon's ſpacious vale
Arriving, to the reſidence they drove
Of royal Menelaus; him they found
In his own palace, all his num'rous friends
Regaling at a nuptial banquet giv'n
Both for his daughter and the prince his ſon.
His daughter to renown'd Achilles heir
He ſent, to whom he had at Troy engaged

To

To give her, and the Gods now made her his.
With chariots and with ſteeds he ſent her forth
To Phthia's glorious city, where he reign'd.
But to his ſon he gave a Spartan fair,
Alector's daughter; from an handmaid ſprang
That ſon to Menelaus in his age,
Brave Megapenthes; for the Gods vouchſafed
No child to Helen, after Her who vied
With Venus' ſelf in charms, Hermione*.
Thus all the neighbour princes and the friends
Of noble Menelaus, feaſting ſat
Within his ſpacious palace, among whom
A ſacred bard ſang ſweetly to his harp,
While, in the midſt, two dancers ſmote the ground
With meaſur'd ſteps reſponſive to his ſong.
Sudden, within the veſtibule appeared
Thoſe two, Telemachus, illuſtrious youth,
And Neſtor's ſon. Them, iſſuing from the hall,
The noble Eteoneus of the train
Of Menelaus, ſaw; at once he ran
Acroſs the palace to report the news
To his Lord's ear, and, ſtanding at his ſide,
With eager haſte his tidings thus declared.
Oh Menelaus! Heav'n-deſcended Chief!

* From an handmaid called Teridaë, by whom he had alſo a ſon named Nicoſtratus.—B. & C.

Two guests arrive, both strangers, but alike
Resembling in their form the sons of Jove.
Say, shall we loose, ourselves, their rapid steeds,
Or hence dismiss them to some other host?
But Menelaus, Hero golden-hair'd,
Indignant answer'd him. Boethe's son!
Thou wast not, Eteoneus, heretofore,
A babbler, who now pratest as a child.
We have ourselves arrived indebted much
To hospitality of other men,
If Jove shall, even here, some pause at last
Of woe afford us. Therefore loose, at once,
Their steeds, and introduce them to the feast.
He said, and, issuing, Eteoneus call'd
The brisk attendants to his aid, with whom
He loos'd their foaming coursers from the yoke.
Them first they bound to mangers, which with oats
And mingled barley they supplied, then thrust
The chariot sidelong to the splendid wall *.
Themselves he, next, into the royal house
Conducted, who with wonder view'd the abode
Of the illustrious Chief; for on all sides
As with the splendour of the sun or moon

* Hesychius tells us, that the Greecians ornamented with much attention the front wall of their courts for the admiration of passengers.

The

The lofty dome of Menelaus blazed *.
Satiate, at length, with wonder at that ſight,
They enter'd each a bath, and by the hands
Of maidens laved, and oil'd, and cloth'd again
With ſhaggy mantles and reſplendent veſts,
Sat both enthroned at Menelaus' ſide.
And now a maiden charged with golden ew'r,
And with argent laver, pouring firſt
Pure water on their hands, ſupplied them next
With a bright table, which the maiden, chief
In office, furniſh'd plenteouſly with bread
And dainties, remnants of the laſt regale.
Then came the ſew'r, who with delicious meats
Of all kinds, ſerv'd them, and with cups of gold,
And Menelaus, greeting each, began.

Eat and rejoice, and when ye ſhall have ſhared
Our nuptial banquet, we will, then, inquire
Who are ye both; for, certain, not from thoſe
Whoſe generation periſhes are ye,
But rather of ſome race of ſceptred Chiefs

* It is remarked by Athenæus that whoever goes to be entertained at another's table, ſhould not, like a glutton and a winebibber, immediately on his entrance take his place in the ſympoſium or banquetting room, but ſhould firſt employ a reaſonable time in viewing and giving due commendation to the houſe and furniture. A point of good breeding in which it appears that Telemachus and his friend were not deficient.—C.

Heav'n-born; the baſe have never ſons like you.
So ſaying, he lifted from the board his own
Diſtinguiſh'd portion *, and the fatted chine
Gave to his gueſts; the ready viands placed
Before them, they with willing hands aſſail'd,
And when nor hunger, more, nor thirſt they felt,
Telemachus, his head inclining cloſe
To Neſtor's ſon, thus whiſper'd his amaze.
Deareſt Piſiſtratus, obſerve, my friend!
How all the echoing palace with the light
Of braſs, and gold of brighteſt luſtre, ſhines †,
Silver and ivory ‡! for radiance ſuch
Th' interior manſion of Olympian Jove
I deem. What wealth, how various, how immenſe

* Kings and Chiefs and important perſonages were cuſtomarily ſerved with a larger portion than others, not on a ſuppoſition that they could eat or had occaſion to eat more than gueſts of inferiour rank, but that they might have opportunity to compliment whom they pleaſed with a part of it.—C.

† This line is thus altered, and the amber diſcarded from it, in conformity to the learned remark of the Analytical Reviewer, who appeals to Pliny for the exiſtence in thoſe days of ſuch a mixt metal as was called Electrum, or gold containing a fifth part of ſilver. But we have no Engliſh term by which to expreſs ſuch a metal; I have therefore given the gold the attribute of ſuperiour brilliancy aſcribed by Pliny to that mixture, and could deviſe no better expedient.

‡ Ivory was well known to Homer, but he nowhere mentions the elephant.

Is here! aſtoniſh'd I ſurvey the ſight *!
But Menelaus, whiſper'd as they were,
His words heard not the leſs, and thus replied.
No mortal man, my children! may pretend
Compariſon with Jove; His palace ſtands
For ever, and His treaſures ne'er decay;
But mine, ſmall need hath any man to praiſe
Or much admire; for, after num'rous toils
And perilous wand'rings o'er the ſtormy Deep,
In the eighth year, at laſt I brought them home.
Cyprus, Phœnicia, Sidon, and the ſhores
Of Egypt, roaming without hope, I reach'd,
In diſtant Æthiopia thence arrived,
And Lybia, where the lambs their foreheads ſhow
With budding horns defended, ſoon as yean'd †.

* Young perſons, who have ſeen little, are frequently aſtoniſhed at that which their ſeniors view with indifference. The wonder expreſſed by Telemachus is therefore perfectly natural, nor leſs natural was the contempt for ſuch things expreſſed by Diogenes and even by Socrates, who profeſſed that the ſight of ſo many laboured and uſeleſs bawbles, rather moved their laughter than their admiration.—C. Neither to admire however, nor to deſpiſe, ſeems to be the point at which the judgment ought to ſtand; for as there is nothing in ſplendour that ought to captivate or confound the beholder, ſo there is nothing in ſuitable and well-placed ornaments that can in reality be ridiculous.

† On account of the heat of the climate their horns are ſaid to produce themſelves immediately.—C.

There, thrice within the year the flocks produce;
Nor maſter, there, nor ſhepherd ever feels
A dearth of cheeſe, of fleſh, or of ſweet milk
Delicious, drawn from udders never dry.
While thus I roam'd collecting wealth from all
Thoſe ſhores, another, aided by the arts
Of his pernicious ſpouſe, of life bereav'd
My brother treacherouſly and when leaſt
He fear'd to loſe it. Therefore little joy
To me reſults from all that I poſſeſs.
Your fathers (be thoſe fathers who they may)
Theſe things have doubtleſs told you; for immenſe
Have been my ſuff'rings, and I have deſtroy'd
A palace well inhabited and ſtored
With precious furniture in ev'ry kind *;
Such, that I would to heav'n! I own'd at home
Though but the third of it, and that the Greeks
Who periſh'd then, beneath the walls of Troy
Remote from fertile Argos, ſtill ſurvived.
Yet while, ſequeſter'd here, full oft I mourn
My ſlaughter'd friends, by turns I ſooth my ſoul

* Doubts have been entertained whether Menelaus does not rather mean to ſay that he has conſumed his own wealth, than that he has deſtroyed the wealth of Priam. Euſtathius, whom Barnes follows, inclines to the former ſenſe, but Madame Dacier deems the latter, which is given here, ſo plainly intended, that the paſſage is not in the leaſt degree ambiguous.—C.

With

With tears ſhed for them, and by turns I ceaſe,
Yet ſhort, alas! and tranſient is the pauſe.
But more than all, though ſorrowful for all,
I one deplore, rememb'ring whom, I loathe
My wonted food, nor ſleep's ſoft influence leſs.
For, of the Greeks, in ſuff'rings or in toils
None match'd Ulyſſes; but the doom of woe
Was his, and ceaſeleſs ſorrow for his ſake
Thus long a wand'rer, mine; nor have we learn'd
If ſtill he lives, or have already died.
Him doubtleſs, old Laertes mourns, and him
Diſcrete Penelope, nor leſs his ſon
Telemachus, born newly when he ſail'd.
So ſaying, he kindled in him ſtrong deſire
To mourn his father; at his father's name
Faſt fell his tears to ground, and with both hands
He ſpread his purple cloak before his eyes;
Which Menelaus marking, doubtful ſat
If he ſhould leave him to lament his Sire,
Or queſtion him, and tell him all at large *.
While thus he doubted, Helen (as it chanced)
Leaving her fragrant chamber, came, auguſt

* The poet's powers of giving variety to ſimilar incidents are here noticed by Euſtathius. Neſtor learns his gueſts by interrogation, but Menelaus by inference, concluding from the tears ſhed by the young ſtranger at the mention of his name, that he can be no other than the ſon of Ulyſſes.—C.

As Dian, goddeſs of the golden bow.
Adraſta, for her uſe, ſet forth a throne,
Alcippe with ſoft arras cover'd it,
And Philo brought her ſilver baſket, gift
Of fair Alcandra, wife of Polybus,
Whoſe manſion in Ægyptian Thebes is rich
In untold treaſure, and who gave, himſelf,
Ten golden talents, and two ſilver baths
With two bright tripods to the Spartan prince,
Beſides what Helen from his ſpouſe receiv'd.
A golden ſpindle, and a baſket wheel'd,
Itſelf of ſilver, and its lip of gold.
That baſket Philo, her own handmaid, placed
At Helen's ſide, with ſlend'reſt thread replete,
On which infolded thick with purple wool
The ſpindle lay. Her foot-ſtool'd throne ſhe preſs'd,
And, ſoon as ſeated, of her ſpouſe enquired.
Know we, my Menelaus, dear to Jove!
Theſe gueſts of ours, and whence they have arrived?
Erroneous I may ſpeak, yet ſpeak I muſt;
In man or woman never have I ſeen
Such likeneſs to another (wonder-fixt
I gaze) as in this ſtranger to the ſon
Of brave Ulyſſes, whom that Hero left
New-born at home, when (ſhameleſs as I was)
For my unworthy ſake the Greecians ſailed

To Ilium, with fierce rage of battle fired *.
Then Menelaus, thus, the golden-hair'd.
Such likeneſs in him of Laertes' ſon
Myſelf perceive; hands, feet, expreſſive eyes,
Fair open brows, and looks of kindred hue.
And, even now, when, calling him to mind,
I ſpake of brave Ulyſſes, and his toils
Endured for me, his ſtarting tears I mark'd,
Which with his purple cloak he ſought to hide.
To whom the ſon of Neſtor thus replied.
Atrides! Menelaus! Chief renown'd!
He is in truth his ſon, as thou haſt ſaid;
But he is modeſt, and would much himſelf
Condemn, if, at his firſt arrival here,
He ſhould loquacious ſeem and bold to thee,
To whom we liſten, captived by thy voice,
As if ſome God had ſpoken. As for me,
Neſtor, my father, the Gerenian Chief
Bade me conduct him hither, for he wiſh'd
To ſee thee, that ſome word or deed of thine
Might ſooth his ſorrow; for what grief ſoe'er
The ſon ſuſtains, who finds not at his home

* Gataker in his *Adverſaria Miſcellanea* ſuppoſes that Helen calling herſelf Κυνώπιδα rather means to diſclaim all pretenſions to beauty, than to modeſty, for that it is not to be imagined that any woman would acknowledge herſelf impudent and ſhameleſs. But Clarke diſapproves the criticiſm.

Father

Father or friend to ſuccour him, with ſuch
Telemachus is charged; *His* father roams,
And none hath he t' avenge him in his ſtead.
To whom the Hero amber-hair'd replied.
Ye Gods! the offspring of indeed a friend
Hath reach'd my houſe, of one who hath endured
Full many an arduous conflict for my ſake;
And much I purpos'd, had Olympian Jove
Vouchſafed us proſp'rous paſſage o'er the Deep,
To have receiv'd him with ſuch friendſhip here
As none beſide. In Argos I had then
Founded a city for him, and had rais'd
A palace for himſelf; I would have brought
The Hero hither, and his ſon, with all
His people, and with all his wealth, ſome town
Evacuating for his ſake, of thoſe
Ruled by myſelf, and neareſt to my own.
Thus ſituate, we had often interchanged
Sweet converſe, nor had other cauſe at laſt
Our friendſhip terminated or our joys,
Than death's black cloud o'erſhadowing him or me.
But pleaſures pure as thoſe, had envy moved
In Jove himſelf; who, of Achaia's ſons,
Hath intercepted from his native ſhores
The hapleſs Laertiades alone.
So ſaying, he kindled the deſire to weep

In

In ev'ry boſom. Argive Helen wept,
Jove's daughter; wept Telemachus as faſt
And Menelaus; nor with tearleſs eyes
Piſiſtratus remain'd, who call'd to mind
Antilochus by the illuſtrious ſon
Of bright Aurora ſlain, rememb'ring whom
His ſpeech to Menelaus thus he turn'd *.
Atrides! antient Neſtor, when of late
Converſing with him we remember'd thee,
Pronounced thee wiſe beyond all human-kind.
Now therefore, let not even my advice
Diſpleaſe thee. It affords me no delight
To intermingle tears with my repaſt,
And ſoon, Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
Will tinge the orient. Not that I account
The mourner, whomſoever he lament,
Blame worthy, ſince, to ſheer the locks and weep,
Is all we can for the unhappy dead.
I alſo have my ſorrow, call'd to mourn
One, not the meaneſt of Achaia's ſons †,

* Antilochus was his brother. The ſon of Aurora, who ſlew Antilochus, was Memnon.—B. & C.

† This negative manner of praiſing is not what it ſeems to be, a ſlight and moderate eulogium, but intends the higheſt, and with that intention has been uſed by poets and rhetoricians in all ages. So Homer, in another place, ſpeaking of Hector bruiſed by Ajax with a ſtone, aſcribes the greateſt poſſible force to the latter when he calls him——not the feebleſt of the ſons of Greece.

My brother; him I cannot but ſuppoſe
To thee well-known, although unknown to me
Who ſaw him never*; but report proclaims
Antilochus ſuperiour to the moſt,
In ſpeed ſuperiour, and in feats of arms.
To whom, the Hero of the yellow locks.
Ah my young friend! ſince nought which thou haſt ſaid
Or recommended now, would have diſgraced
A man of years maturer far than thine,
(For wiſe thy father is, and ſuch art thou,
And eaſy is it to diſcern the ſon
Of ſuch a father, whom Saturnian Jove
In marriage both and at his birth ordain'd
To great felicity†; for he hath giv'n
To Neſtor gradually to ſink at home
Into old age, and, while he lives, to ſee
His ſons paſt others wiſe, and ſkill'd in arms)
The grief which ſeized us ſuddenly, ſhall ceaſe.
Come therefore—now to our repaſt again—

* Becauſe Piſiſtratus was born after Antilochus had ſailed to Troy.

† It is the opinion of Dionyſius Halicarn: that Homer conſidered virtue alone as inſufficient to happineſs; for having repreſented Neſtor and Ulyſſes as alike in prudence, in fortitude and eloquence, but diſſimilar in their lot, Neſtor being bleſt with great proſperity and Ulyſſes an afflicted wanderer, he calls the former happy, and the latter, with all his mental accompliſhments and with all his patience, unfortunate and wretched.—C.

Pour

Pour water on our hands, for we ſhall find,
(Telemachus and I) no dearth of themes
For mutual converſe when the morrow comes.
He ended; then, Aſphalion, at his word,
Servant of glorious Menelaus, poured
Pure water on their hands, and they the feaſt
Before them with keen appetite aſſail'd.
But Helen, Jove's fair daughter, to compoſe
Their troubled ſpirits, with a ſudden hand
Infuſed into the wine of which they drank
A drug moſt potent to ſuppreſs or grief
Or anger, and oblivion to induce
Of all paſt evil *. Whoſoe'er his wine
So medicated drinks, he will not bathe
His cheek all day with trickling tears, although
His father and his mother both were dead,
Nor even though his brother or his ſon
Had fall'n in battle, and before his eyes.
Such drugs of ſov'reign uſe had Helen brought
Erewhile to Sparta, Polydamna's gift,
Wife of Ægyptian Thone; for Ægpyt teems

* Plutarch, Macrobius, and Euſtathius, were all of opinion that by this drug we are to underſtand not what the word imports, a medicine, but the diſcourſe of Helen ſo admirably calculated to intereſt and to conſole Telemachus.—C. But how ſhe can be ſaid to have fetched that diſcourſe from Ægypt, theſe learned expoſitors and lovers of allegory have not told us.

With

With drugs of various pow'rs; ſalubrious ſome
With wine received, and ſome of deadlieſt kind,
Nor dwells on earth a race that may pretend,
In healing arts equality with them,
For they are genuine ſons of Pæon, all *.
That drug infuſed, ſhe bade her ſervant pour
The bev'rage forth, and thus her ſpeech reſumed.
Atrides! Menelaus! dear to Jove!
Theſe gueſts of ours are alſo nobly born,
But good or evil is the lot of man
As Jove ordains, ſole arbiter of each.
Now therefore, feaſting at your eaſe reclined,
Liſten with pleaſure, for myſelf, the while,
Will matter ſeaſonable interpoſe.
I cannot all rehearſe, nor even name,
(Omitting none) the conflicts and exploits
Of brave Ulyſſes; but with what addreſs
Succeſsful, one achievement he perform'd
At Ilium, where Achaia's ſons endured
Such hardſhip, will I ſpeak. Inflicting wounds
Diſhonourable on himſelf, he took
A tatter'd garb, and like a ſerving-man

* Pæon was the phyſician of the Gods, and not the ſame with Apollo, as Heſiod teſtifies.

Εἰ μὴ Ἀπόλλων Φοῖβος ὑπ' ἐκ θανάτοιο σάωσεν,
Ἢ αὐτὸς Παίων, ὃς ἀπάντων φάρμακα οἶδεν.—B. & C.

Enter'd

Enter'd the ſpacious city of our foes *
So clad, although of nobler port than He
Might none be found, when in the camp of Greece,
Some mendicant he ſeem'd. In ſuch diſguiſe
He enter'd Ilium's gate. There, all alike
Miſdeem'd him; me alone he not deceived
Who challeng'd him, but, ſhrewd, he turn'd away.
But bathed, at length, anointed and attired
At my command, and by a ſolemn oath
Of mine aſſured, that not a Trojan there
Should learn him for Ulyſſes, taught by me,
Till he had reach'd, ſecure, the camp again,
He told me all the counſel of the Greeks.
Thus, many a Trojan ſlaughter'd, he rejoin'd
Achaia's hoſt, full-fraught, for future uſe,
With wiſe remark on all that he had ſeen †.
Then, wail'd the Trojan women, but delight
My boſom fill'd, for with an alter'd heart

* Some ſay that he engaged in this enterpriſe to procure himſelf an opportunity to meaſure the walls of Troy, others, that he might perſuade Helen to cooperate with the Greecians.—B. & C.

† He might inform the Greeks, according to Euſtathius, of his ſucceſs with Helen, how he had prevailed to win her to their intereſts, of the Trojan counſels alſo, and of the dimenſions of the walls, eſpecially of the gate to which he intended to adapt the ſize of the wooden horſe. It is not improbable likewiſe that on this occaſion he contrived to carry off the Palladium.—C.

Φρόνιν is tranſlated here in the ſenſe given it by Dacier.—C.

I, now, regretted my forſaken home,
And mourn'd the fatal crime, to which impell'd
By Venus, I had ſought a diſtant ſhore,
Leaving my daughter, and my rightful Lord,
Although in feature, form, and mind, a Prince
Uncenſurable, and from blemiſh free.

Her anſwer'd then the Hero golden-hair'd.
Helen! thou haſt well ſpoken. All is true.
I have the talents fathom'd and the minds
Of num'rous Heroes, and have travell'd far,
Yet never ſaw I with theſe eyes in man
Such firmneſs as the calm Ulyſſes own'd;
None ſuch as in the hollow horſe he proved,
Where all our braveſt ſat, deſigning woe
And bloody havock for the ſons of Troy *.
Thou thither cam'ſt, incited, as it ſeem'd,
By ſome Divinity, propitious more
To Troy than to the Greeks, and on thy ſteps
Waited Deiphobus †. Thrice round about
Thou did'ſt encompaſs, and with curious hand

* Homer, ſays Quintilian, when he tells us that the Greecians *ſat* in the horſe, gives us in one word an idea of its magnitude, as Virgil does of its height, when he tells us that they *let themſelves down from it by a rope*.—C.

† Deiphobus is ſaid to have accompanied her, that if any one ſpoke to her from within the horſe, he might know it; not choofing to truſt Her for the diſcovery of it.—C.

Try

Try the huge ambuſh, ſounding forth, the while,
The names of all our Leaders, with the voice
Well counterfeited of the wife of each.
Tydides, and Ulyſſes, and myſelf
Among the midmoſt ſeated, heard the call.
We, ſtarting both, had either left at once
Our cloſe concealment, or, at leaſt, replied,
But more diſcrete Ulyſſes interpoſed
Firm hind'rance, and controll'd the raſh deſire.
Now, therefore, all were quiet, ſave alone
Anticlus, ſtill impatient to reply.
But, preſſing with both hands his op'ning lips
Ulyſſes ſaved us; for the cloſe conſtraint
He ſtill enforced, till Pallas led thee thence.
Then thus, diſcrete, Telemachus replied.
Atrides! Menelaus! prince renown'd!
Hard was his lot, whom theſe rare qualities
Preſerved not, neither had his dauntleſs heart
Been iron, had he 'ſcaped his cruel doom.
But haſte, and with diſmiſſion to repoſe
Now needful, gratify my friend and me.
He ceas'd; then Argive Helen gave command
To her attendant maidens to prepare
Beds in the portico with purple rugs
Reſplendent, and with arras, overſpread,
And cover'd warm with cloaks of ſhaggy pile.

Forth went the maidens, bearing each a torch,
And in the veſtibule their beds prepar'd.
Then came an herald who conducted forth
The weary gueſts, and, there, the noble ſon
Of Neſtor ſlept, and, there, his youthful friend
Telemachus; but in the interiour houſe
Atrides, with the lovelieſt of her ſex
Beſide him, Helen of the ſweeping ſtole.
But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
Glow'd in the Eaſt, then from his couch aroſe
The warlike Menelaus, freſh attired;
His faulchion o'er his ſhoulders ſlung, he bound
His ſandals fair to his unſullied feet,
And, godlike, iſſuing from his chamber, ſat
Beſide Telemachus, and thus began.

Hero! Telemachus! what urgent cauſe
Hath hither led thee, to the land far-famed
Of Lacedæmon o'er the ſpacious Deep?
Publick concern or private? Tell me true *.

To whom Telemachus diſcrete replied.
Atrides! Menelaus! prince renown'd!
News ſeeking of my Sire, I have arrived.
My houſehold is devour'd, my fruitful fields
Are deſolated, and my palace fill'd

* Menelaus puts this queſtion to Telemachus, knowing that Piſiſtratus came only as his companion.—C.

With enemies, who while they mutual wage
Proud competition for my mother's love,
My flocks unſparing ſlaughter, and my beeves.
Now, therefore, whether thou beheld'ſt, thyſelf,
Ulyſſes' death, or at ſome wand'rer's lips
Haſt learn'd it, ſuppliant at thy knees I beg
The ſad recital; for no common woes
Were his allotted portion from the womb.
Neither through pity or o'erſtrain'd reſpect
Flatter me, but explicit all relate
Which thou haſt witneſs'd. If my noble Sire
E'er gratified thee by performance juſt
Of word or deed at Ilium, where ye fell
So num'rous ſlain in fight, oh recollect
Now his fidelity, and tell me true!

Then Menelaus, ſighing deep, replied.
Gods! their ambition is to reach the bed
Of a brave man, however baſe themſelves.
But as it chances, when the hart hath lay'd
Her fawns new-yean'd and ſucklings yet, to reſt
Within ſome dreadful lion's gloomy den,
She roams the hills, and in the graſſy vales
Feeds heedleſs, till the lion, to his lair
Returning, rends them both; with ſuch a force
Reſiſtleſs ſhall Ulyſſes them deſtroy.
Jove, Pallas and Apollo! oh that ſuch

As erſt in well-built Leſbos, where he threw
Philomelides in a wreſtling-match
With mighty force, when all the Greeks rejoiced,
Such, now, Ulyſſes might aſſail them all!
Short life and bitter nuptials ſhould be theirs*.
But now, ſuch anſwer as with earneſt ſuit
Thou haſt implored, direct and true, receive;
For I will nought conceal, but will impart
All that the antient Prophet of the Deep†
Hath taught me, with exacteſt truth to Thee.
The Gods, reſenting my neglect to pile
Their altars high with hecatombs, detain'd
Me ſtill in Ægypt, anxious to return,
For juſt obſervance of their high beheſts
Alone can pleaſe the Gods. There is an iſle
Amid the billowy flood, Pharos by name,
In front of Ægypt, diſtant from her ſhore
Far as a veſſel by a ſprightly gale

* By Philomelides ſome have rather abſurdly ſuppoſed Patroclus, whoſe mother's name was Philomela, to be intended. But Homer never forms his patronymies from the mother's ſide, and why ſhould the Greeks exult in the fall of an amiable man whom all reſpected. The perſon in queſtion is therefore more probably affirmed by others to have been the King of Leſbos, whoſe cuſtom being to challenge all comers, he challenged, on their arrival in his iſland, the Greecians alſo.—C.

† Proteus.

Impell'd,

Impell'd, may puſh her voyage in a day *.
It owns a quiet port, and many a ſhip
Finds wat'ring there from riv'lets on the coaſt.
There me the Gods kept twenty days, no breeze
Propitious granting, that might ſweep the waves,
And uſher to her home the flying bark.
And now had our proviſion, all conſumed,
Left us exhauſted, but a certain nymph
Pitied and ſaved me. Daughter fair was ſhe
Of mighty Proteus, Antient of the Deep,
Idothea named; her moſt my ſorrows moved;
She found me wandering alone, remote
From all my followers, who around the iſle
The fiſhes ſnaring roamed, by famine urged,
And ſtanding at my ſide, me thus beſpake †.
Stranger! Thou, ſure, art childiſh, or of heart
Dull and inſenſible, or thy delight
Is in diſtreſs and mis'ry. Wherefore, elſe,
Within theſe iſland-limits art thou pent
Thus long, nor end haſt found of ling'ring here,
Where famine waſtes thy people day by day?

* In the heroick ages the diſtance might be ſuch; though now by the accumulation of ſoil from the mouth of the Nile, it is united to the land, or nearly ſo.—B. & C.

† Idothea is ſaid to have been enamoured of Canobus, the pilot of Menelaus.—B.

So ſpake the Goddeſs, and I thus replied.
I tell thee, whoſoever of the Pow'rs
Divine thou art, that I am priſon'd here
Not willingly, but muſt have, doubtleſs, ſinn'd
Againſt the deathleſs tenants of the ſkies.
Yet ſay (for the Immortals all things know)
What God detains me, and my courſe forbids
Hence to my country o'er the fiſhy Deep?

I ſpake; when thus the Goddeſs all-divine.
Hear me, for all that I relate is true.
A faithful ſeer, the Antient of the Deep,
Immortal Proteus, the Ægyptian, haunts
Theſe ſhores, familiar with all Ocean's gulphs,
Neptune's attendant ever, and eſteem'd
My father. Him if thou art able once
To ſeize and bind, he will preſcribe the courſe
With all its meaſured diſtances, by which
Thou ſhalt regain ſecure thy native ſhores.
He will, moreover, at thy ſuit declare,
Thou favour'd of the ſkies! what good, what ill
Hath in thine houſe befall'n, while abſent thou
Thy voyage difficult perform'ſt and long *.

She

* Ὅ, τί τοι ἐν μεγάροισι κακὸν τ' ἀγαθόν τε τέτυκται.
What good and what evil hath befallen thee in thy houſe.
Socrates, as Gellius ſays, accounted this line of Homer his deareſt and beſt treaſure, and declared that it compriſes the ſum total of philoſophy.

She ſpake, and I replied—Thyſelf reveal
By what effectual bands I may ſecure
The antient Deity marine, leſt, warn'd
Of my approach, he ſhun me and eſcape.
Hard taſk for mortal hands to bind a God!
Then thus Idothea anſwer'd all-divine.
I will inform thee true. Soon as the ſun
Hath climb'd the middle heav'ns, the prophet old,
Emerging while the breezy zephyr blows,
And cover'd with the ſcum of ocean, ſeeks
His ſpacious cove, in which outſtretch'd he lies.
The phocæ * alſo, riſing from the waves,
Offſpring of beauteous Haloſydna, ſleep
Around him, numerous, the fiſhy ſcent
Exhaling rank of the unfathom'd flood †.
Thither conducting thee at early dawn
I will diſpoſe thee in ſome ſafe receſs,

philoſophy.—C. The line, however, muſt be detached from the context and have a new ſenſe given it before it can ſerve the uſes to which he applied it. For Homer means ſimply to ſay by it, that Proteus would inform Menelaus of all that had happened in his abſence; whereas Socrates found in it a hint not to ſuffer his curioſity to tempt him aſtray in queſt of knowledge more ſpecious than uſeful but rather to attend to what was paſſing at home and in his own heart.—An excellent leſſon certainly, but not found here or any where elſe in Homer.

* Seals, or ſea-calves.

† According to Ælian no animal ſleeps ſo ſound.—B.

But from among thy followers thou ſhalt chooſe
The braveſt three in all thy gallant fleet.
And now the artifices underſtand
Of the old prophet of the ſea. His herd
Of phocæ numb'ring firſt, he will paſs through
And ſum them all by fives, then lying down
Will ſleep as ſleeps the ſhepherd with his flock.
When ye ſhall ſee him ſtretch'd, then call to mind
That moment all your proweſs, and prevent,
Howe'er he ſtrive impatient, his eſcape.
All changes trying, ev'ry reptiles form
On earth he will adopt, and he will ſeem
A river now, and now devouring fire;
But ye, the more he ſtrives, with added force
Strive alſo, and conſtrain him ſtill the more.
And when himſelf ſhall queſtion you, reſtored
To his own form in which ye found him firſt
Repoſing, then from farther force abſtain;
Then, Hero! looſe the Antient of the Deep,
And aſk him what Divinity impedes
Thy voyage homeward o'er the fiſhy flood.
So ſaying, ſhe plunged into the billowy waſte.
I then, in various muſings loſt, my ſhips
Along the ſea-beach ſtation'd, ſought again,
And when I reach'd my galley on the ſhore
We ſupp'd, and, at the fall of dewy night,

On

On Ocean's ſide extended, took repoſe.
But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
Look'd roſy forth, beſide the ſpacious Deep
Proceeding, firſt I importuned the Gods
With fervent pray'r, then choſe the fitteſt three
For bold aſſault, and worthieſt of my truſt.
Mean-while the Goddeſs deep into the gulphs
Of Ocean plunging, from the bottom brought
Four hides, the ſkins of Phocæ newly ſlain,
Forecaſting to deceive her antient Sire.
Four cradles in the ſea-ſand, next, ſhe ſcoop'd,
Then waited our approach. We ſoon arrived;
When, ſide by ſide, ſhe lodg'd us, and a ſkin
Caſt over each. But terrible we found
Our ambuſh, there, ſo rancid was the ſcent
And noiſome to us all; for who could reſt
Extended at a foul ſea-monſter's ſide?
But ſhe a potent remedy deviſed
Herſelf to ſave us, who applied beneath
Our noſtrils ſweeteſt odours of divine
Ambroſia, which the fiſhy ſcent ſubdued.
All morning, patient watchers, there we lay;
And now the num'rous phocæ from the Deep
Emerging, ſlept along the ſhore, and he
At noon came alſo, and perceiving there
His fatted monſters, through the flock his courſe

Took regular, and ſumm'd them; with the firſt
He number'd us, ſuſpicion none of fraud
Conceiving, then couch'd alſo. We, at once,
Loud-ſhouting flew on him, and in our arms
Conſtrain'd him faſt; nor the ſea-prophet old
Call'd not incontinent his ſhifts to mind.
Firſt he became a long-maned lion grim,
A dragon then, a panther, an huge boar,
A limpid ſtream, and an o'erſhadowing tree.
We perſevering held him, till at length
The ſubtle Sage, his ineffectual arts
Reſigning weary, queſtion'd me, and ſaid.

Say, ſon of Atreus! what confed'rate Pow'r
Aſſiſted thy contrivance to enſnare
And thus conſtrain me? what is thy deſire?

So He; to whom thus anſwer I return'd.
Oh antient Prophet! guile alone ſuggeſts
Theſe queſtions, for thyſelf already know'ſt.
Within theſe iſland-limits have I dwelt
Long time, no means diſcov'ring of eſcape,
Though famine waſtes my people day by day.
Yet ſay (for the Immortals all things know)
What God detains me, and my courſe forbids
Hence to my country o'er the fiſhy Deep?

So I; when thus the old one of the waves.

But

*But thy plain duty was to have adored
Jove, firſt, in ſacrifice, and all the Gods,
That then embarking, by propitious gales
Impell'd, thou might'ſt have reach'd thy country ſoon.
For thou art deſtin'd ne'er to ſee again
Thy friends, thy palace, or thy native ſhores,
Till thou have reach'd once more the hallow'd flood
Of Ægypt, and with hecatombs adored
Devout, the deathleſs tenants of the ſkies.
Then will they ſpeed thee whither thou deſir'ſt.
He ceaſed. I liſten'd with a broken heart,
Thus bidden o'er the gloomy waves again
To Ægypt; voyage long and hard to achieve!
Yet, though in ſorrow whelm'd, I thus preſumed.
Old prophet! I will all thy will perform.
But tell me, and the truth without diſguiſe.
Have the Achaians with their ſhips arrived
All ſafe, whom Neſtor left and I, at Troy?
Hath none of all our heroes, ſince the ſiege,
Died prematurely, or, on board his bark,
Or in th' embraces of his friends at home?
I ſpake, when anſwer thus the God return'd.

* From the abruptneſs of this beginning, Virgil, probably, who has copied the ſtory, took the hint of his admired exordium

Nam quis te, juvenum confidentiſſime, noſtras
Egit adire domos?

Atrides,

Atrides, why theſe queſtions? Better far
Were ignorance for thee; ſince, knowing all,
Thou wilt not long, I judge, from tears abſtain *.
No few have died, and many ſtill ſurvive
Of thoſe Achaian Chiefs; but Two alone
In their return have periſh'd, and a third
Still lives, impriſon'd in the boundleſs Deep.
Ajax, ſurrounded by his galleys, died †.
Him Neptune, firſt, againſt the bulky rocks
The Gyræ, drove, but ſaved him from the Deep;
Nor had he periſh'd, hated as he was
By Pallas, but for his preſumptuous boaſt
That Him the Gods themſelves ſhould ſtrive in vain
To overwhelm in Ocean's gulphy flood ‡.
Neptune that ſpeech vain-glorious hearing, graſp'd

* Here, it is obſerved, the poet condemns an importunate curioſity concerning the Future.—B. Certainly it is one of the chief mercies of God to man that he hides it from him.

† Pallas perſecuted the Greecians on their return for the reaſon already mentioned, the rape of Caſſandra by the Locrian Ajax. Nor was ſhe even ſo appeaſed, but, during a period of a thouſand years, compelled the Locrians to ſend annually a certain number of virgins choſen by lot, to Ilium.—B. & C.

Pliny takes notice of a picture the work of Apollodorus the Athenian, which he had ſeen at Pergamus, and the ſubject of which was the Ajax here mentioned ſtruck with thunder.—B. & C.

‡ The Gyræ were rocks ſituated very near to the iſland Myconos, and were ſo called becauſe they threw the water into whirlpools.—B. & C.

His

His trident, and the huge Gyræan rock
Smiting indignant, daſh'd it half away;
Part ſtood, and part, on which the boaſter ſat
When, firſt, the brainſick fury ſeiz'd him, fell,
Bearing him with it down into the gulphs
Of Ocean, where he drank the brine, and died*.
But thy own brother in his barks eſcaped
That fate, by Juno ſaved; yet when, at length,
He ſhould have gain'd Malea's craggy ſhore,
Then, by a ſudden tempeſt caught, he flew
With many a groan far o'er the fiſhy Deep
To the land's utmoſt point, where once his home
Thyeſtes had, but where Thyeſtes' ſon
Dwelt then, Ægiſthus. There, the Gods appeaſed
The ſtormy blaſt, and, deeming moſt ſecure
His paſſage to Mycenæ thence by land,
He diſembark'd. With calm delight he trod
The ſhore of Argos, kiſs'd his native ſoil,
And, at a ſight ſo welcome, wept for joy.
But not unſeen he landed; for a ſpy,
One whom the ſhrewd Ægiſthus had ſeduced

* Homer literally interpreted ſays—*ſo there he died, when he had drunk ſalt water.*—A line which, according to Euſtathius, had place in none of the antient editions, being rejected as too ſimple, and even trivial.—C. It was once however well choſen for his motto by a phyſician who wrote a treatiſe againſt the internal uſe of ſea-water.

By

By promiſe of two golden talents, mark'd
His coming from a rock where he had watch'd
The year complete, leſt, paſſing unperceived,
The King ſhould reaſſert his right in arms.
Swift flew the ſpy with tidings to his Lord,
And He, incontinent, this project framed
Inſidious. Twenty men, the boldeſt hearts
Of all the people, from the reſt he choſe,
Whom he in ambuſh placed, and others charged
With diligence to ſpread the feſtal board.
With horſes, then, and chariots forth he drove
Full-fraught with miſchief, and, inviting home
The unſuſpicious King, amid the feaſt
Slew him, as at his crib men ſlay an ox.
Nor of Atrides' or Ægiſthus' train
A man eſcaped; all periſh'd by the ſword.
He ceas'd, I heard him with a broken heart,
And on the ſands ſat weeping; life itſelf
Now fail'd to pleaſe me, and the light of day.
Long time I wept and roll'd me in the duſt,
But, ſated, ceaſed at length; when thus his ſpeech
The antient Prophet of the Deep reſumed.
Atrides! ſit not weeping without end
Or meaſure here, ſince remedy thy grief
Will yield thee none, but with thy beſt diſpatch
Strive for deliv'rance and to reach again

Thy

Thy native home; for thou ſhalt either find
Ægiſthus living, or, if haply, firſt,
Oreſtes have avenged his father's death,
At leaſt ſhalt witneſs his funereal fires.
He ceas'd, and I, afflicted as I was,
Yet felt my ſpirit at that word refreſh'd,
And in wing'd accents anſwer thus return'd.
Of theſe I am inform'd; but name the third
Who, dead or living, in the boundleſs Deep
Is ſtill detain'd; I dread, yet wiſh to hear.
So I; to whom thus Proteus in return.
Laertes' ſon, the Lord of Ithaca—
Him in an iſland weeping I beheld,
Gueſt of the nymph Calypſo, by conſtraint
Her gueſt, and from his native land withheld
By ſad neceſſity; for ſhips well-oar'd,
Or faithful followers hath he none, whoſe aid
Might ſpeed him ſafely o'er the ſpacious flood.
But, Menelaus! not for Thee thy doom
Has death prepared in Argos—Thee the Gods
Have deſtin'd to the bleſt Elyſian iſles *,
Earth's utmoſt bound'ries; (Rhadamanthus there

* The abode of Heroes after death, ſo named either from Elaſius of Eleutheræ, a perſon of uncommon piety, or becauſe the inhabitants ſuffer no more diſſolution. They were called the happy iſles, or the iſles of the bleſſed.—B. & C.

For

For ever reigns, and there the human kind
Enjoy the eaſieſt life; no ſnow is there,
No biting winter, and no drenching ſhow'r,
But zephyr always gently from the ſea
Breathes on them, to refreſh the happy race)
Becauſe that Helen is thy wife, and thee
They deem, for her ſake, near allied to Jove.
So ſaying, he plunged into the billowy waſte.
I then, with my brave comrades to the fleet
Return'd, deep-muſing as I went, and ſad.
No ſooner had I reach'd my ſhip beſide
The ocean, and we all had ſupp'd, than night
From heav'n fell on us, and, at eaſe repoſed
Along the margin of the ſea, we ſlept.
But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
Look'd roſy forth, drawing our galleys down
Into the ſacred Deep, we rear'd again
The maſt, unfurled the ſail, and to our ſeats
On board returning, threſh'd the foamy flood.
Once more, at length, within the hallow'd ſtream
Of Ægypt mooring, on the ſhore I ſlew
Whole hecatombs, and (the diſpleaſure thus
Of the Immortal Gods appeaſed) I reared
To Agamemnon's never-dying fame
A tomb, and finiſhing it, ſail'd again
With ſuch a gale from heaven vouchſafed, as ſent

My

My ſhips ſwift-ſcudding to the ſhores of Greece.
But come—eleven days wait here, or twelve
A gueſt with me, when I will ſend thee hence
Nobly, and honour'd with illuſtrious gifts,
With ſplendid chariot, with three princely ſteeds,
And with a gorgeous cup, that to the Gods
Libation pouring ever while thou liv'ſt
From that ſame cup, thou may'ſt remember me.
Him, prudent, then anſwer'd Telemachus.
Atrides! ſpare to preſs my longer ſtay,
For, willing, ſo delightful is the ſound
Of thy recital, I could liſt'ning ſit
The year entire, rememb'ring neither home
Nor parents more; but my companions, left
In Pylus, deem already my return
Too long delay'd, whom thou would'ſt ſtill detain.
What boon ſoe'er thou giv'ſt me, be it ſuch
As I may treaſur'd keep; for I will take
No ſteeds to Ithaca, where glory none
They can achieve, as here, for thee, they may.
For thou art Lord of an extenſive plain,
Where lotus, herbage of all ſavours, wheat,
Pulſe, and white barley clothe the fruitful ſoil*.

But

* Herodotus ſays that when the Nile overflows, many lilies grow in the water of a kind which the Ægyptians name *Lotus*; gathering theſe, they dry them in the ſun, and make the fruit into bread

But Ithaca no level champaign owns,
A nurſery of goats, and yet a land
Fairer than richeſt paſtures in mine eye.
But none of all our rugged iſles affords
Large growth of herbs, or level ſpace to run,
And Ithaca the rudeſt is of all.
He ſaid; the Hero Menelaus ſmiled,
And ſtroaking tenderly his cheek, replied.
Dear youth! thy ſpeech proclaims thy noble blood.
I can with eaſe ſupply thee from within
With what ſhall ſuit thee better, and the gift
Of all that I poſſeſs which moſt excels
In beauty, and the nobleſt ſhall be thine.
I give thee, wrought elaborate, a cup
Itſelf all ſilver, bound with lip of gold.
It is the work of Vulcan, which to me
The Hero Phædimus preſented, King
Of the Sidonians, when on my return
His houſe received me. That ſhall be thy own *.

Thus

which they eat toaſted. The root likewiſe is eatable, has an agreeable ſweetneſs, is round and of the ſize of an apple.—C.

But according to the Scholiaſt there was a tree called *Lotus*, and a ſpecies of graſs alſo.—B. & C.

* It is doubted whether Phædimus is here a proper name or an epithet ſignifying *illuſtrious*. They who underſtand it in the latter ſenſe affirm this illuſtrious hero, the King of Sidon, to have been Solomon; in ſupport of which opinion Barnes cites the following paſſage from Clemens Alexandrinus.

"Iramus

Thus they conferr'd; and now the buſy train
Of menials culinary, at the gate
Of Menelaus, glorious Chief, appear'd *.
They brought him ſheep, with heart-ennobling wine,
While all their wives, their brows with frontlets bound,
Came charg'd with bread. Thus buſy they prepared
A banquet in the manſion of the King.

Mean-time, before Ulyſſes' palace gate
The ſuitors ſported with the quoit and ſpear
On the ſmooth area, cuſtomary ſcene
Of all their ſtrife and angry clamour loud †.
There ſat Antinoüs, and the godlike youth
Eurymachus, ſuperiour to the reſt

"Iramus or Hiram gave his daughter to Solomon at the time when Menelaus returning from the ſiege of Troy arrived at Phœnice."

Sidon was a city of that country.

* Δαιτυμὼν—generally ſignifies the founder of a feaſt; but we are taught by Euſtathius to underſtand by it, in this place, the perſons employed in preparing it.—C.

The ſame commentator underſtands theſe preparations to be made not in the palace of Menelaus but of Ulyſſes. It is however in the beginning of the next paragraph, and not before, that the poet conducts us back to Ithaca. This is noticed by Barnes, who terms it a pardonable errour indeed, but ſtill worthy to be cenſured as an errour, leſt the authority of ſo learned a critic ſhould miſlead the reader.

† The quoit was commonly a ſtone, but was ſometimes made of iron, and had a thong tied about the middle of it, by which they ſwung and caſt it. What the tranſlation calls a ſpear was rather a javelin, ſuch as was uſed in goat-hunting.—C.

And Chiefs among them, to whom Phronius' ſon
Noëmon drawing nigh, with anxious mien
Queſtion'd Antinoüs, and thus began.

Know we, Antinoüs! or know we not,
When to expect Telemachus at home
Again from Pylus? In my ſhip he went,
Which now I need, that I may croſs the ſea
To Elis, on whoſe ſpacious plain I feed
Twelve mares, each ſuckling a mule-colt as yet
Unbroken, but of which I purpoſe one
To ferry thence, and break him into uſe.

He ſpake, whom they aſtoniſh'd heard; for him
They deem'd not to Nelëian Pylus gone,
But, likelieſt, to the field, his num'rous flocks
To viſit, or the ſteward of his ſwine.
Then thus, Eupithes' ſon, Antinoüs, ſpake,

Say true. When ſail'd he forth? of all our youth,
Whom choſe he for his followers? his own train
Of ſlaves and hirelings? Hath he pow'r to effect
This alſo? Tell me too, for I would learn—
Took he perforce thy ſable bark away,
Or gav'ſt it to him at his firſt demand*?

To

* The queſtion of Antinoüs, ſays Barnes, ſeems to be aſked with a malicious intention to betray Noëmon into a falſe accuſation of Telemachus, a modeſt and virtuous prince, whom he affects to conſider as one like himſelf, according to the manner of ſuch profligates as

To whom Noëmon, Phronius' ſon, replied.
I gave it voluntary; what could'ſt thou,
Should ſuch a prince petition for thy bark
In ſuch diſtreſs? Hard were it to refuſe.
A band, inferiour to yourſelves alone
Attend him forth; and with them I obſerved
Mentor embarking, ruler o'er them all,
Or, if not him, a God; for ſuch he ſeem'd.
But this much moves my wonder. Yeſter-morn
I ſaw, at day-break, noble Mentor here,
Whom ſhipp'd for Pylus I had ſeen before.
He ceas'd; and to his father's houſe return'd;
They, hearing, ſat aghaſt. Their games mean-time
Finiſh'd, the ſuitors on their ſeats repoſed,
To whom Eupithes' ſon, Antinoüs, next,
Much troubled ſpake; a black ſtorm overcharged
His boſom, and his vivid eyes flaſh'd fire.
Ye Gods, a proud exploit is here achieved,
This voyage of Telemachus, by us
Pronounced impracticable; yet the boy
In raſh defiance of us all, is gone,
With a ſwift bark, and with a choſen crew.
He ſoon will prove more miſchievous, whoſe pow'r

as he. But Noëmon anſwers honeſtly and boldly, doing juſtice to the ſon of the King his maſter, and tacitly condemning the ſuitors' iniquitous treatment of him.

Jove wither, ere we ſuffer its effects!
But, be ye quick, launch alſo forth for me
A bark with twenty rowers; cloſe conceal'd
Within the narrow frith that ſep'rates theſe
From the rough ſhores of Samos, will I lurk,
And watch his coming, who ſhall dearly rue
That e'er he roam'd to ſeek his wand'ring Sire.
He ceaſed, and loud applauſe heard in reply,
With warm encouragement. Then, riſing all,
Into Ulyſſes' houſe at once they throng'd.
Nor was Penelope left uninformed
Long time of their clandeſtine plottings deep,
For herald Medon told her all, whoſe ear
Their councils caught while in the outer-court
He ſtood, and they that project framed within.
Swift to Penelope the tale he bore,
Who as he paſs'd the gate, him thus addreſs'd.
Why, herald! thus in haſte? With what command
Charged by the ſuitors? That Ulyſſes' maids
Their taſks reſign, to furniſh, at his coſt,
The board for them? Here end, for ever end
Their tedious wooing! May ye * never hence

* This tranſition from the third to the ſecond perſon belongs to the original, and is conſidered as a fine ſtroke of art in the poet, who repreſents Penelope in the warmth of her reſentment, forgetting where ſhe is, and addreſſing the ſuitors as if preſent.

Eſcape

Eſcape t' aſſemble at the feſtive board
Elſewhere, as, here aſſembling, day by day
Ye have devour'd the ſubſtance of my ſon
The Prince Telemachus! Ye never, ſure,
When children, from your parents learn'd, how kind
Ulyſſes, in their days, had ever been,
No wrongs committing, criminating none
Before the people, as the practice is
Of mighty chiefs, who favour without cauſe,
And without cauſe diſcount'nance whom they pleaſe.
He no man wrong'd at any time; but ye
Proclaim your own ingratitude, and prove
His kindneſs to your parents loſt on you.

Then Medon anſwer thus, prudent, return'd.
Grant Heav'n, oh Queen, that this woe prove the worſt!
But greater far and heavier ills than this
The ſuitors plan, whoſe counſels Jove confound!
Their baſe deſire and purpoſe are to ſlay
Telemachus on his return; for he,
To gather tidings of his Sire is gone
To Pylus, or to Sparta's land divine.

He ſaid; and where ſhe ſtood, her trembling knees
Fail'd under her, and all her ſpirits went.
Speechleſs ſhe long remain'd, tears fill'd her eyes,
And inarticulate in its paſſage died
Her utt'rance, till at laſt with pain ſhe ſpake.

Herald! why went my ſon? he hath no need
On board ſwift ſhips to ride, which are to man
His ſteeds that bear him over ſeas remote*.
Went he reſolved on death, and that his name,
Sunk with himſelf, ſhould be pronounced no more?
Then anſwer, thus, Medon the wiſe return'd.
I know not whether him ſome God impell'd
Or his own heart to Pylus, there to hear
News of his Sire's return, or by what fate
At leaſt he died, if he return no more.
He ſaid, and traverſing Ulyſſes' courts,
Departed; ſhe, with heart-conſuming woe
O'erwhelm'd, no longer could endure to take
Repoſe on any of her num'rous ſeats,
But on the threſhold of her chamber-door
Lamenting ſat, while all her female train
Around her moan'd, the antient and the young.

* Literally, *which are the mariner's horſes.* The metaphor itſelf is admired by Euſtathius, but not the uſe of it by Penelope in her preſent circumſtances. Diſtreſſed as ſhe is, ſhe ought not to be ſuppoſed to have leiſure for poetical fancies and the exerciſe of ingenuity. Virgil errs in like manner, as is obſerved by Fulvius Urſinus, introducing into the ſpeech of Venus while ſhe laments the ſufferings of Æneas, an epiſodical deſcription of Timavus.

——————— et fontem ſuperare Timavi;
Unde per ora novem vaſto cum murmure montis
It mare proruptum, et pelago premit arva ſonanti.
Æn. I. 248.—C.

Whom, ſobbing, thus, Penelope beſpake.
Hear me, ye maidens! for of woman born
Coeval with me, none hath e'er received
Such plenteous ſorrow from the Gods as I,
Who firſt my noble huſband loſt, endued
With courage lion-like, of all the Greeks
The Chief with ev'ry virtue moſt adorn'd,
A prince all-excellent, whoſe glorious praiſe
Through Hellas and all Argos flew diffuſed,
And now, my darling ſon,—him ſtorms have ſnatch'd
Far hence inglorious, and I knew it not.
Ah treach'rous ſervants! conſcious as ye were
Of his deſign, not one of you the thought
Conceived to wake me when he went on board.
For had I known his purpoſe to depart,
He either had not gone (how much ſoe'er
He wiſh'd to leave me) or had left me dead.
But haſte ye,—bid my antient ſervant come,
Dolion (whom when I left my father's houſe
He gave me, and whoſe office is to attend
My num'rous garden-plants) that he may ſeek
At once Laertes, and may tell him all;
He may, perchance, ſome remedy deviſe,
And, weeping, move the people to withſtand
Theſe cruel men, who purpoſe to deſtroy
My ſon, ſole offspring of his godlike Sire.

Then

Then thus the gentle Euryclea ſpake,
Nurſe of Telemachus. Alas! my Queen!
Slay me, or ſpare, deal with me as thou wilt,
I will confeſs the truth. I knew it all.
I gave him all that he required from me,
Both wine and bread, and, at his bidding, ſwore
To tell thee naught in twelve whole days to come,
Or till, inquiry made, thou ſhould'ſt thyſelf
Learn his departure; leſt thou ſhould'ſt impair
Thy lovely features with exceſs of grief.
But lave thyſelf, and, freſh attired, aſcend
To thy own chamber, there, with all thy train,
To worſhip Pallas, who ſhall ſave, thenceforth,
Thy ſon from death, what ills ſoe'er he meet.
Add not freſh ſorrows to the preſent woes
Of the old King, for I believe not yet
Arceſias' race rejected by the Gods
Wholly, but truſt that there ſhall ſtill be found
Among them, who ſhall, undiſturb'd, poſſeſs
This palace, with its diſtant fair domain.
So ſaying, ſhe huſh'd her ſorrow, and her eyes
No longer ſtream'd. Then, bathed and freſh attired,
Penelope aſcended with her train
The upper palace, and a baſket ſtored
With hallow'd cakes to Pallas off'ring, pray'd.
Hear matchleſs daughter of Jove ægis-arm'd!

If

If ever wiſe Ulyſſes offer'd here
The thighs of fatted kine or ſheep to thee,
Now mindful of his piety, preſerve
His darling ſon, and fruſtrate with a frown
The cruelty of theſe imperious gueſts!
  She ſaid, and with ſhrill voice melodious pray'd,
Whom Pallas heard. And now the ſpacious hall
And gloomy paſſages with tumult rang
And clamour of that throng, when thus, a youth
Inſolent as his fellows, dared to ſpeak.
  Much woo'd and long, the Queen at length prepares
To chooſe another mate, and nought ſuſpects
The bloody death to which her ſon we doom*.
  So He; but of his doom they little knew,
And, cautious, thus Antinoüs replied.
  Sirs! one and all, I counſel you, beware
Of ſuch bold boaſting unadviſed; leſt one
O'erhearing you, report your words within.
No—rather thus, in ſilence, let us move
To an exploit ſo pleaſant to us all.
  He ſaid, and twenty choſe, the braveſt there,
With whom he ſought the galley on the ſhore,
Which haling down to ſea, with maſt and ſails

* Miſtaking, perhaps, the ſound of her voice, and imagining that ſhe ſang.—B.

They

They furniſh'd, and, adjuſting, next, their oars
Each to its groove with ſmootheſt leather lined,
Unfurl'd their ſhining canvas to the gale *.
Their bold attendants brought them then their arms
And thruſting forth the galley till ſhe ſwam,
They moor'd her faſt, then went themſelves on board,
And ſupping, waited for the duſk of eve.

But when Penelope, the palace ſtairs
Remounting, had her upper chamber reach'd,
There, unrefreſh'd with either food or wine,
She lay'd her down, her noble ſon the theme
Of all her muſings, whether he ſhould 'ſcape
His impious foes, or periſh by their hands.
Num'rous as are the lion's thoughts, who ſees,
Not without fear, a multitude with toils
Encircling him around, ſuch num'rous thoughts
Her boſom occupied, till ſleep at length
Invading her, ſhe ſank in ſoft repoſe.

Then Pallas, teeming with a new deſign,
Set forth an airy phantom in the form
Of fair Iphthima, daughter of the brave

* The Scholiaſt aſks, Why do they ſet up the maſt if they purpoſe to uſe their oars? and concludes it to be only that the veſſel may make the better appearance. But Clarke aſks, why might they not uſe both?

What is here called the *groove*, the watermen on the Thames call the *thole*.

Icarius,

Icarius, and Eumelus' wedded wife
In Pheræ *. Shaped like her the dream ſhe ſent
Into the manſion of the godlike Chief
Ulyſſes, with kind purpoſe to abate
The ſighs and tears of ſad Penelope.
Ent'ring the chamber-portal where the bolt
Secured it, at her head the image ſtood,
And thus, in terms compaſſionate, began.

Sleep'ſt thou, diſtreſs'd Penelope? The Gods,
Happy in everlaſting reſt themſelves,
Forbid thy ſorrows. Thou ſhalt yet behold
Thy ſon again, who hath by no offence
Incurr'd at any time the wrath of heav'n.

To whom, ſweet-ſlumb'ring in the ſhadowy gate
By which dreams paſs, Penelope replied.

What cauſe, my ſiſter, brings thee, who art ſeen
Unfrequent here, for that thou dwell'ſt remote?
And thou enjoin'ſt me a ceſſation too
From ſorrows num'rous, and which, fretting, wear
My heart continual; firſt, my ſpouſe I loſt
With courage lion-like endow'd, a prince
All-excellent, whoſe never-dying praiſe
Through Hellas and all Argos flew diffuſed;
And now my only ſon, new to the toils

* A city of Theſſaly, ſo named from Pheres the founder of it.—B.

And

And hazards of the ſea, nor leſs untaught
The arts of traffick, in a ſhip is gone
Far hence, for whoſe dear cauſe I ſorrow more
Than for his Sire himſelf, and even ſhake
With terrour, leſt he periſh by their hands
To whom he goes, or in the ſtormy Deep;
For num'rous are his foes, and all intent
To ſlay him, ere he reach his home again *.
Then anſwer thus the ſhadowy form return'd.
Take courage; ſuffer not exceſſive dread
To overwhelm thee, for ſecur'd he goes
By Pallas; a protectreſs ſuch as all
Would wiſh to gain; for harm can ne'er betide

* Spondanus, though ready to grant every thing to maternal love, accounts the affection ſhown by Penelope to her huſband, in this inſtance, inferiour to the requiſitions of the Divine Law as they are urged on us. Yet he allows (but it is an allowance not called for) that the grief of Penelope on account of Ulyſſes is, if not almoſt obliterated by time, yet certainly much abated. But there are many reaſons, as Barnes obſerves, to juſtify her deeper concern for Telemachus on the preſent occaſion, to which, though the poet has mentioned them, Spondanus was not attentive. Telemachus wanted experience, but Ulyſſes in that reſpect, as well as in point of uncommon natural ſagacity, was eminently qualified to encounter danger. Ulyſſes, when he went to Troy, was aware of all the hazard of the enterpriſe, but his ſon is ignorant that an ambuſh is ſet for his life, from which he can hardly eſcape but by a miracle. And, after all, ſays Barnes, whether greater conjugal affection than Penelope manifeſts is required of us or not, certain it is that we ſee few inſtances of any like it.

Whom

Whom ſhe defends. In pity of thy woes
She urged me forth, and charged me thus to ſpeak.
Then thus Penelope the wiſe replied.
Oh! if thou art a Goddeſs, and haſt heard
A Goddeſs' voice, rehearſe to me the lot
Of that unhappy one, if yet he live
Spectator of the cheerful beams of day,
Or if, already dead, he dwell below.
Then anſwer thus the fading form return'd.
Vain words are evil. Whether he be dead,
Or ſtill alive, reſt uninform'd by me *.
So ſaying, her egreſs ſwift beſide the bolt
She made, and melted into air. Upſprang
From ſleep Icarius' daughter, and her heart
Felt heal'd within her, by that dream impreſs'd
Diſtinctly in the noiſeleſs night ſerene.
Mean-time the ſuitors urged their wat'ry way,
To inſtant death devoting in their hearts
Telemachus. There is a rocky iſle
In the mid ſea, Samos the rude between
And Ithaca, not large, named Aſteris,

* This anſwer of the phantom, ſays Euſtathius, is dexterouſly managed; for to have proceeded to tell the whole truth and to have informed her that Ulyſſes was ſtill alive, would have been incompatible with the ſequel, to which it is eſſential that Ulyſſes at his return ſhould be unknown to all, but eſpecially to Penelope.—C.

It

It hath commodious havens, into which
A paſſage clear opens on either ſide,
And there the ambuſh'd Greeks his coming watch'd *.

* The concluding lines of this Book have been altered, but, by an overſight of the Tranſlator, ſo altered that, for an obvious reaſon, the Editor is obliged to give them in a Note, or not at all:

Midway between the rugged Samian † ſhore
And Ithaca, there lies, not large, an iſle
Named Aſteris ‡, with ports at either end
Acceſſible; among the rocks conceal'd
There lay the ſuitors, watching his return.

† Or Cephallenian;—B.&C. for Cephallenia is ſometimes called by Homer, Same or Samoe from a town in it of that name.

‡ Apollodorus ſays that the iſland continued in his time ſuch as Homer deſcribes it, and had a ſmall city in it, on that ſide next to the continent, called Alalcomene. But Strabo is ſo much at a loſs about it, that he thinks Homer muſt have miſrepreſented the place either for want of ſufficient acquaintance with it, or for the ſake of his fable.—C.

ARGU-

ARGUMENT

OF THE

FIFTH BOOK.

Mercury bears to Calypſo a command from Jupiter that ſhe diſmiſs Ulyſſes. She, after ſome remonſtrances, promiſes obedience and furniſhes him with implements and materials, with which he conſtructs a raft. He quits Calypſo's iſland; is perſecuted by Neptune with dreadful tempeſts, but by the aſſiſtance of a ſea nymph, after having loſt his raft, is enabled to ſwim to Phæacia.

BOOK V.

AURORA from beſide her glorious mate
Tithonus now aroſe, diſpenſing light
Through earth and heav'n, when the aſſembled Gods
In council ſat, o'er whom high-thund'ring Jove
Preſided, mightieſt of the Pow'rs above.
Amid them, Pallas all Ulyſſes' woes
Enumerated, whom with grief ſhe ſaw

Detain'd ſtill pris'ner in Calypſo's iſle *.
Jove, and ye bleſt inhabitants of heav'n!
Be never King, hereafter, lib'ral, kind,
Or righteous, but let ev'ry ſceptred hand
Rule mercileſs, and deal in wrong alone,
Since none of all his people whom he ſway'd
With ſuch paternal gentleneſs and love
Remembers, now, divine Ulyſſes more.
He, in yon diſtant iſle a ſuff'rer lies
Of hopeleſs ſorrow, through conſtraint the gueſt
Still of the nymph Calypſo, without means
Or pow'r to reach his native ſhores again,
Alike of gallant barks and friends deprived,
Who might conduct him o'er the ſpacious Deep.
Nor this is all, but enemies combine
To ſlay his ſon ere yet he can return
From Pylus, whither he hath gone to learn
There, or in Sparta, tidings of his Sire.
To whom the Sov'reign of the ſkies replied.
What words are theſe which now have paſs'd thy lips

* Tithonus, ſon of Laomedon, brother of Priam, huſband of Aurora, is called Endymion alſo. As Endymion, he is mate of the Moon, and as Tithonus, of the Morning. As Endymion, he is fabled to be a hunter and to ſleep in the night only, devoting the day to the labours of the chaſe; but as Tithonus, he is an aſtronomer and ſleeps in the day, watching all the night that he may obſerve the ſtars.—B. & C.

My daughter? Haſt thou not, thyſelf, decreed
A ſafe return and vengeance on his foes
To brave Ulyſſes? Thou haſt alſo ſkill
To guide uninjur'd to his native home
Telemachus his ſon, and can'ſt with eaſe
Send back the ſuitors vext at his eſcape.
He ceas'd, and thus to Hermes ſpake, his ſon.
Hermes! (for thou art herald of our will
At all times) to yon beauteous nymph convey
Our fixt reſolve, that brave Ulyſſes thence
Depart, uncompanied by God or man.
Borne on a corded raft, and ſuff'ring woe
Extreme, he on the twentieth day ſhall reach,
Not ſooner, Scherie the deep-ſoil'd, poſſeſs'd
By the Phæacians, kinſmen of the Gods *.
They, as a God ſhall reverence the Chief
And in a bark of theirs ſhall ſend him thence
To his own home, much treaſure, braſs and gold
And raiment giving him, to an amount
Surpaſſing all that, had he ſafe return'd,
He ſhould by lot have ſhared of Ilium's ſpoil.

* Scherie, the iſland of the Phæacians, has ſince been called Corcyra, but its moſt antient name was Drepane. They are ſaid to be ἀγχίθεοι or to have affinity with the Gods, either on account of their King's deſcent from Neptune, or becauſe they were a happy people, or becauſe the Gods occaſionally viſited them and ſhared their banquets.—B. & C.

Thus Fate appoints Ulyſſes to regain
His native ſhore, his palace and his friends.
He ended, nor the Argicide refuſed,
Meſſenger of the ſkies; his ſandals fair,
Ambroſial, golden, to his feet he bound,
Which o'er the moiſt wave, rapid as the wind,
Bear him, and o'er th' illimitable earth,
Then took his rod with which, at will, all eyes
He ſoftly ſhuts, or opens them again.
So arm'd, forth flew the valiant Argicide.
Alighting on Pieria, down he ſtoop'd
To Ocean, and the billows lightly ſkimm'd
In form a ſea-mew, ſuch as in the bays
Tremendous of the barren Deep her food
Seeking, dips oft in brine her ample wing.
In ſuch diſguiſe o'er many a wave he rode,
But reaching, now, that iſle remote, forſook
The azure Deep, and at the ſpacious grot,
Where dwelt the amber-treſſed nymph, arrived,
Found her within. A fire on all the hearth
Blazed ſprightly, and, afar-diffuſed, the ſcent
Of ſmooth-ſplit cedar and of cypreſs-wood
Odorous, burning, cheer'd the happy iſle.
She, buſied at the loom, and plying faſt
Her golden ſhuttle, with melodious voice
Sat chaunting there; a grove on either ſide,

Alder and poplar, and the redolent branch
Of cypreſs hemm'd the dark retreat around.
There many a bird of broadeſt pinion built
Secure her neſt, the owl, the kite, and daw
Long-tongued, frequenter of the ſandy ſhores.
A garden-vine luxuriant on all ſides
Mantled the ſpacious cavern, cluſter-hung
Profuſe; four fountains of ſereneſt lymph
Their ſinuous courſe purſuing ſide by ſide,
Stray'd all around, and ev'ry where appear'd
Meadows of ſofteſt verdure, purpled o'er
With violets; it was a ſcene to fill
A God from heav'n with wonder and delight.
Hermes, Heav'n's meſſenger, admiring ſtood
That ſight, and having all ſurvey'd, at length
Enter'd the grotto; nor the lovely nymph
Him knew not ſoon as ſeen, for not unknown
Each to the other the Immortals are,
How far ſoever ſep'rate their abodes.
Yet found he not within the mighty Chief
Ulyſſes; he ſat weeping on the ſhore,
Forlorn; for there his cuſtom was with groans
Of ſad regret t' afflict his breaking heart,
Looking continual o'er the barren Deep *.

Then

* The poet is ſuppoſed to ſequeſter Ulyſſes on this occaſion, that ignorant of the conſtraint under which Calypſo acted, he might imagine

Then thus Calypſo, loveliеſt nymph divine,
Of Hermes, from her dazzling throne, enquired.
Hermes, ſwift bearer of the golden rod!
Whom I reſpect and love, thou art a gueſt
Unfrequent here—ſay, wherefore haſt thou come?
Speak thy deſire; I grant it, if thou aſk
Things poſſible, and poſſible to me.
Stay not, but ent'ring farther, at my board
Due rites of hoſpitality receive.
So ſaying, the Goddeſs with ambroſial food
Her table cover'd, and with roſy juice
Nectareous charged the cup. Then ate and drank
The Argicide and herald of the ſkies,
And when, divinely banquetted, he felt
His heart refreſh'd, his meſſage thus declared.
Queſtioneſt thou, a Goddeſs, me a God?
I tell thee truth, ſince ſuch is thy demand.
Not willing, but by Jove conſtrain'd, I come.
For who would, voluntary, ſuch a breadth
Enormous meaſure of the ſalt expanſe,
Where city none is ſeen in which the Gods
Are ſerv'd with choſen hecatombs and pray'r?
But no divinity may the deſigns

imagine her conſent to his departure and the means with which ſhe furniſhed him to conſtruct his raft, the effects of kindneſs merely, and hold himſelf everlaſtingly indebted to her.—C.

Elude,

Elude, or contravert, of Jove ſupreme.
He ſaith, that here thou hold'ſt the moſt diſtreſt
Of all thoſe warriors who nine years aſſail'd
The city of Priam, and, (that city ſack'd)
Departed in the tenth; but, going thence,
Offended Pallas, who with adverſe winds
Oppoſed their voyage, and with boiſt'rous waves.
Then periſh'd all his gallant friends, but him
Billows and ſtorms drove hither; Jove commands
That thou diſmiſs him hence without delay,
For fate ordains him not to periſh here
From all his friends remote, but he is doom'd
To ſee them yet again, and to arrive
At his own palace in his native land.
He ſaid; divine Calypſo at the ſound
Shudder'd, and in wing'd accents thus replied.
Ye are unjuſt, ye Gods, and envious paſt
All others, grudging if a Goddeſs chooſe
A mortal huſband, and avow the choice.
So, when the roſy-palm'd Aurora choſe
Orion, even in your bleſt abodes
Ye reſted not, till, in Ortygia, pierced
By fair Diana's gentle ſhafts he died.
So when the beauteous Ceres, in a deep
Thrice-labour'd fallow, ſway'd by ſoft deſire,

Infolded young Iäſion in her arms,
Not long remain'd Jove ignorant, who ſmote
With his bright bolt and ſlew the favour'd ſwain *.
So alſo, O ye Gods, ye envy me
The mortal man, my conſort. Him I ſaved
Myſelf, while ſolitary on his keel
He rode, for with his ſulph'rous arrow Jove
Had cleft his bark amid the ſable Deep.
Then periſh'd all his gallant friends, but him
Billows and ſtorms drove hither, whom I lov'd
Sincere, and fondly deſtin'd to a life
Immortal, unobnoxious to decay.
But ſince no Deity may the deſigns
Elude or controvert of Jove ſupreme,
Hence with him to a death abhorr'd, if ſuch
The Sov'reign's will and ſuch his ſtern command.
But undiſmiſs'd he goes by me, who ſhips
Myſelf well-oar'd and mariners have none
To ſend with him athwart the ſpacious flood;
Yet will I counſel him, nor ſhall he want

* He was the ſon of Jupiter and Electra the daughter of Atlas, and by his amour with Ceres became the father of Plutus.—B. & C. This amour, however, was probably an allegorical one, as the Scholiaſt obſerves, and the truth of his hiſtory amounted to no more than that he was a perſon ſkilful in agriculture, and profiting much by his art, grew rich in conſequence.—C.

Such

Such means of furth'rance to his native iſle
As my beſt help can furniſh for his uſe.
Then Hermes thus, the meſſenger of heav'n.
So ſend him hence, and quickly, through reſpect
For the command of Jove; whoſe fiery wrath,
If thou delay, thou may'ſt, thyſelf, incur.
So ſaying, the dauntleſs Argicide withdrew,
And ſhe (Jove's mandate heard) all-graceful went,
Seeking the brave Ulyſſes; on the ſhore
She found him ſeated; tears that never ceas'd
His cheek bedew'd, and, ſince the lovely nymph
Had loſt her pow'r to charm him, he reſign'd
All thought of bliſs beſides, and in the pangs
Of hopeleſs exile paſs'd his happieſt hours.
Yet, through conſtraint, and liſtleſs to return
Her fond embraces, in her arch'd receſs
He ſlept the night beſide her, and, by day,
Reclining on the rocks that lined the ſhore,
And viewing wiſtfully the barren Deep,
Wept, groan'd, deſponded, ſigh'd, and wept again.
Then, drawing near, thus ſpake the nymph divine.
Unhappy! weep not here, nor life conſume
In anguiſh; go; thou haſt my glad conſent.
Ariſe, and hewing from the trunks of trees
Long planks, with bolts of iron form a raft
Of needful breadth, which cloſely floor'd above,

Shall

Shall hence convey thee o'er the gloomy Deep.
Bread, water, and the red grape's cheering juice
Myſelf will put on board, which ſhall preſerve
Thy life from famine; I will alſo give
New raiment for thy limbs, and will diſpatch
Winds after thee to waft thee home unharm'd,
If ſuch the pleaſure of the Gods who dwell
In yonder boundleſs heav'n, to whom belongs
Unerring ſkill to judge, and not to me.

She ſpake; Ulyſſes ſhudder'd at the ſound,
And thus th' afflicted Hero, quick, replied.

Ah! other thoughts than of my ſafe return
Employ thee, Goddeſs, now, who bid'ſt me paſs
The perilous gulph of Ocean on a raft,
That wild expanſe, which even gallant ſhips
Paſs not, though form'd to cleave their way with eaſe,
And joyful in propitious winds from Jove*.
No—let me never, in deſpite of thee,
Embark on board a raft, nor till thou ſwear,
Oh Goddeſs! the inviolable oath,
That future miſchief thou intend'ſt me none.

He ſaid; Calypſo, beauteous Goddeſs, ſtroak'd

* Ἀγαλλόμεναι. Homer, as Ariſtotle has obſerved, frequently aſcribes life to inanimate things, and endues them with a metaphorical ſenſibility.—C.

His

His wan, wet cheek, and, ſmiling, thus replied.
Thou doſt aſperſe me rudely, and excuſe
Of ignorance haſt none, far better taught;
What words were theſe? How could'ſt thou thus reply?
Now hear me Earth, and the wide Heav'n above!
Hear, too, ye waters of the Stygian ſtream
Under the earth, (by which the bleſſed Gods
Swear trembling, and revere the awful oath!)
That future miſchief I intend thee none*.
No, my deſigns concerning thee are ſuch
As, in an exigence reſembling thine,
Myſelf, moſt ſure, ſhould for myſelf conceive.
I have a mind more equal, not of ſteel
My heart is form'd, but much to pity inclined.
So ſaying, the lovely Goddeſs with ſwift pace
Led on, whoſe footſteps he as ſwift purſued.
Within the vaulted cavern they arrived,
The Goddeſs and the man; on the ſame throne
Ulyſſes ſat, whence Hermes had aris'n,
Where all refreſhments, ſuch as mortals uſe,
Calypſo placed before him, drink and meats

* The water of Styx, according to Pauſanias, dripped from a fountain near to Nonacris a town of Arcadia, and fell into the hollow of a lofty rock through which it paſſed into the river Cratis. He adds that it was fatal to every animal that drank it.—C.

Of

Of various kinds, then, oppoſite repoſed,
Was ſerved, herſelf, by her attendant train
With nectar and ambroſia. They their hands
Stretch'd forth together to the ready feaſt,
And when nor hunger more nor thirſt remain'd
Unſated, thus the beauteous nymph began.

Laertes' godlike ſon, for wiles renown'd!
Can'ſt thou reſolve thus ſuddenly to ſeek
Thy native ſhores?—I wiſh thee, not the leſs,
All joy—but knew'ſt thou to what num'rous woes
Thy fate ordains thee, in thy voyage hence,
This calm retirement and immortal life
Enjoy'd with me, would win thee to remain,
Ardent and ceaſeleſs as thy wiſhes are
To ſee Penelope; for, whether face
Or form engage thee, well may I preſume
Mine ſcarce inferiour, ſince immortal charms,
Compared with mortal merely, muſt excel.

To whom Ulyſſes, ever-wiſe, replied.
Dread Goddeſs! bear with me. Myſelf, I know
That my Penelope, alike, in form
And ſtature altogether yields to thee,
For ſhe is mortal, and immortal thou,
From age exempt; yet not the leſs I wiſh
My native home, and languiſh till the day

That

That ſees my ſafe arrival, ſhall ariſe.
But ſhould ſome God amid the ſable Deep
Daſh me again into a wreck, my ſoul
Shall never, ev'n for ſuch a cauſe, renounce
Her wonted fortitude; for I have borne
In ſtorms and battle much; now, therefore, come
This evil alſo, following all the reſt *!
He ended, and the ſinking ſun reſign'd
The earth to darkneſs. Then in a receſs
Interiour of the cavern, ſide by ſide
Repoſed, they took their amorous delight.
But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
Look'd roſy forth, Ulyſſes then in haſte
Put on his veſt and mantle, and, the nymph
Her ſnowy veſture of tranſparent woof,
Graceful, redundant; to her waiſt ſhe bound
Her golden zone, and veil'd her beauteous head,

* Maximus Tyrius conſiders the refuſal of Ulyſſes to become immortal, exempt from all infirmity, and to dwell for ever with Calypſo attended by beautiful Nymphs and enjoying perpetual pleaſure, as an argument that he was of a dull and groſs nature, and ſo deſtitute of all virtue, that but for his misfortunes and ſufferings he would ſoon be utterly forgotten.—C. But ſurely he inverts the concluſion which the premiſes naturally ſuggeſt; and the hero may much more juſtly be ſaid, when he prefers the barren Ithaca, becauſe it is his proper home, to the delightful iſland of Calypſo, to exhibit proof of the moſt conſummate virtue. There ſeems no reaſon to doubt that Homer deſigned it as his higheſt eulogium.

Then,

Then, muſing, plann'd the noble Chief's return.
She gave him, fitted to the graſp, an axe
Of iron, pond'rous, double edg'd, with haft
Of olive-wood, inſerted firm, and wrought
With curious art. Then, placing in his hand
A poliſh'd adze, ſhe led, herſelf, the way
To her iſle's utmoſt verge, where loftieſt ſtood
The alder, poplar, and cloud-piercing fir,
Though ſapleſs, ſound, and fitteſt for his uſe
As buoyant moſt. To that once verdant grove
His ſteps, the beauteous Nymph Calypſo led,
And ſought her home again. Then ſlept not He,
But, ſwinging with both hands the axe, his taſk
Soon finiſh'd; trees full twenty to the ground
He caſt, which, dext'rous, with his adze he ſmooth'd,
The knotted ſurface chipping by a line.
Mean-time the lovely Goddeſs to his aid
Sharp augres brought, with which he bored the beams,
Then placed them ſide by ſide, adapting each
To other, and the ſeams with wadding cloſed *.
Broad as an artiſt, ſkill'd in naval works,
The bottom of a ſhip of burthen ſpreads,

* This, according to Euſtathius, is the probable meaning of ἁρμονίησιν ἄρηρεν. He ſuppoſes the ἁρμονη to be a ſort of tow made from vegetables, and applied by the antients to naval uſes, as hemp among us.—C.

Such

Such breadth Ulyſſes to his raft aſſign'd.
He deck'd her over with long planks, upborn
On maſſy beams; He made the maſt, to which
He added ſuitable the yard;—he framed
Rudder and helm to regulate her courſe,
With wicker-work he border'd all her length
For ſafety, and much ballaſt ſtow'd within.
Mean-time, Calypſo brought him for a ſail
Fitteſt materials, which he alſo ſhaped,
And to his ſail due furniture annex'd
Of cordage ſtrong, foot-ropes and ropes aloft,
Then heav'd her down with levers to the Deep.
He finiſh'd all his work on the fourth day,
And on the fifth, Calypſo, nymph divine,
Diſmiſs'd him from her iſle, but laved him firſt,
And cloth'd him in ſweet-ſcented garments new.
Two ſkins the Goddeſs alſo placed on board,
One charg'd with crimſon wine, and ampler one
With water; nor a bag with food replete
Forgot, nutritious, grateful to the taſte,
Nor yet, her lateſt gift, a gentle gale
And manageable, which Ulyſſes ſpread,
Exulting, all his canvas to receive.
Beſide the helm he ſat, ſteering expert,
Nor ſleep fell ever on his eyes that watch'd
Intent the Pleiads, tardy in decline

Bootes,

Bootes, and the Bear, call'd elſe the Wain,
Which, in his polar priſon circling, looks
Direct toward Orion, and alone
Of theſe ſinks never to the briny Deep*.
That ſtar the lovely Goddeſs bade him hold
Continual on his left through all his courſe.
Ten days and ſev'n, he, navigating, cleav'd
The brine, and on the eighteenth day, at length
The ſhadowy mountains of Phæacia's land
Deſcried, where neareſt to his courſe it lay
Like a broad buckler on the waves afloat.
But Neptune, traverſing, in his return
From Æthiopia's ſons, the mountain-heights
Of Solymè, deſcried him from afar
Born on the ſmooth expanſe†. His fiery wrath
Redoubling at the ſight, his brows he ſhook,
And thus within himſelf, indignant, ſpake.
So then—while I with Æthiopia's ſons
Have dwelt ſecure, Ulyſſes, as it ſeems,
Hath found the Gods leſs adverſe. He beholds
Phæacia nigh, where he is doom'd to leap

* That Homer had an accurate knowledge of aſtronomy, ſays Dionyſius Hal. is evident, and if he has not given us in his poems the wholy theory of the heavens, as Aratus, or any other profeſſed aſtronomer may have done, it is only becauſe his ſubject did not call him to it.—C.

† The Solymi were a people on the confines of Lycia. Their country was alſo called Piſidia.—C.

The

The bound'ry of his woes; yet ſuch diſtreſs
As I can cauſe, he ſhall not want the while.
He ſpake, and graſping his huge trident, call'd
Storms from all quarters, cov'ring earth and ſea
With blackeſt clouds, and night ruſh'd down from heav'n.
The Eaſt, the South, the heavy-blowing Weſt,
And the cold North-wind clear, aſſail'd at once
The raft, and heav'd on high the billowy flood.
All hope, all courage, in that moment, loſt,
The Hero thus within himſelf complain'd.
Wretch that I am, what deſtiny at laſt
Attends me! much I fear the Goddeſs' words
All true, which threaten'd me with num'rous ills
On the wide ſea, ere I ſhould reach my home.
Behold them all fulfill'd! with what a ſtorm
Jove hangs the heav'ns, and agitates the Deep!
Swift comes the tempeſt on; the gather'd winds
All rage at once, and there is no eſcape.
Thrice bleſt, and more than thrice, Achaia's ſons
At Ilium ſlain for the Atridæ' ſake!
Oh that contending with the Trojan hoſt
For ſlain Achilles, when a thouſand ſpears
Aſſail'd me, I had died! Achaia's ſons
Had then, with ſounding ſhields, and ſolemn march,
And ſtrains funereal compaſs'd me around,
Whom ruthleſs Fate now dooms to periſh here.

A billow, at that word, with dreadful ſweep
Roll'd o'er his head, and whirl'd the raft around.
Daſh'd from the ſteerage o'er the veſſel's ſide,
He plunged remote; the guſt of mingling winds
Snapp'd ſhort the maſt, and ſail and ſail-yard bore
Afar into the Deep. Long time beneath
The whelming waves he lay, nor could emerge
With ſudden force, for furious was the ſhock,
And his apparel, fair Calypſo's gift,
Oppreſs'd him ſorely; but, at length, he roſe,
And, riſing, ſpatter'd from his lips the brine
Which trickling left his brows in many a ſtream.
Nor, though diſtreſs'd, unmindful to regain
His raft was he, but, buffeting the waves
Purſued, and, wellnigh at his dying gaſp
Recover'd it, and in the centre ſat.
She, by the billows toſs'd, at random roll'd.
As when, in autumn, Boreas o'er the plain
Before him drives a maſs of matted thorns,
They, tangled, to each other cloſe adhere,
So her the winds drove wild about the Deep.
By turns, the South conſign'd her, as in ſport,
To the rude North-wind, and the Weſt, by turns,
Received her from the intermitting Eaſt.
Him Cadmus' daughter, Ino named of old,
But now Leucothea, ſaw. She, lovely Nymph,

Once

Once mortal, trod the ground*, but in the gulphs
Of Ocean ſhares immortal honours now.
Her pity, tempeſt-toſs'd and worn with toil
Ulyſſes moved, and in a ſea-mew's form
Emerging, with broad wing ſhe ſkimm'd the waves,
And perching on the raft, him thus addreſs'd.
Alas! unhappy! how haſt thou incenſed
So terribly the Shaker of the ſhores,
That he purſues thee with ſuch num'rous ills?
Sink thee he cannot, wiſh it as he may.
Thus do (for I account thee not unwiſe)
Thy garments putting off, let drive thy raft
As the winds will; then, ſwimming, ſtrive to reach
Phæacia, where thy doom is to eſcape.
Take this. This riband bind beneath thy breaſt,
Celeſtial texture. Thenceforth every fear
Of death diſmiſs, and, laying once thy hands
On the firm continent, unbind the zone,
Which thou ſhalt caſt far diſtant from the ſhore
Into the Deep; but turn thy face away.
So ſaying, the Goddeſs gave into his hand
The wond'rous zone, and, ſea-mew ſtill in form,
Plunged from his ſight beneath the rolling flood.
But ſtill th' afflicted hero ſat perplex'd,

* The Tranſlator finding himſelf free to chooſe between ἀνδήσσα and ἰδήσσα, has preferred the latter.

And with his noble heart thus communed ſad.
Alas! This counſel to forſake the raft—
I fear it—leſt ſome Deity deſign
Another ſnare for me; nor ſhall I yield
Obedience ſoon; for I beheld the land
Of my foretold deliv'rance far remote.
Thus, therefore, will I do, for ſuch appears
My wiſer courſe. While yet the planks ſuſtain
This tempeſt undisjoin'd, I will abide
A ſuff'rer on the raft; but when the waves
Shall once have ſhatter'd it, I will eſſay
This girdle then—my ſole expedient left.
While thus he muſed, the God of ocean heav'd
A mountainous and overwhelming wave
And hurl'd it at the raft. As when the wind
Tempeſtuous, falling on ſome ſtubble-heap,
The arid ſtraws diſperſes ev'ry way,
So flew the timbers. He, a ſingle beam
Beſtriding, oar'd it onward with his feet,
As he had urged an horſe. Then putting off
Calypſo's gift, his drench'd attire, he bound
His girdle on, and prone into the ſea
With wide-ſpread palms prepar'd for ſwimming, fell.
The God of ocean eyed him; in diſdain
He ſhook his brows, and in his heart he ſaid,
Thus, ſuff'ring many mis'ries roam the flood,

Till

Till thou ſhalt mingle with a race of men
Heav'n's ſpecial favourites; yet even there
Fear not that thou ſhalt feel thy ſorrows light.
He ſaid, and ſcourging his bright ſteeds, arrived
At Ægæ, where his glorious palace ſtands *.
But other thoughts Minerva's mind employ'd
Jove's daughter; binding ev'ry wind beſide,
She lull'd them, and enjoin'd them all to ſleep,
But rouſed ſwift Boreas, and the billows bade
Subſide before him, till the noble Chief,
From death deliver'd and the graſp of fate,
Should mingle with Phæacia's ſons, ſecure.
Two nights of terrour and two dreadful days
Bewilder'd in the Deep, and many a time
Foreboding death, he roam'd; but when, at length,
The third bright morn appear'd, the wind, aſſuaged,
Blew ſoftly, and a breathleſs calm enſued.
Then, caſting from a billow's height a look
Of anxious heed, he ſaw Phæacia nigh.
Precious as to his children ſeems the life
Of ſome fond father, who hath long endured
His adverſe demon's rage, by ſlow diſeaſe
And ceaſeleſs anguiſh waſted, till the Gods
Diſpel at length their fears, and he revives,

* An iſland in front of Eubœa, ſacred to Neptune.—B. & C.

So grateful to Ulyſſes' ſight appear'd
Foreſts and hills. Impatient with his feet
To preſs the ſhore, he ſwam; but when within
Such diſtance as a ſhout may reach, he came,
The thunder of the ſea againſt the rocks
Then ſmote his ear; for hoarſe the billows roar'd
On the firm land, belch'd horrible abroad,
And the ſalt ſpray dimm'd all things to his view.
For neither port for ſhips nor ſhelt'ring cove
Was there, but the rude coaſt a headland bluff
Preſented, rocks and craggy maſſes huge.
All hope and ſtrength then failing him, he heav'd
A deep long groan, and in his heart he ſaid—
Alas! though Jove hath given me to behold,
Unhoped, the land again, and I have paſs'd,
Furrowing my way, theſe num'rous waves, there ſeems
No egreſs from the hoary flood for me.
Sharp ſtones hem in the waters; wild the ſurge
Raves ev'rywhere; and ſmooth the rocks ariſe;
Deep alſo is the ſhore, on which my feet
No ſtanding gain, or chance of ſafe eſcape.
What if ſome billow catch me from the Deep
Emerging, and againſt the pointed rocks
Daſh me conflicting with its force in vain?
But ſhould I, ſwimming, trace the coaſt in ſearch
Of ſloping beach, haven or ſhelter'd creek,

I fear

I fear left, groaning, I be ſnatch'd again
By ſtormy guſts into the fiſhy Deep,
Or left ſome monſter of the flood receive
Command to ſeize me, of the many ſuch
By the illuſtrious Amphitrite bred;
For that the mighty Shaker of the ſhores
Hates me implacable, too well I know.
While ſuch diſcourſe within himſelf he held,
A huge wave heav'd him on the rugged coaſt,
Where flay'd his fleſh had been, and all his bones
Broken together, but for the infuſed
Good counſel of Minerva azure-eyed.
With both hands ſuddenly he ſeized the rock,
And, groaning, clench'd it till the billow paſs'd.
So baffled he that wave; but yet again
The refluent flood ruſh'd on him, and with force
Reſiſtleſs daſh'd him far into the ſea.
As when the Polypus, enforced, forſakes
His rough receſs, in his contracted claws
He gripes the pebbles, ſtill, to which he clung,
So he, within his lacerated graſp
The crumbled ſtone retain'd, when from his hold
The huge wave forced him, and he ſank again.
Then had not Fate herſelf prevail'd to ſave
Hapleſs Ulyſſes, but that he purſued,
Admoniſh'd by the Goddeſs moſt his friend,

A courſe more prudent *. From the foamy flood
Emerging, where the billows daſh'd the ſhore,
He ſwam behind them, with a landward look
For ſome ſafe ſhelter open'd by the waves.
But when, ſtill ſwimming, to the mouth he came
Of a ſmooth-ſliding river, there he deem'd
Safeſt th' aſcent, for it was undeform'd
By rocks, and ſhelter'd cloſe from ev'ry wind.
He felt the current, and thus, ardent, pray'd.
Oh King! whate'er thy name, whoſe welcome courſe,
Eſcaping Neptune's menaces, I reach,
Propitious hear my pray'r! the Gods themſelves
Reſpect the fugitive forlorn as I,
Who now, long-time a ſuff'rer, firſt behold
Thy gentle ſtream, and ſeek thy gracious aid.
Oh hear thy ſuppliant! Pity my diſtreſs!
He ſaid; the river-God at once repreſs'd

* Plutarch vindicating Homer againſt ſome who charged him with making mere machines of his heroes, who, as they alleged, perform arduous and incredible things not by efforts and exertions of their own, but by a divine irreſiſtible impulſe, obſerves that on new and extraordinary emergencies, ſuch as demand uncommon animation and exertion, the poet does not introduce his Deities to ſuperſede, but merely to direct the will, not to force into action, but to ſuggeſt ſuch ideas as may determine the agent, and by the effect of which he moves, not neceſſarily, but rationally and from a principle of free choice, with the additional advantage of freſh hope and courage.—C.

His

His current, and it ceas'd; then ſmooth he made
The way before Ulyſſes, and the land
Vouchſafed him eaſy at his channel's mouth.
There, once again he bent for eaſe his limbs
Both arms and knees, in conflict with the floods
Exhauſted; ſwoln his body was all o'er,
And from his mouth and noſtrils ſtream'd the brine*.
Breathleſs and ſpeechleſs, and of life wellnigh
Bereft he lay, through dreadful toil immenſe.
But when, revived, his diſſipated pow'rs
He recollected, looſing from beneath
His breaſt the zone divine, he caſt it far
Into the brackiſh ſtream, and a huge wave
Returning bore it downward to the ſea,
Where Ino caught it†. Then, the river's brink
Abandoning, among the ruſhes prone
He lay, kiſs'd oft the ſoil, and ſighing, ſaid,

* In the judgment of Euſtathius Ulyſſes bends his limbs for a philoſophical reaſon, and leſt the muſcles having been kept on the ſtretch many days, his limbs ſhould become ſtiff and uſeleſs. But Dacier thinking the hero at preſent in no condition to philoſophize, ſuppoſes rather that he let fall his limbs through wearineſs. Clarke however obſerves juſtly that to *let fall* is by no means the ſenſe of ἐκαμψε, and underſtands therefore that he bent his legs and his arms, not philoſophically, but ſimply to relieve them.

† The poet takes no notice of his obedience to the command of Ino to turn his face another way when he ſhould caſt the zone into the water, but leaves us to take it for granted that the ceremony was not neglected.

Ah

Ah me! what ſuff'rings muſt I now ſuſtain,
What doom, at laſt, awaits me? Should I watch
The long ſad night beſide the river's brink,
I fear leſt ſpiritleſs and overtoil'd
I periſh by the froſt and chilling dews,
For cold o'er water comes the morning air.
But ſhould I reach yon duſky woods that crown
Theſe ſloping hills, and make my couch beneath
Their thickeſt boughs, if even there, at eaſe,
Repoſing and from cold ſecure, I yield
To ſleep's ſoft influence, may I not be torn
By ſome voracious prowler of the wild?

Long time he muſed, but, at the laſt, his courſe
Bent to the woods, which near the river-ſide
He ſaw, encompaſs'd by an open lawn.
Arrived, between two neighbour ſhrubs he crept,
Both olives, this the fruitful, that the wild;
A covert, which nor rough winds blowing moiſt
Could penetrate, nor could the noon-day ſun
Smite through it, or unceaſing ſhow'rs pervade,
So thick a roof the ample branches form'd
Cloſe interwoven; under theſe the Chief
Retiring, with induſtrious hands amaſs'd
An ample couch, for fallen leaves he found
Abundant there, ſuch ſtore as had ſufficed
Two travellers or three for cov'ring warm,

Though

Though winter's rougheſt blaſts had rag'd the while.
That bed with joy the ſuff'ring Chief renown'd
Contemplated, and occupying ſoon
The middle ſpace, heap'd higher ſtill the leaves.
As when ſome ſwain hath hidden deep his torch
Beneath the embers, at the verge extreme
Ofall his farm, where, having neighbours none,
He ſaves a ſeed or two of future flame
Alive, doom'd elſe to fetch it from afar,
So with dry leaves Ulyſſes overſpread
His body, on whoſe eyes Minerva pour'd
The balm of ſleep, and eager to reſtore
His waſted ſtrength, ſoon cloſed their weary lids *.

* Homer ſays σπέρμα πυρὸς, and Virgil after him—*ſemina flammæ*.—C.

ARGU-

ARGUMENT

OF THE

SIXTH BOOK.

Minerva deſigning an interview between the daughter of Alcinoüs and Ulyſſes, admoniſhes her in a dream to carry down her clothes to the river, that ſhe may waſh them, and make them ready for her approaching nuptials. That taſk performed, the Princeſs and her train amuſe themſelves with play; by accident they awake Ulyſſes; he comes forth from the wood, and applies himſelf with much addreſs to Nauſicaa, who compaſſionating his diſtreſſed condition, and being much affected by the dignity of his appearance, intereſts herſelf in his favour, and conducts him to the city.

BOOK VI.

WHILE thus by ſleep and wearineſs ſubdued,
The brave Ulyſſes lay, Minerva ſought
The city of Phæacia *. In old time
Phæacia's ſons poſſeſs'd the fruitful plains

* It is a remark of Euſtathius that the poet, having laid Ulyſſes aſleep, interweaves with his ſubject this ſhort hiſtory of the firſt Phæacians, merely to enliven his matter, and to relieve it from an appearance of ſameneſs.—C.

Of

Of Hypereia, bord'ring on the fierce
Cyclopean race, from whoſe ſuperiour might
They ſuffer'd num'rous wrongs. At length aroſe
Godlike Nauſithoüs; he, their leader thence,
In Scheria placed them, an unneighbour'd iſle,
And far from all reſort of buſy man.
He circled round their city with a wall,
Their houſes, and the temples of the Gods
He built, and made diviſion of the ſoil.
But, victim of his fate, in Hades dwelt
Nauſithoüs now, and, in his ſtead, endued
With wiſdom by the Gods, Alcinoüs reign'd.
To his abode Minerva azure-eyed
Repair'd, neglecting nought which might advance
Magnanimous Ulyſſes' ſafe return.
She ſought the ſumptuous chamber where, in form
And feature perfect as the Gods, the young
Nauſicaa, daughter of the King, repoſed.
Faſt by the pillars of the portal lay
Two damſels, one on either ſide, adorn'd
By all the Graces, and the doors were ſhut.
Soft as a breathing air, ſhe ſtole toward
The virgin's couch, and, ſtanding at her head
In form of her companion dearly loved
The daughter of a mariner renown'd
For ſkill and courage, Dymas, thus began.

Nauſicaa! wherefore hath thy mother borne
A child ſo negligent? Thy garments ſhare,
Thy moſt magnificent, no thought of thine.
Yet thou muſt marry ſoon, and muſt provide
Robes for thyſelf, and for thy nuptial train *.
Thy fame, on theſe concerns, and honour ſtand;
Theſe managed well, thy parents ſhall rejoice.
The dawn appearing, let us to the place
Of waſhing, where thy work-mate I will be
For ſpeedier riddance of thy taſk, ſince ſoon
The days of thy virginity ſhall end;
For thou art woo'd already by the prime
Of all Phæacia, country of thy birth.
Come then—ſolicit at the dawn of day
Thy royal father, that he ſend thee forth
With mules and carriage for conveyance hence
Of thy beſt robes, thy mantles and thy zones.
Thus, more commodiouſly thou ſhalt perform
The journey, for the ciſterns lie remote.

So ſaying, the Goddeſs ceas'd, and ſought at once
Olympus, by repute th' eternal ſeat
Of the ethereal Pow'rs, which never ſtorms
Diſturb, rains drench, or ſnow invades, but calm

* It is ſaid to have been the cuſtom for the bride to furniſh the friends of the bridegroom with the apparel in which it was proper that they ſhould attend the nuptials.—C.

The expanſe and cloudleſs ſhines with pureſt day.
There the inhabitants divine rejoice
For ever, and, the damſel thus adviſed,
Thither the blue-eyed Deity repair'd *.
Now came bright-charioted Aurora forth
And waken'd fair Nauſicaa; ſhe her dream
Remember'd wond'ring, and her parents ſought
Anxious to tell them. Them ſhe found within.
Beſide the hearth her royal mother ſat,
Spinning ſoft fleeces with ſea-purple dyed
Among her menial maidens; but ſhe met
Her father, whom the Nobles of the land
Had ſummon'd, iſſuing abroad to join
The Illuſtrious Chiefs in council. At his ſide
She ſtood, and thus her filial ſuit preferr'd.
Sir †! wilt thou lend me of the royal wains
A ſumpter-carriage? for our coſtly robes
All ſullied now, the cleanſing ſtream require;
And thine, eſpecially, when thou appear'ſt
In council with the princes of the land,

* Ariſtotle, giving the etymology of Olympus, derives it from ὁλολαμπὴς—*all-ſplendid*. For it is a region, he ſays, exempt from obſcurity, and ſecure from thoſe irregular commotions which ſtorms and various other cauſes produce below.—C.

† In the Original, ſhe calls him, pappa! a more natural ſtile of addreſs, and more endearing. But antient as this appellative is, it is alſo ſo familiar in modern uſe, that the Tranſlator feared to hazard it.

Had

Had need be pure. Thy ſons are alſo five,
Two wedded, and the reſt of age to wed,
Who go not to the dance unleſs adorn'd
With freſh attire—all which is my concern.
So ſpake Nauſicaa; for ſhe dared not name
Her own glad nuptials to her father's ear,
Who, conſcious yet of all her drift, replied.
I grudge thee neither mules, my child, nor aught
That thou canſt aſk beſide. Go, and my train
Shall furniſh thee a ſumpter-carriage forth
High-built, ſtrong-wheel'd, and of capacious ſize.
So ſaying, he iſſued his command, whom quick
His grooms obey'd. They in the court prepared
The ſumpter-carriage, and adjoin'd the mules.
And now the virgin from her chamber, charged
With raiment, came, which on the car ſhe placed,
And in the carriage-cheſt, mean-time, the Queen,
Her mother, viands of all flavours heap'd,
And fill'd a goatſkin with delicious wine.
This done, the damſel mounted, but receiv'd
For unction of herſelf and of her maids
From the Queen's hand a golden cruiſe of oil
Ere yet ſhe went. Then, ſeizing on the ſcourge
And on the ſplendid reins, ſhe laſh'd the mules.
They, ſtraining, ſtamp'd the ſoil, hard taſk'd to draw
Princeſs and raiment both; nor ſole ſhe went,

But

But others alſo, maidens of her train *.
At the delightful rivulet arrived
Where thoſe perennial ciſterns were prepared
With pureſt cryſtal of the fountain fed
Profuſe, ſufficient for the deepeſt ſtains,
Looſing the mules, they drove them forth to browſe
On the ſweet herb beſide the dimpled flood.
Light'ning the carriage, next, they bore in hand
The garments down to the unſullied wave,
And thruſt them heap'd into the pools, their taſk
Diſpatching briſk, and with an emulous haſte.
When all were purified, and neither ſpot
Could be perceived or blemiſh more, they ſpread
The raiment orderly along the beach
Where daſhing tides had cleanſed the pebbles moſt,
And laving, next, and ſmoothing o'er with oil
Their limbs, all ſeated on the river's bank,
They took repaſt, while ſtretch'd the garments lay
In noon-day fervour of the ſun, to dry.
Their hunger ſatisfied, at once aroſe
The miſtreſs and her train, and putting off

* Pauſanias ſays there was an antient picture to be ſeen in his time, repreſenting two virgins drawn by mules, one holding the reins, the other attired in a veil. They were ſuppoſed to be Nauſicaa and her maid driving to the ciſterns or canals where they waſhed their linen.—C.

Their head-attire, play'd wanton with the ball,
The princeſs ſinging to her maids the while.
As ſhaft-arm'd Dian o'er the mountains moves,
Taygetus or Erymanth ſublime,
The wild boar chaſing or the tim'rous deer,
The rural nymphs, Jove's daughters, the delight
Share alſo, and Latona's boſom ſwells
With ſecret joy; for though the Nymphs be fair,
In Dian's fairer form and ſtatelier mien
The Goddeſs ſhines, apparent from afar,
So, all her train, ſhe, virgin pure, excell'd *.
But when the hour of her departure thence
Approach'd (the mules now yoked again, and all
Her elegant apparel folded neat)
Then Pallas means deviſed from ſleep to rouſe
Ulyſſes, and to ſhow him, ere ſhe went,
His future fair conductreſs to the town.
The Princeſs caſt the ball, but miſſing Her
At whom ſhe caſt it, plunged it in the flood.

* The reader, if he will conſult Clarke, will find in his annotations a curious extract from Gellius, in which he gives us the eſtimate made by Valerius Probus of the comparative merits of this ſimile as it ſtands in Homer with Virgil's imitation of it. The preference is given to Homer's, and for the beſt reaſons.—The extract is too long to have place here.

Taygetus was a mountain of Laconia, at ſmall diſtance from the ſea, lofty and upright, and adjoined on its northern ſide to the bottom of the Arcadian mountains.

Loud

Loud ſhriek'd the damſels. Startled at the ſound
Ulyſſes ſat erect, and thus he muſed.
Ah me! what mortal race inhabit here?
Rude are they, contumacious and unjuſt?
Or hoſpitable, and who fear the Gods?
How piercing was that cry! the voice it ſeem'd
Of nymphs who wanton on aerial-heights,
Beſide clear fountains, or in graſſy vales.
Is this a neighbourhood of men endued
With voice articulate? But what avails
Self-queſtioning? I will go forth and ſee.
So ſaying, divine Ulyſſes from beneath
His thicket crept, and from the leafy wood
A ſpreading branch pluck'd forcibly, deſign'd
A decent ſkreen effectual, held before.
Like an huge mountain-lion forth he went,
Whom winds have vex'd and rains; fire fills his eyes,
And whether herds or flocks, or woodland deer
He find, he rends them, and, aduſt for blood,
Abſtains not even from the guarded fold,
Such ſure to ſeem in virgin eyes, the Chief,
All naked as he was, his covert left,
Reluctant, by neceſſity conſtrain'd.
To them, with weeds and briny foam defiled
All terrible he ſeem'd, and to the land's

Remoteſt points diſpers'd at once they flew *.
Nauſicaa alone fled not; for her
Pallas courageous made, and from her limbs,
By pow'r divine, all tremour took away.
Firm ſhe expected him; he doubtful ſtood.
Or to implore the lovely maid, her knees
Embracing, or, at diſtance due, to aſk
In ſuppliant terms apparel, and the boon
Of guidance to the city where ſhe dwelt.
Him ſo deliberating, moſt, at length,
This counſel pleas'd; in ſuppliant terms aloof
To ſue to her, leſt if he claſp'd her knees,
The virgin ſhould that bolder courſe reſent.
Then gentle, thus, and well-adviſed he ſpake.
Oh Queen! thy earneſt ſuppliant I approach.
Art thou ſome Goddeſs, or of mortal race?
For if ſome Goddeſs, and from heaven arrived,

* Some have deemed Ulyſſes ſo lately exhauſted with fatigue no proper ſubject of compariſon with a lion. But Euſtathius judges that the force of the compariſon conſiſts in the appearance he could not fail to make in the eyes of the timorous maidens, the attendants on Nauſicaa. His ſtrength, his bulk, the intrepidity with which he comes forth, are, in his opinion, by no means the circumſtances which the poet means to illuſtrate by the Simile, but their aſtoniſhment only, which was ſuch that at the firſt glimpſe of him they fled, as a flock of ſheep, or as deer before a lion.—C.

Polygnotus, we are told, made choice of this ſcene for the ſubject of one of his paintings.—C.

Then,

Then, Dian, daughter of all-pow'rful Jove
I deem thee moſt, for ſuch as hers appear
Thy form, thy ſtature, and thy air divine.
But, if, of mortal race, thou dwell below,
Thrice happy then, thy parents I account,
And happy thrice thy brethren. Ah! the joy
Which always, for thy ſake, their boſoms fills,
When thee they view, all lovely as thou art,
Ent'ring majeſtic on the graceful dance.
But him beyond all others bleſt I deem,
The youth, who, wealthier than his rich compeers,
Shall win and lead thee to his honour'd home *.
For never with theſe eyes a mortal form
Beheld I comparable aught to thine,
In man or woman. Wonder-rapt I gaze.
Such erſt, in Delos, I beheld a palm
Beſide the altar of Apollo, tall,
And growing ſtill †; (for thither too I ſail'd,

* Thus Euſtathius interprets the expreſſion—Ὅς κέ σ' ἀέθλοισι βρίσας —The youth, ſays he, who ſhall ſurpaſs his competitors in the multitude of his nuptial preſents, and ſhall therefore win thee. The word βρίσας, he adds, is a metaphor taken from things that preponderate in the ſcale.—C.

† Cicero ſays that the palm here mentioned by Ulyſſes was ſhown as a curioſity in his time. It was fabled to have riſen ſuddenly out of the ground for the uſe of Latona, that ſhe might ſupport herſelf either by graſping or leaning againſt it when ſhe brought forth Apollo.—B. & C.

And num'rous were my followers in a voyage
Ordain'd my ruin) and as then I view'd
That palm long time amazed, for never grew
So ſtrait a ſhaft, ſo lovely from the ground,
So, Princeſs! thee with wonder I behold,
Charm'd into fixt aſtoniſhment, by awe
Alone forbidden to embrace thy knees,
For I am one on whom much woe hath fall'n.
Yeſterday I eſcaped (the twentieth day
Of my diſtreſs by ſea) the dreary Deep;
For, all thoſe days, the waves and rapid ſtorms
Bore me along, impetuous, from the iſle
Ogygia; till at length the will of heav'n
Caſt me, that I might alſo here ſuſtain
Affliction, on your ſhore; for reſt, I think,
Is not for me. No. The immortal Gods
Have much to accompliſh ere that day arrive.
But, oh Queen, pity me! who after long
Calamities endured, of all who live
Thee firſt approach, nor mortal know beſide
Of the inhabitants of all the land.
Shew me your city; give me, although coarſe,
Some cov'ring (if coarſe cov'ring *thou* canſt give)
And may the Gods thy largeſt wiſhes grant,
Houſe, huſband, concord! for of all the gifts
Of heav'n, more precious none I deem, than peace

'Twixt

'Twixt wedded pair, and union undiſſolved;
Envy torments their enemies, but joy
Fills ev'ry virtuous breaſt, and moſt their own *.
To whom Nauſicaa the fair replied.
Stranger! thou ſeem'ſt not worthleſs or unwiſe.
But Jove whoſe ſov'reign hand to bad men oft
Appoints the happier lot, to thee aſſigns
Affliction, which thy part it is t' endure;
And ſince the waves have caſt thee on our iſle
Nor garment thou ſhalt want, nor aught beſide
Due to a ſuppliant gueſt like thee forlorn.
I will both ſhow thee where our city ſtands,
And who dwell here. Phæacia's ſons poſſeſs
This land; but I am daughter of their King
The brave Alcinoüs, on whoſe ſway depends
For ſtrength and wealth the whole Phæacian race.
She ſaid, and to her beauteous maidens gave
Inſtant commandment—My attendants, ſtay!
Why flee ye thus, and whither, from the ſight

* Phocylides, as quoted by Clarke, has beautifully expreſſed the ſame ſentiment.

——Τί γὰρ ἡδύτερον καὶ ἄρειον,
Ἢ ὅταν ἀνδρὶ γυνὴ φρονέῃ φίλα γήραος ἄχρι,
Καὶ πόσις ἢ ἀλόχῳ, μηδ' ἰμπέσῃ ἄνδιχα νεῖκος;

What lovelier ſpectacle, than wedded pair
Reciprocally kind from youth to age,
And keeping perfect concord to the laſt?

Of a mere mortal? Seems he in your eyes
Some enemy of ours? The heart beats not,
Nor ſhall it beat hereafter, which ſhall come
An enemy to the Phæacian ſhores,
So dear to the immortal Gods are we.
Remote, amid the billowy Deep, we hold
Our dwelling, utmoſt of all human-kind,
And free from mixture with a foreign race.
This man, a miſerable wand'rer comes,
Whom we are bound to cheriſh, for the poor
And ſtranger are from Jove, and trivial gifts
To ſuch are welcome. Bring ye therefore food
And wine, my maidens, for the gueſt's regale,
And lave him where the ſtream is ſhelter'd moſt.
She ſpake; they ſtood, and by each other's words
Encouraged, placed Ulyſſes where the bank
O'erhung the ſtream, as fair Nauſicaa bade,
Daughter of King Alcinoüs the renown'd.
Apparel alſo at his ſide they ſpread,
Mantle and veſt, and, next, the limpid oil
Preſenting to him in the golden cruiſe,
Exhorted him to bathe. The noble Chief
Ulyſſes then the maidens thus beſpake.
Ye maidens, ſtand apart, that I may cleanſe,
Myſelf, my ſhoulders from the briny ſurf,
And give them oil which they have wanted long.

But

But in your preſence I bathe not, aſhamed
T'appear uncover'd in a woman's ſight.
He ſaid; they went, and to Nauſicaa told
His anſwer; then the Hero in the ſtream
His ſhoulders laved and loins incruſted rough
With the ſalt ſpray, and with his hands the ſcum
Of the wild ocean from his locks expreſs'd *.
Thus waſh'd all over, and refreſh'd with oil,
He put the garments on, Nauſicaa's gift.
Then Pallas, progeny of Jove, his form
Dilated more, and from his head diffuſed
His curling locks like hyacinthine flowers.
As when ſome artiſt, by Minerva made
And Vulcan wiſe to execute all taſks
Ingenious, binding with a golden verge
Bright ſilver, finiſhes a graceful work,
Such grace the Goddeſs o'er his ample cheſt
Copious diffuſed, and o'er his manly brows.
Retiring, on the beach he ſat, with grace
And dignity illumed, where, viewing him,
The virgin Princeſs with amazement mark'd
His beauty, and her damſels thus beſpake.

* When a perſon newly emerged from the ſea ſtands in the ſun, the water is ſoon dried from his body by the heat, but the ſaline particles condenſed will continue to adhere to his ſkin, till they are waſhed away with a lotion of ſome other kind.—Plutarch Sympoſiac. L. 1. Problem 9.—C.

My

My lovely maidens, liſten to my voice!
Not hated, ſure, by all above, this man
Among Phæacia's godlike ſons arrives.
At firſt I deem'd him of plebeian ſort
Diſhonourable, but he now aſſumes
A near reſemblance to the Gods above.
Oh that myſelf were his, and that he dwelt
And would conſent to dwell for ever here!
Give him, my maidens, food, and give him wine*.
She ſpake, at whoſe command, her maidens placed
With prompt alacrity both wine and food
Before Ulyſſes; he rapacious ate
And drank with eager lips, for he had lived
From taſte of aliment long time eſtranged.
On other thoughts mean-time intent, her charge
Of folded veſtments neat the Princeſs placed
Within the royal wain, then yoked the mules,
And to her ſeat herſelf aſcending, call'd
Ulyſſes to depart, and thus ſhe ſpake.
Up, ſtranger! ſeek the city. I will lead

* If Nauſicaa, now marriageable and expecting ſoon to be married, prates thus to her maidens merely becauſe ſhe has, like Calypſo, conceived a paſſion for the ſtranger, her boldneſs and want of delicacy are much to be cenſured. But if, inferring his rank from his expreſſion, and his good ſenſe from his manner of addreſſing her, ſhe prefers an union with ſuch a man, rather than with any of the rich or the dancers of her own city, ſhe is entitled then to our admiration.—Plutarch. de audiendis Poëtis.—C.

Thy

Thy ſteps toward my royal Father's houſe,
Where all Phæacia's Nobles thou ſhalt ſee.
But thou (for I account thee not unwiſe)
This courſe purſue. While through the fields we paſs,
And labours of the rural hind, ſo long
With my attendants follow faſt the mules
And ſumpter-carriage. I will be thy guide.
But, once the ſummit gain'd, on which is built
Our city with proud bulwarks fenced around,
And laved on both ſides by its pleaſant port
Of narrow entrance, where our gallant barks
Line all the road, each ſtation'd in her place,
And where, adjoining to the ſplendid fane
Of Neptune, ſtands the forum with huge ſtones
From quarries thither drawn, conſtructed ſtrong,
In which the rigging of their barks they keep
Sail-cloth and cordage, and make ſmooth their oars;
(For bow and quiver the Phæacian race
Heed not, but maſts and oars, and ſhips well-poiſed,
With which exulting they divide the flood)
Then, cautious, I would ſhun their bitter taunts
Diſguſtful, leſt they mock me as I paſs;
For of the meaner people ſome are coarſe
In the extreme, and it may chance that one,
The baſeſt there, ſhall, ſeeing us, exclaim—
What handſome ſtranger of athletic form

Attends

Attends the Princeſs? Where had ſhe the chance
To find him? We ſhall ſee them wedded ſoon.
Either ſhe hath received ſome vagrant gueſt
From diſtant lands, (for no land neighbours ours)
Or ſome Divinity for whom ſhe pined,
And whoſe embrace with ceaſeleſs pray'r ſhe ſought
Hath left the heav'ns to be for ever hers.
'Tis well if, ſearching, ſhe have found at laſt
An huſband for herſelf, ſince ſhe accounts
All her Phæacian wooers nothing worth
However noble. Thus ſhall I be ſcorn'd *.
And I ſhould blame, myſelf, a virgin much,
Who, heedleſs how ſhe might diſpleaſe and grieve
Her parents, were familiar with a man
Ere celebration of her ſpouſal rites †.

* It is well obſerved by Euſtathius, that this contrivance of Nauſicaa to reveal to Ulyſſes the love ſhe felt for him by a ſuppoſed remark of another, is truly admirable. Had ſhe made the diſcovery to him ſpeaking in her own perſon, as he adds, her behaviour would have been inſufferable.—C. Neither ought it to be forgotten that her morning-dream which ſpoke her nuptials near, connected with the arrival of Ulyſſes, would naturally ſeem to her to point out him as the man to whom ſhe was deſtined.

† Παρθενικὴν δὲ φύλασσε πολυκλείστοις θαλάμοισι,
Μηδέ μιν ἄχρι γάμων πρὸ δόμων ὀφθῆναι ἐάσῃς.
Phocylides, ποίημα ἠθικὸν, ver. 203.—C.
See that your virgin's chamber door ſhut faſt,
Nor let her, till ſhe wed, be ſeen abroad.

But

But mark me, ſtranger! following my advice,
Thou ſhalt the ſooner at my father's hands
Obtain ſafe conduct and conveyance home.
Sacred to Pallas a delightful grove
Of poplars ſkirts the road, which we ſhall reach
Erelong; within that grove a fountain flows,
And meads encircle it; my father's farm
Is there, and his luxuriant garden-plot;
A ſhout might reach it from the city-walls.
There wait, till in the town arrived, we gain
My father's palace; and when reaſon bids
Suppoſe us there, then ent'ring thou the town,
Aſk where Alcinoüs dwells, my valiant Sire.
His houſe is eaſily diſcern'd; a child
May lead thee to it; for Phæacia's ſons
Poſſeſs not houſes equalling in aught
The manſion of Alcinoüs the King.
Within the court arrived, with haſty ſteps
Advancing, pauſe not till thou reach the Queen
My mother; ſhe before the blazing hearth
And at a column's baſe, ſits twiſting wool
Tinged with ſea-purple, and behind her ſit,
Their taſk a wond'rous web, her buſy maids.
There alſo ſtands my father's throne, on which
Seated, he drinks and banquets like a God.

Paſs

Paſs that; then ſuppliant claſp my mother's knees,
So ſhalt thou quickly ſee the joyful day
Of thy return, though diſtant far from home.
Yes—if ſhe favour thee, thou may'ſt indulge
The hope thenceforth to ſee again thy friends,
Thy manſion, and to tread thy native ſhores.
So ſaying, ſhe with her ſplendid ſcourge the mules
Laſh'd onward. They (the ſtream ſoon left behind)
With even footſteps graceful ſmote the ground;
But ſo ſhe ruled them, managing with art
The ſcourge, as not to leave afar, although
Following on foot, Ulyſſes and her train.
The ſun had reach'd the Weſt, when in that grove
To Pallas conſecrated they arrived,
In which Ulyſſes ſat, and fervent thus
Sued to the daughter of Jove ægis-arm'd.
Daughter invincible of Jove ſupreme!
Oh, hear me! Hear me now, becauſe when erſt
The mighty Shaker of the ſhores incenſed
Toſs'd me from wave to wave, thou heard'ſt me not.
Grant me, among Phæacia's ſons, to find
Benevolence and pity of my woes!
He ſpake, whoſe pray'r well-pleas'd the Goddeſs heard,
Yet would not, ere he reach'd his native home,
Afford him open aid, through fear t'offend

The

The Brother of her Sire *, who ſtill purſued
Godlike Ulyſſes with a boundleſs hate †.

* Neptune.

† This is the ſenſe in which Barnes underſtands the concluding lines of the book, and it ſeems the beſt ſenſe. Others connect πάρος ἣν γαῖαν ἱκέσθαι with ἐπιζαφελῶς μαίεσκε, but they connect themſelves much more properly with ὕπνῳ φαίνετ' ἐναντίον, for Neptune occaſioned no impediment to the laſt voyage of Ulyſſes, from Phæacia to Ithaca, and cannot therefore be ſaid to have perſecuted him till he arrived at home.

According to this interpretation, the words

——————————— ἄϊδητα γάρ ἐστι
Πατροκασίγνητος, ὁ δ' ἐπιζαφελῶς μαίεσκε
Ἀντιθέῳ Ὀδυσῆϊ, ———————————

ſhould be encloſed in a parentheſis.

ARGU-

ARGUMENT

OF THE

SEVENTH BOOK.

Nauſicaa returns from the river, whom Ulyſſes follows. He halts, by her direction, at a ſmall diſtance from the palace, which at a convenient time he enters. He is well received by Alcinoüs and his Queen; and having related to them the manner of his being caſt on the ſhore of Scheria, and received from Alcinoüs the promiſe of ſafe conduct home, retires to reſt.

BOOK VII.

So pray'd Ulyſſes in the grove; mean-time
Drawn by her ſturdy mules the royal maid
The city reach'd, and at her Father's houſe
Magnificent arrived, the ſumpter-wain
Stopp'd in the veſtibule; her brothers five,
All godlike youths, aſſembling quick around,
Releaſed the mules, and bore the raiment in.
Mean-time, to her own chamber ſhe return'd,

Where, ſoon as ſhe arrived, an antient dame
Eurymeduſa, by peculiar charge
Attendant on that ſervice, kindled fire.
Sea-rovers her had from Epirus brought
Long ſince, and to Alcinoüs ſhe had fall'n
By public gift, for that he govern'd all*
Phæacia, and as oft as he harangued
The multitude, was rev'renced as a God*.
She waited on the fair Nauſicaa, ſhe
Her fuel kindled, and her food prepared.
And now Ulyſſes from his ſeat aroſe
To ſeek the city, whom his heav'nly friend
Minerva in impenetrable miſt
Involved, leſt ſome Phæacian ſhould inſult
His ear with queſtions—Who, and whence were He?
Then, when within few paces he arrived
Of that fair city, meeting him, in form
A little maid, bearing her pitcher forth,
She ſtood before him, and the noble Chief,
Unconſcious of the Goddeſs thus enquired.
Child! wilt thou not conduct me to the houſe
Of great Alcinoüs, Sov'reign of the land?

* It is Clarke's opinion that ſhe had neither been captived in war (for the Phæacians waged no wars) nor obtained by purchaſe, but ſeized by pirates according to the common practice of the Antients.

For I arrive a ſtranger here, forlorn,
And from a diſtant ſhore, and all who dwell
In all this country are unknown to me.
To whom the Goddeſs of the azure-eyes.
My ſtranger-friend! the manſion of thy ſearch
Myſelf will ſhow thee; for not diſtant dwells
Alcinoüs from my father's own abode:
But huſh! be ſilent—I will lead the way;
Mark no man; queſtion no man; for the ſight
Of ſtrangers is unuſual here, and cold
The welcome by this people ſhown to ſuch *.
They, truſting in ſwift ſhips, by the free grant
Of Neptune traverſe his wide waters, borne
As if on wings, or with the ſpeed of thought.
So ſpake the Goddeſs, and with nimble pace
Led on, whoſe footſteps he, as quick, purſued.
But ſtill the ſeaman-throng through whom he paſs'd
Perceiv'd him not; Minerva, Goddeſs dread,
That ſight forbidding them, whoſe eyes ſhe dimm'd
With darkneſs ſhed miraculous around
Her fav'rite Chief. Ulyſſes, wond'ring, mark'd

* How comes it then to paſs that they are repreſented as ſo extremely hoſpitable in the ſequel? Perhaps the vulgar only are intended in this deſcription; or more probably, as the Scholiaſt obſerves, Minerva gives them this character to guard Ulyſſes againſt the danger of troubleſome and impertinent enquiry, to which he would be expoſed ſhould he make any enquiries himſelf.—B. & C.

Their

Their port, their ſhips, their forum the reſort
Of Heroes, and their battlements ſublime
Fenced with ſharp ſtakes around, a glorious ſhow!
But when the King's auguſt abode he reach'd,
Then Pallas thus inſtructed him again.
My father! thou behold'ſt the houſe to which
Thou bad'ſt me lead thee. Thou ſhalt find our Chiefs
And high-born Princes banquetting within.
But enter fearing nought, for boldeſt men
Speed ever beſt, come whenceſoe'er they may *.
Firſt thou ſhalt find the Queen, Areta named.
Lineal in her deſcent is ſhe from thoſe
Who gave Alcinoüs birth, her royal ſpouſe.
Neptune begat Nauſithoüs, at the firſt,
On Peribæa, lovélieſt of her ſex,
Lateſt-born daughter of Eurymedon,
Heroic King of the proud giant race,
Who, loſing all his impious people, ſhared
The ſame dread fate himſelf. Her Neptune lov'd
To whom ſhe bore a ſon, the mighty prince
Nauſithoüs, King of the Phæacian race.
Nauſithoüs himſelf two ſons begat,
Rhexenor and Alcinoüs. Phœbus ſlew

* The ſame ſentiment is found in a fragment of Menander.

Οὐκ ἐστὶ τόλμης ἐφόδιον μεῖζον βίου.

The beſt viaticum through life is courage.—C.

Rhexenor at his home, a bridegroom yet,
Who, father of no ſon, one daughter left,
Areta, wedded to Alcinoüs now,
And whom the Sov'reign in ſuch honour holds,
As woman none enjoys of all the earth
Whoſe houſe is ſubject to an huſband's pow'r *.
Such honours have attended long, and ſtill
Attend her, from her children, from himſelf
Alcinoüs, and from all Phæacia's race,
Who, gazing on her as ſhe were divine,
Shout when ſhe moves in progreſs through the town.
For ſhe no wiſdom wants, but ſits, herſelf,
Arbitreſs of ſuch conteſts as ariſe
Between her fav'rites, and decides aright †.

* Alcinoüs therefore was the uncle of his wife, and we have ſeen more than one inſtance in the Iliad of a man wedded to his niece. This double relationſhip was not uncommon among the Greecians.—B.

† Barnes, referring his reader to Onomacritus and Apollonius Rhodius, gives the following inſtance of Areta acting in her judicial capacity. When the ambaſſadors of Æeta, in the name of their maſter, demanded from Alcinoüs that his daughter Medea, who had forſaken him and fled to Phæacia with Jaſon, ſhould be reſtored to him, and Alcinoüs was willing to comply, conſidering the condition as a reaſonable one, his Queen immediately interpoſed this condition—If ſhe were ſtill a virgin, ſhe might go; otherwiſe ſhe was Jaſon's wife, and they ought not to be ſeparated. Jaſon, being privately informed of the terms, inſtantly qualified the fugitive to claim him as her huſband, and ſhe was protected accordingly.

If

If ſhe once favour thee, thou may'ſt indulge
The hope, thenceforth, to ſee again thy friends,
Thy manſion, and to tread thy native ſhore.
So ſaying, the Goddeſs of the azure-eyes
From pleaſant Scheria o'er the barren Deep
Glided to Marathon, which left afar,
In ſpacious Athens ſhe arrived, and found,
Beneath Erectheus' glorious roof, her home*.
Ulyſſes, then, toward the palace moved
Of King Alcinoüs, but immerſed in thought
Stood, firſt, and pauſed, ere with his foot he preſs'd
The brazen threſhold; for a light he ſaw
As of the ſun or moon illuming clear
The palace of Phæacia's mighty King.
Walls plated bright with braſs, on either ſide
Stretch'd from the portal to th' interiour houſe,
With azure cornice crown'd; the doors were gold
Which ſhut the palace faſt; ſilver the poſts
Rear'd on a brazen threſhold, and above,
The lintels, ſilver, architraved with gold.
Maſtiffs, in gold and ſilver, lined the approach
On either ſide, with art celeſtial framed
By Vulcan, guardians of Alcinoüs' gate

* Marathon was a place ſo named in Attica; and when Pallas is ſaid to enter the houſe of Erectheus, the meaning is that ſhe entered her own temple, in which Erectheus had his education.—B. & C.

For ever, unobnoxious to decay *.
Sheer from the threſhold to the inner houſe
Fixt thrones the walls, through all their length, adorn'd,
With mantles overſpread of ſubtleſt warp
Tranſparent, work of many a female hand.
On theſe the princes of Phæacia ſat
Holding perpetual feaſts, while golden youths
On all the ſumptuous altars ſtood, their hands
With burning torches charg'd, which, night by night,
Shed radiance over all the feſtive throng.
Full fifty female menials ſerv'd the King
In houſehold offices; the rapid mills
Theſe turning, pulverize the mellow'd grain,
Thoſe, ſeated orderly, the purple fleece
Wind off, or ply the loom, reſtleſs as leaves
Of lofty poplars fluttering in the breeze;
Bright as with oil the new-wrought texture ſhone †.
Far as Phæacian mariners all elſe
Surpaſs, the ſwift ſhip urging through the floods,

* Some affirm that theſe maſtives were given by Juno to Neptune as the price of his aſſiſtance againſt Jupiter, and that from Neptune they had paſſed to Alcinoüs.—B. & C.

† Καιροσίων δ' ὀθονίων ἀπολείβεται ὑγρὸν ἔλαιον.

Pope has given no tranſlation of this line in the text of his work, but has tranſlated it in a note. It is variouſly interpreted by commentators; the ſenſe which is here given of it is that recommended by Euſtathius.

So

So far in tiſſue-work the women paſs
All others, by Minerva's ſelf endow'd
With richeſt fancy and ſuperiour ſkill.
Without the court, and to the gates adjoin'd
A ſpacious garden lay, fenced all around
Secure, four acres meaſuring complete.
There grew luxuriant many a lofty tree,
Pomegranate, pear, the apple bluſhing bright,
The honied fig, and unctuous olive ſmooth.
Thoſe fruits, nor winter's cold nor ſummer's heat
Fear ever, fail not, wither not, but hang
Perennial, while unceaſing zephyr breathes
Gently on all, enlarging theſe, and thoſe
Maturing genial; in an endleſs courſe
Pears after pears to full dimenſions ſwell,
Figs follow figs, grapes cluſt'ring grow again
Where cluſters grew, and (ev'ry apple ſtript)
The boughs ſoon tempt the gath'rer as before.
There too, well-rooted, and of fruit profuſe,
His vineyard grows; part, wide-extended, baſks
In the ſun's beams; the arid level glows;
In part they gather, and in part they tread
The wine-preſs, while, before the eye, the grapes
Here put their bloſſom forth, there, gather faſt
Their blackneſs. On the garden's verge extreme

Flow'rs of all hues ſmile all the year, arranged
With neateſt art judicious, and amid
The lovely ſcene two fountains welling forth,
One viſits, into ev'ry part diffuſed,
The garden-ground, the other ſoft beneath
The threſhold ſteals into the palace-court,
Whence ev'ry citizen his vaſe ſupplies.
Such were the ample bleſſings on the houſe
Of King Alcinoüs by the Gods beſtow'd.
Ulyſſes wond'ring ſtood, and when, at length,
Silent he had the whole fair ſcene admired,
Enter'd with haſty ſtep the royal gate.
The Chiefs he found and Senators within
Libation pouring to the vigilant ſpy
Mercurius, whom with wine they worſhipp'd laſt
Of all the Gods, and at the hour of reſt *.
Ulyſſes, circumfuſed with thickeſt ſhades
By Pallas ſtill, paſs'd on, till he arrived
Where King Alcinoüs and Areta ſat.
Around Areta's knees his arms he caſt,

* Becauſe Mercury gave ſleep by the touch of his rod, and becauſe he delivered his meſſages in dreams and viſions of the night; but chiefly, according to Plutarch, becauſe he of all the Gods was moſt attentive to the diſcourſe that paſſed on convivial occaſions, and moſt concerned in the inſpiration of ſuch as was agreeable.—C.

This laſt libation was called the Ἀγαθοῦ Δαίμονος πόμα.—B.

And

And, in that moment, the myſterious cloud
Which veil'd his godlike form, all broke away.
Amazement ſeized the gueſts; in mute ſuſpenſe
They eyed the Chief, who thus his ſuit preferr'd.
Areta, daughter of the Godlike Prince
Rhexenor! after num'rous woes ſuſtain'd,
Behold me here a ſuppliant at thy knees,
Imploring thee, the King, and theſe your gueſts,
(To whom heav'n grant abundance, and to leave
Their children in poſſeſſion of the wealth
And all the well-earn'd honours, now their own)
That ye vouchſafe me ſwift conveyance hence
To my regretted home, which, tempeſt-toſs'd
And wretched, I have ſought long time in vain.
Such ſuit he made, and in the aſhes ſat
At the hearth-ſide; they mute long time remain'd,
Till, at the laſt, the antient Hero ſpake
Echeneus, eldeſt of Phæacia's ſons,
With eloquence beyond the reſt endow'd,
Rich in traditionary lore, and wiſe
In all, who thus, benevolent, began.
Not honourable to thyſelf, O King!
Is ſuch a ſight, a ſtranger on the ground,
Seated beſide the hearth, and in the duſt.
Mean-time, thy gueſts, expecting thy command,
Move not; thou therefore raiſing by his hand

The ſuppliant, lead him to a ſeat, and bid
The heralds mingle wine, that we may pour
Libation forth to thunder-bearing Jove,
Dread guardian of the ſuppliant ſtranger's rights;
Then bid the ſewer ſpread for his regale
A plenteous board, with viands now within.

Soon as thoſe words Alcinoüs heard, the King,
Upraiſing by his hand the prudent Chief
Ulyſſes from the hearth, he made him ſit
On a bright throne, diſplacing for his ſake
Laodamas his ſon, the virtuous youth
Who ſat beſide him, and whom moſt he lov'd.
And now, a maiden charg'd with golden ew'r
And with an argent laver, pouring, firſt,
Pure water on his hands, before him placed
A poliſh'd table, which the matron, charged
With ſervice of the gueſts, with bread ſupplied
And viands largely, from her preſent ſtores *.
Then ate the Hero toil-inured, and drank,
And to his herald thus Alcinoüs ſpake.

Pontonoüs! mingle wine, and bear it round
To ev'ry gueſt in turn, that we may pour

* It is remarked that Ulyſſes in this poem waſhes his hands ere he eats, which neither he nor any other hero does in the Iliad. The reaſon of the difference, ſays Athenæus, is, that in the Odyſſey we have the cuſtoms that belonged to a time of peace, when there was leiſure for neatneſs and ſelf-indulgence.—C.

To

To thunder-bearer Jove, the ſtranger's friend,
And guardian of the ſuppliant's ſacred rights.
He ended, and Pontonoüs, as he bade,
Mingling delicious wine, the cups diſpenſed
With diſtribution regular to all.
When each had made libation, and had drunk
Sufficient, then, Alcinoüs thus began.
Phæacian Chiefs and Senators, attend
While I pronounce the dictates of my heart!
Ye all have feaſted—To your homes and ſleep.
We will aſſemble at the dawn of day
More ſenior Chiefs, that we may entertain
The ſtranger here, and to the Gods perform
Due ſacrifice; the convoy that he aſks
Shall next engage our thoughts, that free from pain
And from vexation, by our friendly aid
He may reviſit, joyful and with ſpeed,
His native ſhore, however far remote.
No inconvenience let him feel or harm,
Ere his arrival; but, arrived, thenceforth
He muſt endure whatever lot the Fates
Spun for him in the moment of his birth.
But ſhould he prove ſome Deity from heav'n
Deſcended, then the Immortals have in view
Deſigns not yet apparent; for the Gods
Have deign'd not ſeldom, from of old, to mix

In

In our ſolemnities; have fill'd a ſeat
Where We have ſat, and made our banquet theirs.
And even if a ſingle traveller
Of the Phæacians meet them, all reſerve
They lay aſide; for with the Gods we boaſt
As near affinity as do themſelves
The Cyclops, or the Giant race profane *.
To whom Ulyſſes, ever-wiſe, replied.
Alcinoüs! think not ſo. Reſemblance none
In figure or in lineaments I bear
To the immortal tenants of the ſkies,
But to the ſons of earth; if ye have known
A man afflicted with a weight of woe
Peculiar, let me be with him compared;
Woes even paſſing his could I relate,
And all inflicted on me by the Gods.
But let me eat, comfortleſs as I am,
Uninterrupted; for no call is loud
As that of hunger in the ears of man;
Importunate, unreas'nable, it conſtrains
His notice, more than all his woes beſide.

* The Scholiaſt explains the paſſage thus—We reſemble the Gods in righteouſneſs as much as the Cyclops and Giants reſembled each other in impiety.—B.&C. But in this ſenſe of it there is ſomething intricate, and contrary to Homer's manner. We have ſeen that they derived themſelves from Neptune, which ſufficiently juſtifies the above interpretation.

So

So, I much ſorrow feel, yet not the leſs
Hear I the blatant appetite demand
Due ſuſtenance, and with a voice that drowns
E'en all my ſuff'rings, till itſelf be fill'd *.
But expedite ye at the dawn of day
My ſafe return into my native land,
After much mis'ry; and let life itſelf
Forſake me, may I but once more behold
My fair poſſeſſions, my domeſtic train,
And the high-vaulted roof my former home.
He ſpake, whom all applauded, and adviſed,
Unanimous, the gueſt's conveyance home,
Who had ſo fitly ſpoken. When, at length,
All had libation made, and were ſufficed,
Departing to his houſe, each ſought repoſe.
But ſtill Ulyſſes in the hall remain'd,
Alcinoüs and Areta at his ſide;
And while their buſy menials clear'd the board,

* Athenæus reproaches Ulyſſes with gluttony on this occaſion, and obſerves that however hungry he might be, his hunger afforded no excuſe for want of civility.—B. & C. But when Athenæus was thus rigorous in his demand of good manners, his patience probably had not been exerciſed with a faſt of many days. Ulyſſes indeed had lately eaten by the bounty of Nauſicaa; but ſeamen who have been reduced to ſhort allowance, or for ſome time to abſolute famine, well know that the return of appetite even after a plentiful meal, is almoſt immediate. The Heroes of Homer may not always be polite, but they always behave naturally.

Areta

Areta (for his mantle and his veſt
Wrought by her women and herſelf, ſhe knew)
In accents wing'd with eager haſte began.
Stranger! the firſt inquiry ſhall be mine;
Who art, and whence? From whom receiv'dſt thou theſe?
Saidſt not—I came a wand'rer o'er the Deep?
To whom Ulyſſes, ever-wiſe, replied.
Oh Queen! the taſk were difficult to unfold
In all its length the ſtory of my woes,
For I have num'rous from the Gods receiv'd;
But I will anſwer thee as beſt I may.
There is a certain iſle, Ogygia, placed
Far diſtant in the Deep; there dwells, by man
Alike unviſited, and by the Gods,
Calypſo, lovely nymph, but deeply ſkill'd
In artifice, and terrible in pow'r,
Daughter of Atlas. Me alone my fate
Her miſerable inmate made, when Jove
Had riv'n aſunder with his candent bolt
My bark in the mid-ſea. There periſh'd all
The valiant partners of my toils, and I
My veſſel's keel embracing day and night
With folded arms, nine days was borne along.
But on the tenth dark night, as pleas'd the Gods,
They drove me to Ogygia's iſland, where

Calypſo,

Calypſo, dread Divinity, reſides *.
She reſcued, cheriſh'd, fed me, and her wiſh
Was to confer on me immortal life,
Exempt for ever from the ſap of age.
But me her offer'd boon ſway'd not. Sev'n years
I there abode continual, with my tears
Bedewing ceaſeleſs my ambroſial robes,
Calypſo's gift divine; but when, at length,
(Sev'n years elaps'd) the circling eighth arrived,
She then, herſelf, my quick departure thence
Adviſed, by Jove's own mandate overaw'd,
Which even her had influenced to a change.
Borne on a well-join'd raft ſhe ſent me forth
With num'rous preſents; bread ſhe put and wine
On board, and cloth'd me in immortal robes;

* Longinus conſiders this ten-days diſtreſs of Ulyſſes, during which he had neither reſt nor ſuſtenance, as a ſymptom of the declenſion of Homer's genius, and as a proof that he began to dream.—B. & C. Barnes vindicates the poet againſt the charge by alleging that he is to be underſtood in a qualified ſenſe, not as repreſenting Ulyſſes deſtitute entirely of all ſuſtenance, but of his uſual diet only.—B. But what ſuſtenance could he procure, or how could he poſſibly preſerve any while he clung to the keel of his veſſel?

The Scholiaſt's is therefore the beſt juſtification of the paſſage who ſays—It is unreaſonable to aſk how he ſubſiſted—for does not Minerva in the 20th book inform him

Αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ Θεός εἰμι, διαμπερὲς ἥ τοι φυλάσσω
Ἐν πάντεσσι πόνοισι. ——————— B. & C.

——————— But I, who keep
Thee in all difficulties, am divine.

She ſent before me alſo a fair wind
Freſh-blowing, but not dang'rous. Sev'nteen days
I ſail'd the flood, and, on the eighteenth, ſaw
Your lofty mountain-tops with foreſts crown'd,
And ſeeing them rejoiced; but premature
Was that delight, and ſoon by Neptune changed
To deepeſt woe; for he with adverſe winds
My courſe reſiſted, and with billows huge
Shatt'ring my raft, conſtrain'd me ſore diſtreſs'd
And groaning, to divide with wearied arms
This vaſt abyſs of ocean, till the winds
And mighty waters caſt me on your ſhore.
Me there emerging, had the tempeſt driv'n
Full on the land, where, incommodious moſt,
The ſhore preſented only rougheſt rocks,
But, leaving it, I ſwam the Deep again,
Until at laſt a river's gentle ſtream
Receiv'd me, by no rocks deform'd, and where
No violent winds the ſhelter'd bank annoy'd.
I flung myſelf on ſhore, exhauſted, weak,
Needing repoſe; then came the ſilent night,
And from the Jove-deſcended ſtream withdrawn,
I in a thicket lay'd me down on leaves
Which I had heap'd together, and the Gods
O'erwhelm'd my eye-lids with a flood of ſleep.
There under wither'd leaves, forlorn, I ſlept

All

All the long night, the morning and the noon;
But balmy ſleep, at the decline of day,
Broke from me; then, your daughter's train I heard
Sporting, with whom ſhe alſo ſported, fair
And graceful as the Gods*. To her I kneel'd.
She ſwerved not from the dictates of a mind
Moſt pure, but paſs'd in her behaviour all
Which even ye could from an age like hers
Have hoped; for youth is ever indiſcrete.
She gave me plenteous food, with richeſt wine
Refreſh'd my ſpirit, taught me where to bathe,
And cloth'd me as thou ſee'ſt; thus, though a prey
To many ſorrows, I have told thee truth.

To whom Alcinoüs anſwer thus return'd.
Stranger! my daughter overlook'd at leaſt
One rule of decent manners; for although
She firſt receiv'd thee ſuppliant, ſhe return'd
With all her women, and thee left to find
Theſe doors, unfriended, and without a guide.

Then anſwer, thus, the wary Chief return'd.
Blame not, O Hero, for ſo ſlight a cauſe
Thy faultleſs child; ſhe bade me follow them,

* Euſtathius deemed it worthy of remark that Ulyſſes makes no mention of their daughter's ſinging and toſſing the ball, leſt he ſhould ſeem to accuſe her of levity. But he expreſsly ſays that her women amuſed themſelves with play, and that ſhe was among them.—C.

But I refuſed, by fear and awe reſtrain'd,
Leſt thou ſhould'ſt feel diſpleaſure at that ſight
Thyſelf; for we are all, in ev'ry clime,
Suſpicious, and to worſt conſtructions prone.
So ſpake Ulyſſes, to whom thus the King.
I bear not, ſtranger! in my breaſt an heart
Much giv'n to cauſeleſs wrath, yet due reſpect
To decency's demands require from all.
And Jove, Apollo, and Minerva know
How fervent is my wiſh, that being ſuch,
And of ſuch kindred ſentiments with mine,
Thou would'ſt accept my daughter, would'ſt become
My ſon-in-law, and dwell contented here*.
Houſe would I give thee, and poſſeſſions too,
Were ſuch thy choice; elſe, if thou chooſe it not,
No man in all Phæacia ſhall by force
Detain thee. Jove would diſapprove the deed.
For proof, I will appoint thee convoy hence
To-morrow; and while thou by ſleep ſubdued

* The Scholiaſt judges that Alcinoüs makes this offer merely as a trial and teſt of the veracity of Ulyſſes. If he had refuſed Calypſo, he would of courſe refuſe his daughter, but if he accepted his daughter, it could not then be true that he had refuſed Calypſo. —B.&C. But Clarke affirms that the remark is groundleſs, ſince we are aſſured by Euſtathius that it was cuſtomary with the Antients to give their daughters, not to people of their own country by preference, but rather, if they had opportunity, to ſome accompliſhed ſtranger.

Shalt

Shalt preſs thy bed, my people with their oars
Shall bruſh the placid flood, till thou arrive
At home, or at what place ſoe'er thou would'ſt,
Though far more diſtant than Eubœa lies,
Remoteſt iſle from us, by the report
Of ours, who ſaw it when they thither bore
Sage Rhadamanthus of the golden locks
To viſit earth-born Tityus *. To that iſle
They went; they reach'd it, and they brought him thence
Back to Phæacia, in one day, with eaſe.
Thou alſo ſhalt be taught what ſhips I boaſt
Unmatch'd in ſwiftneſs, and how far my crews
Excel, upturning with their oars the brine.
He ended, whom Ulyſſes in his heart
Exulting heard, and, praying, thus replied.
Eternal Father! may the King perform
His whole kind promiſe! grant him in all lands
A never-dying name, and grant to me
To viſit ſafe my native ſhores again †!

Thus

* Jupiter being enamoured of Elora daughter of Orchomenus, or as others ſay, of Minos, to avoid the jealouſy of Juno, concealed her underground. There ſhe bore him this moſt extraordinary ſon, named Tityus, who was beloved by Latona and ſhot by Apollo.—Rhadamanthus is ſuppoſed to have made this viſit to Tityus on a charitable account, and, being himſelf a juſt man, for the ſake of inſtructing him.—B. & C.

† Ulyſſes gives not a direct anſwer to the obliging propoſal of Alcinoüs to beſtow on him his daughter, becauſe it would have

Thus they conferr'd; and now Areta bade
Her fair attendants dreſs a fleecy couch
Beneath the portico, with purple rugs
Reſplendent, and with arras ſpread beneath,
And over all with cloaks of ſhaggy pile.
Forth went the maidens, bearing each a torch,
And, as ſhe bade, prepared in haſte a couch
Of depth commodious; then, returning, gave
Ulyſſes welcome ſummons to repoſe.

Riſe, ſtranger! all is ready; come to reſt.
So they; thrice welcome to Ulyſſes ſeem'd
Their invitation, and his ſculptur'd couch
Beneath the ſounding portico prepared
With willing feet the toil-worn Hero ſought;
But far within th' interiour palace ſlept
Alcinoüs, and, lodg'd in royal ſtate,
The Queen, his virtuous conſort, at his ſide.

ſeemed harſh to refuſe her. His prayer, expreſſive as it is of his impatience to return, and of his gratitude to the perſon who furniſhes him with means of doing ſo, is an indirect indeed, but a delicate and ſufficient anſwer.—Dacier.

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ARGUMENT

OF THE

EIGHTH BOOK.

The Phæacians conſult on the ſubject of Ulyſſes. Preparation is made for his departure. Antinoüs entertains them at his table. Games follow the entertainment. Demodocus the bard, ſings, firſt the loves of Mars and Venus, then the introduction of the wooden horſe into Troy. Ulyſſes, much affected by his ſong, is queſtioned by Alcinoüs, whence, and who he is, and what is the cauſe of his ſorrow.

BOOK VIII.

Soon as Aurora, daughter of the dawn
Look'd forth, upſprang Phæacia's mighty King,
And from his couch the town-deſtroying Chief
Ulyſſes haſted, whom Alcinoüs led
To early council at the ſhips convened.
Arriving, ſide by ſide on poliſh'd ſtones
They ſat; mean-time, Minerva in the form
Of King Alcinoüs' herald ranged the town,
With purpoſe to accelerate the return

Of brave Ulyſſes to his native home,
And thus to ev'ry Chief the Goddeſs ſpake *,
Phæacian Chiefs and Senators, away!
To council haſting, hear a ſtranger's tale,
A gueſt of King Alcinoüs, new-arrived,
A ſhipwreck'd wand'rer hither, of a form
Superiour, and majeſtic as a God.
So ſaying, ſhe rouſed the people, and at once
The ſeats of all the ſenate-court were fill'd
With faſt-aſſembling throngs, no few of whom
Had mark'd Ulyſſes with admiring eyes.
Then, Pallas o'er his head and ſhoulders broad
Diffuſing grace celeſtial, his whole form
Dilated, and to ſtatelier height advanced,
That worthier of all rev'rence he might ſeem
To the Phæacians, and might many a feat
Achieve, with which they ſhould his force aſſay †.

* By Minerva we are to underſtand here, either a rumour that a very intelligent ſtranger had arrived in their country, on whoſe account they are called together, or that the Phæacians by their natural diſcernment finding Ulyſſes to be a perſon of that deſcription, a rarity among themſelves, aſſemble for ſatisfaction of their curioſity and to prove if the account of him be a true one.—Euſtathius.—C.

† The poet pluralizes the ſingle effort with the *diſcus*, probably becauſe, though Ulyſſes performed no feat beſide, he offered himſelf to a trial in many others, excepting againſt the foot-race only. Minerva therefore thus improves his figure, that it may evidence the juſtneſs of his pretenſions.

When

When, therefore, the aſſembly now was full,
Alcinoüs, thus addreſſing them, began.
Phæacian Chiefs and Senators attend,
That I may ſpeak as my beſt judgment bids.
This gueſt, unknown to me, hath, wand'ring, found
My palace, either from the Eaſt arrived,
Or from ſome nation on our weſtern ſide.
Safe conduct home he aſks, and our conſent
Here wiſhes ratified, whoſe quick return
Be it our part, as uſual, to promote;
For at no time the ſtranger, from what coaſt
Soe'er, who hath reſorted to our doors,
Hath long complain'd of his detention here.
Haſte—draw ye down into the ſacred Deep
A veſſel of prime ſpeed, and, from among
The people, fifty and two youths ſelect,
Approved the beſt; then, laſhing faſt the oars,
Leave her, that at my palace ye may make
Short feaſt, for which myſelf will all provide.
Thus I enjoin the crew; but as for thoſe
Of ſceptred rank, I bid them all alike
To my own board, that here we may regale
The ſtranger nobly, and let none refuſe.
Call, too, Demodocus, the bard divine,
To ſhare my banquet, whom the Gods have bleſt
With pow'rs of ſong delectable, what theme

Soe'er his animated fancy chooſe.
He ceas'd, and led the way, whom follow'd all
The ſceptred ſenators, and at his houſe
Mean-time an herald ſought the bard divine.
Then, fifty mariners and two, from all
The reſt ſelected, to the coaſt repair'd,
And, from her ſtation on the ſea-bank, launched
The galley down into the ſacred Deep.
They placed the canvas and the maſt on board,
Arranged the oars, unfurl'd the ſhining ſail,
And, leaving her in depth of water moor'd,
Reſorted to the Sov'reign's grand abode.
There, ſoon, the portico, the court, the hall
Were fill'd with multitudes of young and old,
For whoſe regale the mighty monarch ſlew
Two beeves, twelve ſheep, and twice four fatted brawns.
They flay'd them firſt, then buſily their taſk
Adminiſt'ring, prepared the joyous feaſt.
And now the herald thither led with care
The tuneful bard; him partially the Muſe
And dearly lov'd, yet gave him good and ill;
She quench'd his ſight, but gave him ſtrains divine *.

For

* As in the Iliad, ſays Euſtathius, the poet deals out good and evil from his two caſks reſpectively, ſo here he repreſents the Muſe as diſpenſing the ſame mixture to Demodocus. And it was the opinion

For him, Pontonoüs in the midſt diſpoſed
An argent-ſtudded throne, thruſting it cloſe
To a tall column, where he hung his lyre
Above his head, and taught him where it hung.
He ſet before him, next, a poliſh'd board
And baſket, and a goblet fill'd with wine
For his own uſe, and at his own command *.
Then, all aſſail'd at once the ready feaſt,
And when nor hunger more nor thirſt they felt,
Then came the muſe, and rouſed the bard to ſing
Exploits of men renown'd; it was a ſong,
In that day, to the higheſt heav'n extoll'd †.
He ſang the fierce diſpute which at a feaſt
In honour of the Gods at Ilium, chanced

nion of Maximus Tyrius that Homer, in this ſhort hiſtory of the Phæacian bard, gives us in reality his own.—C.

The Scholiaſt aſks, if the Muſe deprived him of ſight, how then can ſhe be ſaid to have loved him? A queſtion which he anſwers by obſerving that the Blind being diſqualified for other employments, have the more leiſure for poetry.—B. & C.

* Clarke on this ſentence quotes an epigram of the Anthologia, Lib. II. 47.

Αὐτοδιλὴς ἥδιστος ἀεὶ πότος.

The happieſt, always is the glaſs
Which we are free to drink or paſs.

† The poet is here ſuppoſed by Euſtathius to allude to the Iliad.—C.

Between

Between Achilles and Laertes' ſon.
That conteſt, Agamemnon, King of men,
Between thoſe Princes of his hoſt, remark'd
With ſilent joy; for when in Pytho* erſt
He paſs'd the marble threſhold to conſult
The oracle of Apollo, ſuch diſpute
The voice divine had to his ear announced;
For then it was that, firſt, the ſtorm of war
Came rolling on, ordain'd long time to afflict
Troy and the Greecians, by the will of Jove†.
So ſang the bard illuſtrious; then his robe
Of purple dye with both hands o'er his head
Ulyſſes drew, behind its ample folds
Veiling his face, through fear to be obſerved
By the Phæacians weeping at the ſong;
And ever as the bard harmonious ceaſed,
He wiped his tears, and, drawing from his brows
The mantle, pour'd libation to the Gods.
But when the Chiefs (for they delighted heard

* A city of Phocis named alſo Delphos, famous for the temple and oracle of Pythian Apollo.

† Agamemnon having enquired at Delphos, at what time the Trojan war ſhould end, was anſwered, that the concluſion of it ſhould happen at a time when a diſpute ſhould ariſe between two of his principal commanders. That diſpute occurred at the time here alluded to, Achilles recommending force as moſt likely to reduce the city, and Ulyſſes ſtratagem.—B. & C.

Thoſe

Thoſe ſounds) ſolicited again the bard,
And he renew'd the ſtrain, then cov'ring cloſe
His count'nance, as before, Ulyſſes wept.
Thus, unperceiv'd by all, the Hero mourn'd,
Save by Alcinoüs; he alone his tears
(Beſide him ſeated) mark'd, and his deep ſighs
O'erhearing, the Phæacians thus beſpake.
Phæacia's Chiefs and Senators, attend!
We have long time ſat feaſting, and long time
Sat liſt'ning to the lyre, companion ſweet
And ſeaſonable of the feſtive hour.
Now go we forth for honourable proof
Of our addreſs in games of ev'ry kind,
That this our gueſt may to his friends report,
At home arrived, that none like us have learn'd
To leap, to box, to wreſtle, and to run.
So ſaying, he led them forth, whoſe ſteps the gueſts
All follow'd, and the herald hanging high
The ſprightly lyre, took gently by his hand
Demodocus, and leading him abroad
Follow'd Phæacia's Princes to the games.
They ſought the forum; countleſs ſwarm'd the throng
Behind them as they went, and many a youth
Strong and courageous to the ſtriſe aroſe.
Upſtood Acroneus and Ocyalus,
Elatreus, Nauteus, Prymneus, after whom
Anchialus

Anchialus with Anabeeſineus
Aroſe, Eretmeus, Ponteus, Proreus bold,
Amphialus and Thoön *. Then aroſe,
In aſpect dread as homicidal Mars,
Euryalus, and for his graceful form
(After Laodamas) diſtinguiſh'd moſt
Of all Phæacia's ſons, Naubolides.
Three alſo from Alcinoüs ſprung, aroſe,
Laodamas, his eldeſt; Halius, next,
His ſecond-born; and godlike Clytoneus.
Of theſe, ſome ſtarted for the runner's prize.
They gave the race its limits †. All at once
Along the duſty champaign ſwift they flew.
But Clytoneus, illuſtrious youth, outſtripp'd
All competition; far as mules ſurpaſs
Slow oxen furrowing the fallow ground,
So far before all others he arrived
Victorious, where the throng'd ſpectators ſtood.
Some tried the wreſtler's toil ſevere, in which
Euryalus ſuperiour proved to all.

* The Phæacians being a maritime people, theſe names are all derived from maritime ſubjects. —C.

† Τοῖσίδ' ἀπὸ νύσσης τίτατο δρόμος—This expreſſion is by the commentators generally underſtood to be ſignificant of the effort which they made at ſtarting, but it is not improbable that it relates merely to the meaſurement of the courſe, otherwiſe, καρπαλίμως ἰνίτοντο— will be tautologous.

In

In the long leap Amphialus prevail'd;
Elatreus moſt ſucceſsful hurl'd the quoit,
And at the ceſtus, laſt, the noble ſon
Of Scheria's King, Laodamas excell'd *.
When thus with contemplation of the games
All had been gratified, Alcinoüs' ſon
Laodamas, ariſing, them addreſs'd †.

Friends! aſk we now the ſtranger, if he boaſt
Proficiency in aught. His figure ſeems
Not ill; in thighs, and legs, and arms he ſhews
Much ſtrength, and in his brawny neck; nor youth
Hath left him yet, though batter'd he appears
With num'rous troubles, and misfortune-flaw'd.
Nor know I hardſhips in the world ſo ſure
To break the ſtrongeſt down, as thoſe by ſea.

Then anſwer thus Euryalus return'd.
Thou haſt well ſaid, Laodamas; thyſelf
Approaching, ſpeak to him, and call him forth.

Which when Alcinoüs' noble offspring heard,
Advancing from his ſeat, amid them all
He ſtood, and to Ulyſſes thus began.

Stand forth, oh gueſt, thou alſo; prove thy ſkill

* In boxing.

† The poet having already given us a deſcription at large of ſimilar conteſts at the funeral of Patroclus, judiciouſly ſpeaks of theſe in the moſt ſummary manner.—C.

(If

(If any ſuch thou boaſt) in games like ours,
Which, likelieſt, thou haſt learn'd; for greater praiſe
Hath no man, while he lives, than that he know
His feet to exerciſe and hands aright *.
Come, then; make trial; ſcatter wide thy cares;
We will not hold thee long; the ſhip is launch'd
Already, and the crew ſtand all prepared.

To whom replied the wily Chief renown'd.
Wherefore, as in deriſion, have ye call'd
Me forth, Laodamas, to theſe exploits?
No games have I, but many a grief, at heart,
And with far other ſtruggles worn, here ſit
Deſirous only of conveyance home,
For which both King and people I implore.

Then him Euryalus aloud reproach'd,
I well believed it, friend! in thee the guiſe

* Exactly the ſame ſentiment is found in Pindar. Pythior. Od. X. ver. 34. a very natural one in an age when the moſt enviable public honours were beſtowed on preeminent force and agility.

——————— ὑμνητὸς ἔτος
Ἀνὴρ γίνεται σοφοῖς,
Ὅς ἂν χερσὶν, ἢ ποδῶν ἀρετᾷ
Κράτησι, τὰ μέγιστ' ἀέθλων ἐλὼν
Τόλμᾳ τε καὶ σθένει.—C.

The praiſes of the wiſe his toils repay,
Who, whether hand or foot be tried,
With force and valour on his ſide
Excels, and bears the nobleſt prize away.

I ſee

I ſee not of a man expert in feats
Athletic, of which various are perform'd
In ev'ry land; thou rather ſeem'ſt with ſhips
Familiar; one, accuſtom'd to control
Some crew of trading mariners; well-learn'd
In ſtowage, pilotage, and wealth acquired
By rapine, but of no gymnaſtic pow'rs.
To whom Ulyſſes, frowning dark, replied.
Thou haſt ill ſpoken, ſir, and like a man
Regardleſs whom he wrongs. Thus heav'n, it ſeems,
Imparts not, all to one, the various gifts
And ornaments of body, mind and ſpeech*.
This man in figure leſs excels, yet Jove
Crowns him with eloquence; his hearers charm'd
Behold him, while with unaſſuming tone
He bears the prize of fluent ſpeech from all,
And, when he walks the city, as they paſs,

* Ἀλλ' ὁ γὰρ οὐτὸς πάντ' ἐπίστασθαι βροτῶν
Πέφυκεν, ἄλλῳ δ' ἄλλο πρόσκειται γέρας·
Σὺ μὲν μάχεσθαι, τὸν δὲ βουλεύειν καλῶς.
Euripides. Rheſ. ver. 106.—C.

Each hath his talent; of the human race
None e'er was born to univerſal ſkill;
Thou ſhin'ſt in battle, but in council they.

In like manner Maharbal in Livy, Book 22. §. 51.
"The Gods impart not every thing to any. You, Annibal, know how to conquer, but are ignorant in the uſe of victory."

All turn and gaze as they had paſs'd a God *.
Another, form'd with ſymmetry divine,
Yet wants the grace that twines itſelf around
The liſt'ning hearers' hearts. Such deem I thee.
Thy form is excellent. Not Jove himſelf
Could mend it. But thy mind is nothing worth.
Thou much haſt moved me; thy unhandſome phraſe
Hath rouſed my wrath; I am not, as thou ſay'ſt,
A novice in theſe ſports, but took the lead
In all, while youth and ſtrength were on my ſide.
But I am now in bands of ſorrow held,
And of misfortune, having much endured
In war, and buffetting the boiſt'rous waves.
Yet, though with mis'ry worn, I will eſſay
My ſtrength among you; for thy words had teeth
Whoſe bite hath pinch'd and pain'd me to the proof.
He ſaid; and mantled as he was, ſprang forth
And ſeized a quoit in bulk and weight all thoſe
Tranſcending far, by the Phæacians uſed.
Swiftly he ſwung, and from his vig'rous hand
Diſmiſs'd it. Sang the ſtone, and as it flew

* So Cicero de Oratore, L. iii. §. 14.
"In whoſe preſence do men ſhake with awe? Whom, while he ſpeaks, do they contemplate with aſtoniſhment? Whom do they applaud with exclamations? and conſider, if I may ſo ſay, as a God among them? The man who is diſtinct both in his words and matter, clear, abundant, luminous."—C.

The maritime Phæacians low inclined
Their heads beneath it; over all the marks
It flew with eaſe, and ſtruck the ground beyond.
Minerva in a human form, the caſt
Prodigious meaſur'd, and aloud exclaim'd.
Stranger! the blind himſelf might with his hands
Feel out the 'vantage here, ſo far thy quoit
Hath left its beſt competitors behind.
This prize, be ſure, is thine; for, of us all,
Thy meaſure none will reach, much leſs exceed.
She ceaſed; Ulyſſes, hardy Chief, rejoiced
That in the circus he had found a judge
So favourable, and with briſker tone,
As leſs in wrath, the multitude addreſs'd.
Young men reach this, and I will quickly heave
Another ſuch, or yet a heavier quoit.
Then, come the man whoſe courage prompts him forth
To box, to wreſtle with me, or to run;
For ye have chafed me much, and I decline
No ſtrife with any here, but challenge all
Phæacia, ſave Laodamas alone.
He is mine hoſt. Who combats with his friend?
To call to proof of hardiment the man
Who entertains him in a foreign land,
Would but evince the challenger a fool,
Who, ſo, ſhould cripple his own intereſt there.

As for the reſt, I none refuſe, ſcorn none,
But wiſh for trial of you, and to match
In oppoſition fair my force with yours.
There is no game athletic in the uſe
Of all mankind, too difficult for me;
I handle well the poliſh'd bow, and firſt
Amid a thouſand foes ſtrike whom I mark,
Although a band of warriors on my ſide
At the ſame foe their num'rous arrows aim *.
Of all the Greecians who at Ilium erſt
Drew bow, the ſole ſuperiour to myſelf
Was Philoctetes; and of all mankind
Now living, I will yield to none beſides.
Yet will I not profeſs myſelf expert
As ſome of antient times, as Hercules,
Or as Oechalian Eurytus, who durſt
The Gods themſelves in archery defy.
Soon, therefore, died huge Eurytus, ere yet

* So Euſtathius underſtands the paſſage who thus obſerves on it—Ulyſſes is celebrated here as an expeditious archer, ſo quick, that though he were one among many ſhooting at the ſame time, his arrow would be the firſt to ſtrike the enemy. But Dacier ſuppoſes the μάλα πολλοὶ to refer to the adverſe hoſt, and Ulyſſes to affirm that though a multitude were prepared to ſhoot at *Him*, he would be nimbler than they, and ſend his arrow to the mark before them.

The former, however, of theſe two ſenſes, is preferred by Clarke, and is certainly the more probable.

Old

Old age he reach'd; him, angry to be call'd
To proof of archerſhip, Apollo ſlew.
But if ye name the ſpear, mine flies a length
By no man's arrow reach'd; nor fear I foil
From the Phæacians, ſave in ſpeed alone;
For I have ſuffer'd hardſhips, daſh'd and drench'd
By many a wave, nor had I food on board
At all times, therefore am I much unſtrung *.
He ſpake, and ſilent the Phæacians ſat,
Of whom alone Alcinoüs thus replied.
Since, ſtranger, not ungraceful is thy ſpeech,
Who haſt but vindicated in our ears
Thy queſtion'd proweſs, angry that this youth
Reproach'd thee in the preſence of us all,
That no man qualified to give his voice
In public, might affront thy courage more;
Now mark me, therefore, that in time to come,
While feaſting with thy children and thy ſpouſe,
Thou may'ſt inform the Heroes of thy land

* By this, according to the Scholiaſt, he muſt be underſtood to mean, not that while his raft could ſwim he wanted ſuſtenance, but after the wreck of it; yet Barnes underſtands the paſſage as a general obſervation only on the ſcanty fare of a mariner. An interpretation which Clarke rejects as unreaſonable, becauſe his veſſel is ſaid expreſsly to have been abundantly ſtored by Calypſo with all things neceſſary; ſo that, till it was wrecked, he could not poſſibly feel a want of proviſions.

That even we ſome ſkill can boaſt in arts
By Jove enjoin'd us in our fathers' days.
We boaſt not much the boxer's ſkill, nor yet
The wreſtler's; but light-footed in the race
Are we, and navigators well-inform'd.
Our pleaſures are the feaſt, the harp, the dance,
Garments for change; the tepid bath; the bed.
Come, ye Phæacians, beyond others taught
To tread the circus with harmonious ſteps,
Come, play before us; that our gueſt, arrived
In his own country, may inform his friends
How far in ſeamanſhip we all excel,
In running, in the dance, and in the ſong.
Hence, therefore, herald! Bring the tuneful bard
His lyre, left ſomewhere in our hall at home.
So ſpake the godlike King, at whoſe command
The herald to the palace quick return'd
To ſeek the charming lyre. Mean-time aroſe
Nine public umpires, officed to correct
All rude diſturbance of the games, to ſmooth
The circus, to repreſs the curious throng,
And give the narrow'd ring an ampler round.
Then came the herald ſent to ſeek the lyre,
With which ſupplied, Demodocus advanced
Into the middle area, where a band
Of blooming youths, all practis'd in the dance

En circled

Encircled him. With nimble ſteps they ſmote
The ſacred floor, ſo ſwift, that with amaze
Ulyſſes eyed them, dazzled at the ſight.
And now Demodocus his tuneful chords
Adapted to a ſprightlier ſtrain, the loves
Of Mars and Cytherea chaplet crown'd;
How firſt, clandeſtine, they embraced beneath
The roof of Vulcan; her, by many a gift
Seduced, Mars won, and with adult'rous luſt
The bed diſhonour'd of the King of fire *.
The ſun, a witneſs of their amorous ſport,
Bore ſwift the tale to Vulcan; he, apprized
Of that foul deed, at once his ſmithy ſought,
In ſecret darkneſs of his inmoſt ſoul
Contriving vengeance; to the ſtock he heav'd
His anvil huge, on which he forged a ſnare
Of bands indiſſoluble, by no art
To be untied, durance for ever firm.

* The Phæacians being a licentious and effeminate people, are entertained by Demodocus with a ſong ſuited to their character. Plato condemned it as having a tendency to debauch the morals, but Plutarch vindicates it as an intended leſſon to the reader, that the ſure way to become Phæacians in heart, is to be ſuch in practice, and that lewd ſongs accompanied with ſuitable muſic, will make a light and a laſcivious hearer.—C.

Dionyſius Hal. thinks it probable that this ludicrous epiſode furniſhed the firſt hint for Comedy.—C.

The net prepared, he bore it, fiery-wroth,
To his own chamber and his nuptial couch,
Where, ſtretching them from poſt to poſt, he wrapp'd
With thoſe fine meſhes all his bed around,
And hung them num'rous from the roof, diffuſed
Like ſpiders' filaments, which not the Gods
Themſelves could ſee, ſo ſubtle were the toils.
When thus he had encircled all his bed
On ev'ry ſide, he feign'd a journey thence
To Lemnos, of all cities that adorn
The earth, the city that he favours moſt.
Nor Mars, who reins with gold his fiery ſteeds,
Kept drowſy watch, but mark'd the going-forth
Of the illuſtrious artiſt from his home,
And thither flew, impatient to enjoy
The Goddeſs with the wreath-encircled brows.
She, newly from her potent Sire return'd
The ſon of Saturn, ſat. Mars, ent'ring, ſeiz'd
Her ſnow-white hand, which graſping, thus he ſaid.
To bed, my fair, and let us love! for lo!
Thine huſband is from home, to Lemnos gone,
And to the Sintians, men of barb'rous ſpeech.
He ſpake, nor ſhe was loth, but bedward too
Like him inclined; ſo then, to bed they went,
And as they lay'd them down, down ſtream'd the net

Around them, labour exquiſite of hands
By ingenuity divine inform'd.
Small room they found, ſo priſon'd; not a limb
Could either lift, or move, but felt at once
Entanglement from which was no eſcape.
And now, ere he had reach'd the Lemnian iſle,
Returning, (for his faithful ſpy the Sun
Had told him all) with aching heart approach'd
The limping Deity. Reſentment boil'd
Within him; in his veſtibule he ſtood,
And roar'd tremendous to the Pow'rs of heav'n.
Oh Jove! and all ye Pow'rs for ever bleſt!
Look forth, and witneſs with your eyes a ſight
Both ludicrous and not to be endured.
Behold how Venus, for my lameneſs' ſake,
Diſhonours *me*, and loves the fiery Mars!
And wherefore? for that he is fair in form
And ſound of foot, but feeble I and lame.
Whoſe fault is this? Their fault, and theirs alone
Who gave me being; ill-employed were they
Begetting me, one, better far unborn.
See where they couch together on my bed
Laſcivious! ah, ſight hateful to my eyes!
Yet cooler wiſhes will they feel, I ween,
To preſs my bed hereafter; here to ſleep
Will little pleaſe them, fondly as they love.

But theſe my toils and tangles will ſuffice
To hold them here, till Jove ſhall yield me back
Complete, the ſum of all my nuptial gifts
Paid to him for the ſhameleſs ſtrumpet's ſake
His daughter, as incontinent as fair.
He ſaid, and in the brazen-floor'd abode
Of Jove the Gods aſſembled. Neptune came
Earth-circling Pow'r; came Hermes friend of man,
And, regent of the far-commanding bow,
Apollo alſo came; but coy reſerve
Forbade the Goddeſſes to ſhare the ſcene.
The Gods, by whoſe beneficence all live,
Stood in the portal; infinite aroſe
The laugh of heav'n, all looking down intent
On that ſhrewd project of the ſmith divine,
And, turning to each other, thus they ſaid.
Bad works ſpeed ill. The ſlow o'ertakes the ſwift.
So Vulcan, tardy as he is, by craft
Hath outſtript Mars, although the fleeteſt far
Of all who dwell in heav'n, and the light-heel'd
Muſt pay the adult'rer's forfeit to the lame.
So ſpake the Gods; and thus in Hermes' ear
The King of radiant ſhafts, Apollo, next.
Jove's ſon, heav'n's herald, Hermes, bounteous God!
Would'ſt *thou* ſuch ſtricture cloſe of bands endure
For golden Venus lying at thy ſide?

Whom

Whom anſwer'd thus the meſſenger of heav'n,
Archer divine! yea, and with all my heart;
And be the bands which wind us round about
Thrice theſe, innumerable, and let all
The Gods and Goddeſſes in heaven look on,
So I may lovely Venus claſp the while.
He ſpake; then laugh'd the Immortal pow'rs again.
But not ſo Neptune; he with earneſt ſuit
The glorious artiſt urged to the releaſe
Of Mars, and thus in accents wing'd he ſaid.
Looſe him; accept my promiſe; he ſhall pay
Full recompenſe in preſence of us all.
To whom the glorious Artiſt of the ſkies.
Earth-circling Neptune! Spare me that demand.
Lame ſuitor, lame ſecurity*. What ſnares
Could I contrive that ſhould impriſon thee
In preſence of the Gods, were Mars releas'd,
And free to leave both debt and bands behind?
Him anſwer'd then the Shaker of the ſhores.
I tell thee, Vulcan, that if Mars by flight

* The original line has received ſuch a variety of interpretations, that a Tranſlator ſeems free to chooſe. It has, however, a proverbial turn, which I have endeavoured to preſerve, and have adopted that ſenſe of the words which appears beſt to accord with what immediately follows. Vulcan pleads his own inability to enforce the demand, as a circumſtance that made Neptune's promiſe unacceptable.

Shun

Shun payment, I will pay, myſelf, the fine.
To whom the glorious artiſt of the ſkies.
Thou muſt not, canſt not, ſhalt not be refuſed.
So ſaying, the might of Vulcan loos'd the ſnare,
And they, detain'd by thoſe coercive bands
No longer, from the couch upſtarting, flew,
Mars into Thrace, and to her Paphian home
The Queen of ſmiles, where deep in myrtle groves
Her incenſe-breathing altar ſtands embow'r'd,
Her there, the Graces laved, and oils diffuſed
O'er all her form, ambroſial, ſuch as add
Freſh beauty to the Gods for ever young,
And cloth'd her in the lovelieſt robes of heav'n.
Such was the theme of the illuſtrious bard.
Ulyſſes with delight that ſong, and all
The maritime Phæacian concourſe heard.
Alcinoüs, then, (for in the dance they paſs'd
All others) call'd his ſons to dance alone,
Halius and Laodamas; they gave
The purple ball into their hands, the work
Exact of Polybus; one, re-ſupine,
Upcaſt it high toward the duſky clouds,
The other, ſpringing into air, with eaſe
Receiv'd it, ere he ſank to earth again.
When thus they oft had ſported with the ball
Thrown upward, next, with nimble interchange

They paſs'd it to each other many a time,
Footing the plain, while every youth around
The circus clapp'd his hands, and from beneath
The din of ſtamping feet fill'd all the air.
Then, turning to Alcinoüs, thus the wiſe
Ulyſſes ſpake. Alcinoüs! mighty King!
Illuſtrious above all Phæacia's ſons!
Incomparable are ye in the dance,
Ev'n as thou ſaid'ſt. Aſtoniſh'd I behold
Feats unperform'd but by yourſelves alone.
His praiſe the King Alcinoüs with delight
Receiv'd, and the Phæacians thus beſpake.
Phæacian Chiefs and Senators, attend!
Wiſdom beyond the common ſtint I mark
In this our gueſt; good cauſe in my account,
For which we ſhould preſent him with a pledge
Of hoſpitality and love. The Chiefs
Are twelve, who, higheſt in command, control
The people, and the thirteenth Chief am I.
Bring each a golden talent, with a veſt
Well-bleach'd, and tunick; gratified with theſe,
The ſtranger to our banquet ſhall repair
Exulting; bring them all without delay;
And let Euryalus by word and gift
Appeaſe him, for his ſpeech was unadviſed.
He ceas'd, whom all applauded, and at once

Each

Each ſent his herald forth to bring the gifts,
When thus Euryalus the King addreſs'd.
Alcinoüs! o'er Phæacia's ſons ſupreme!
I will appeaſe the ſtranger, as thou bidd'ſt.
This ſword ſhall be his own, the blade all ſteel,
The hilt of ſilver, and the unſullied ſheath
Of iv'ry recent from the carver's hand.
A gift like this he ſhall not need deſpiſe.
So ſaying, his ſilver-ſtudded ſword he gave
Into his graſp, and, courteous, thus began.
Hail, honour'd ſtranger! and if word of mine
Have harm'd thee, raſhly ſpoken, let the winds
Bear all remembrance of it ſwift away!
May the Gods give thee to behold again
Thy wife, and to attain thy native ſhore,
Whence abſent long, thou haſt ſo much endured!
To whom Ulyſſes, ever-wiſe, replied.
Hail alſo thou, and may the Gods, my friend,
Grant thee felicity, and may never want
Of this thy ſword touch thee in time to come,
By whoſe kind phraſe appeas'd my wrath ſubſides!
So ſpake Ulyſſes, and the glitt'ring ſword
Athwart his ſhoulders flung. Now ſank the ſun,
And thoſe rich gifts arrived, which to the houſe
Of King Alcinoüs the heralds bore.
Alcinoüs' ſons receiv'd them, and beſide

Their

Their royal mother placed the precious charge.
The King then led the way, at whoſe abode
Arrived, again they preſs'd their lofty thrones,
And to Areta thus the monarch ſpake.

Haſte, bring a coffer; bring thy beſt, and ſtore
A mantle and a ſumptuous veſt within;
Warm for him, next, a brazen bath, by which
Refreſh'd, and viewing in fair order placed
The noble gifts by the Phæacian Lords
Conferr'd on him, he may the more enjoy
Our banquet, and the bard's harmonious ſong.
I give him alſo this my golden cup
Splendid, elaborate; that, while he lives,
What time he pours libation forth to Jove
And all the Gods, he may remember me.

He ended, at whoſe words Areta bade
Her maidens with diſpatch place o'er the fire
An ample tripod; they, at her command,
A tripod o'er the glowing embers placed,
Water infuſed, and kindled wood beneath.
The flames, encircling bright the bellied vaſe,
Warm'd ſoon the flood within. Mean-time, the Queen
Producing from her chamber-ſtores a cheſt
All-elegant, within it placed the gold
And raiment, gifts of the Phæacian Chiefs,
With her own gifts, the mantle and the veſt,

And

And in wing'd accents to Ulyſſes ſaid.
Now take, thyſelf, the coffer's lid in charge;
Girdle it quickly with a cord, leſt loſs
Befall thee on thy way, while thou perchance
Shalt ſleep ſecure on board the ſable bark *.
Which when illuſtrious Ulyſſes heard,
Cloſing the cheſt, he girded it around,
And with a knot moſt intricate, erewhile
By Circe taught him, made the cord ſecure.
And now, the miſtreſs of the houſehold charge
Summon'd him to his bath; he glad beheld
The ſteaming vaſe, uncuſtom'd to its uſe
E'er ſince he left Ogygia, where he knew
No want of aught, attended like a God.
Now, therefore, once again by female hands
Laved and anointed, and with rich attire
Both veſt and mantle ſerved, he left the bath
With ſprightlier ſteps, and ſought the ſocial hall
To ſhare the feaſt of wine; but, as he paſs'd,
Nauſicaa, to whom the Gods had giv'n
Surpaſſing beauty, ſaw him, where ſhe ſtood
Beſide the portal, with admiring eyes,

* Portable property was antiently ſecured by cords, the only practicable mode of guarding it till locks were invented.—C. But it was precarious, and therefore probably gave occaſion to the exerciſe of much ingenuity in the art of knot-making.

And

And in wing'd accents thus the Chief addreſs'd.
Hail, ſtranger! at thy native home arrived
Remember me, thy firſt deliv'rer here.
To whom Ulyſſes, ever-wiſe, replied.
Nauſicæa! daughter of the noble King
Alcinoüs! So may Jove, high-thund'ring mate
Of Juno, grant me to behold again
My native land, and my delightful home,
As, even there, I will preſent my vows
To thee, adoring thee as I adore
The Gods themſelves, virgin, by whom I live!
He ſaid, and on his throne beſide the King
Alcinoüs ſat. And now they portion'd out
The feaſt to all, and charged the cups with wine,
And introducing by his hand the bard
Phæacia's glory, at the column's ſide
The herald placed Demodocus again.
Then, carving forth a portion from the loins
Of a huge brawn, of which uneaten ſtill
Large part and delicate remain'd, thus ſpake
Ulyſſes—Herald! bear it to the bard
For his regale, whom I will ſoon embrace
In ſpite of ſorrow; for reſpect is due
And veneration to the ſacred bard
From all mankind, for that the muſe inſpires
Herſelf his ſong, and loves the tuneful tribe.

He

He ended, and the herald bore his charge
To the old Hero, who with joy received
That meed of honour at the bearer's hand.
Then, all, at once, aſſail'd the ready feaſt,
And when nor hunger more nor thirſt they felt,
Thus to Demodocus Ulyſſes ſpake.

Demodocus! I give thee praiſe above
All mortal men; ſince either thee the Muſe
Jove's tuneful daughter, or the ſon of Jove
Apollo prompts; for, of Achaia's hoſt,
Their glorious deeds and arduous toils, thou ſing'ſt
As thou hadſt preſent been thyſelf, or learnt
From others preſent there, the mournful tale *.
Come, then, proceed; that rare invention ſing,

* Maximus Tyrius in his ſixteenth Diſſertation, not far from the beginning of it, ſpeaks thus—Having fallen on the mention of Homer, and being unqualified myſelf to praiſe him worthily, I will entreat him to accommodate me with an expreſſion of his own, that I may not ſeem to depreciate him by mine—

——"Ἐξοχα δή σε βροτῶν," ὦ Ὅμηρε, "αἰνίζομαι πάντων.—C.

The application however is not very happy, for it totally ſpoils the verſe.

It is evident, Euſtathius obſerves, that the poet here had an eye to himſelf, who ſeems indeed to have been inſpired. With ſuch ſcanty materials has he framed ſo beautiful a ſtory, interweaving them with incidents ſo various and with ſuch an air of truth, that knowing he was not preſent nor had converſed with others who were, we are ready to conclude that the Muſe muſt have taught him all.—C.

The

The horſe of wood, which by Minerva's aid
Epeus framed, and which Ulyſſes erſt
Convey'd into the citadel of Troy
With warriors fill'd, who lay'd all Ilium waſte.
Sing but this theme as ſweetly, and, thenceforth,
I will proclaim thee in all ears, a bard
Of pow'rs divine, and by the Gods inſpired.
He ended; then Apollo with full force
Ruſh'd on Demodocus, and he began
What time the Greeks, firſt firing their own camp,
Steer'd all their galleys from the ſhore of Troy.
Already, in the horſe conceal'd, his band
Around Ulyſſes ſat; for Ilium's ſons
Had drawn it to the citadel themſelves,
And there the miſchief ſtood. Then, ſtrife aroſe
Among the Trojans compaſſing the horſe,
And threefold was the doubt; whether to cleave
The hollow trunk aſunder, or updrawn
Aloft, to caſt it headlong from the rocks,
Or to permit the enormous image, kept
Entire, to ſtand an off'ring to the Gods,
Which was their deſtined courſe; for Fate had fix'd
Their ruin ſure, when once they had received
Within their walls that engine huge, in which
Sat all the braveſt Greecians with the fate
Of Ilium charged, and ſlaughter of her ſons.

He ſang, how, from the horſe effuſed, the Greeks
Left their capacious ambuſh, and the town
Made deſolate. To others, in his ſong,
He gave the praiſe of waſting all beſide,
But told how, fierce as Mars, Ulyſſes join'd
With godlike Menelaus, in his houſe
Aſſail'd Deiphobus; him there engaged
In direſt fight he ſang, and through the aid
Of glorious Pallas, conqu'ror over all *.
So ſang the bard illuſtrious, at whoſe ſong
Ulyſſes melted, and tear following tear
Fell on his cheeks. As when a woman weeps,
Her huſband fall'n in battle for her ſake
And for his children' ſake, before the gate
Of his own city; ſinking to his ſide
She cloſe infolds him with a laſt embrace,
And, gazing on him as he pants and dies,
Shrieks at the ſight; mean-time, the ruthleſs foe
Smiting her ſhoulders with the ſpear, to toil
Command her and to bondage far away,
And her cheek fades with horrour at the ſound;
Ulyſſes, ſo, from his moiſt lids let fall
The frequent tear. Unnoticed by the reſt

* Helen, after the death of Paris, is ſaid to have been married to Deiphobus.—B. & C. The tradition affords at leaſt a probable reaſon for the aſſault of his houſe in particular.

Thoſe

Thoſe drops, but not by King Alcinoüs, fell,
Who, ſeated at his ſide, his heavy ſighs
Remark'd, and the Phæacians thus beſpake *.
Phæacian Chiefs and Senators attend!
Now bid the bard withhold his ſkilful hand,
Since not alike delightful to us all
Is this new theme, which hearing, (while ourſelves
Have ſupp'd and liſten'd to the noble ſtrain
Well-pleas'd) the ſtranger hath not ceas'd from tears
And lamentation, by remembrance cauſed
Of ſome great woe which wraps his ſoul around.
Bid, therefore, ceaſe the bard, that all alike
Be gratified, the ſtranger and ourſelves,
As is moſt ſeemly; for his conduct hence
To his own home, and theſe our lib'ral gifts
Prove that we prize him, as the ſoul that feels,
Though in the leaſt degree, will ever prize
And as a brother love the ſuppliant-gueſt.
And thou conceal not, artfully reſerv'd,
What I ſhall aſk, far better plain declared
Than ſmother'd cloſe; who art thou? ſpeak thy name,
The name by which thy father, mother, friends

* The ſtory of the Trojan horſe is artfully introduced, that Ulyſſes weeping at the recital of it, and being queſtioned concerning the cauſe of his tears, an eaſy and natural introduction may be afforded to the narrative of his adventures.—C.

And fellow-citizens, with all who dwell
Around thy native city, in times paſt
Have known thee; for of all things human none
Lives altogether nameleſs, whether baſe
By birth, or noble, but each man receives
Ev'n in the moment of his birth, a name *.
Thy country, people, city, tell; the mark
At which my ſhips, intelligent, ſhall aim,
That they may bear thee thither; for our ſhips
No pilot need or helm, as ſhips are wont,
But know, themſelves, our purpoſe; know beſide
All cities, and all fruitful regions well
Of all the earth, and, though in clouds involved,
Skim the rude billows, fearing neither wreck
Nor inj'ry, rage the tempeſt as it may.
Yet thus, long ſince, my father I have heard
Nauſithoüs ſpeaking; Neptune, he would ſay,
Is angry with us, for that ſafe we bear
Strangers of ev'ry nation to their home;
And he foretold a time when he would break
In pieces ſome Phæacian gallant bark
Returning after convoy of her charge,
And that, behind a mountain huge conceal'd

* The parents had by law not only a power to name their child, but alſo to give him a new name afterward, proclaiming it by the publick crier.—C.

Our

Our city ſhould, thenceforth, be found no more.
So ſpake my hoary Sire, which let the God
At his own pleaſure do, or leave undone.
But tell me truth, and plainly. Where have been
Thy wand'rings? in what regions of the earth
Haſt thou arrived? what nations haſt thou ſeen,
What cities? ſay, how many haſt thou found
Harſh, ſavage and unjuſt? how many, kind
To ſtrangers, and diſpoſed to fear the Gods?
Say alſo, from what ſecret grief of heart
Thy ſorrows flow, oft as thou hear'ſt the fate
Of the Achaians, or of Ilium ſung?
That fate the Gods prepared; they ſpin the thread
Of man's deſtruction, that in after days
The bard may make the ſad event his theme.
Periſh'd thy father or thy brother there?
Or haſt thou at the ſiege of Ilium loſt
Father-in-law, or ſon-in-law? for ſuch
Are next and deareſt to us after thoſe
Who ſhare our own deſcent; or was the dead
Thy boſom-friend, whoſe heart was as thy own?
For worthy as a brother of our love
The conſtant friend and the diſcrete I deem.

ARGUMENT

OF THE

NINTH BOOK.

Ulyſſes diſcovers himſelf to the Phæacians, and begins the hiſtory of his adventures. He deſtroys Iſmarus, city of the Ciconians; arrives among the Lotophagi; and afterwards at the land of the Cyclops. He is impriſoned by Polypheme in his cave, who devours ſix of his companions; intoxicates the monſter with wine, blinds him while he ſleeps, and eſcapes from him.

BOOK IX.

THEN anſwer, thus, Ulyſſes wiſe return'd.
Alcinoüs! o'er Phæacia's ſons ſupreme!
Pleaſant it is to liſten while a bard
Like This, melodious as Apollo, ſings.
The world, in my account, no ſight affords
More gratifying, than a people bleſt
With cheerfulneſs and peace, a palace throng'd
With gueſts in order ſeated and regaled
With harp and ſong, while plenteous viands ſteam

On

On ev'ry table, and the cups, with wine
From brimming beakers fill'd, paſs briſk around.
No lovelier ſight know I *. But thou, it ſeems,
Thy thoughts haſt turn'd to aſk me whence my groans
And tears, that I may ſorrow ſtill the more †.
What firſt, what next, what laſt ſhall I rehearſe,
On whom the Gods have ſhow'r'd ſuch various woes?
Learn firſt my name, that even in this land
Remote I may be known, and that, eſcaped

* Lucian ludicrouſly conſiders it as a demonſtrative proof that the life of a paraſite, or of one who ſubſiſts at another's table, is ſupremely happy, that Homer, the wiſeſt of poets, introduces the wiſe Ulyſſes admiring the ſpectacle here deſcribed as the pleaſanteſt that the earth affords. But Plato is very angry with Homer on account of this ſentiment, and, aſking if this be a leſſon of temperance fit for a youth to ſtudy, ſwears by Jupiter that in his opinion it is not. His indignation however ſeems rather unreaſonable; ſince it is plainly a ſpeech of complaiſance merely, and deſigned to gratify Alcinoüs, the King of a voluptuous people. Thus Megaclides and Hermogenes conſidered it, and thus Euſtathius; and, thus underſtood, it is a ſtrong inſtance of the poet's attention to character, who ſo often extols the prudence of Ulyſſes.—C.

† So Sophocles in Oedipus Colon: ver. 501.

Δεινὸν μὲν τὸ παλαι κείμενον ἥδη κακὸν,
Ὦ ξεῖν,' ἐπεγείρειν.——————

O gueſt! 'tis hard to wake a ſleeping woe!

And ſo Plutarch in his Sympoſiacs obſerves—We ſhould be careful how we aſk from others an account of their ſufferings; for whether they have ſuffered by acts of injuſtice, or by the deaths of children, or by unſucceſsful trading either by land or ſea, the recital coſts them pain.—C.

From all adverſity, I may requite
Hereafter, this your hoſpitable care
At my own home, though diſtant far from yours.
I am Ulyſſes, fear'd in all the earth
For ſubtleſt wiſdom, and renown'd to heaven,
The offspring of Laertes; my abode
Is ſun-burnt Ithaca; there ſtands, his boughs
Waving, the mountain Neritus ſublime,
And it is neighbour'd cloſe by cluſt'ring iſles
All populous; thence Samos is beheld,
Dulichium, and Zacynthus foreſt-clad.
Flat on the Deep ſhe lies, fartheſt removed
Toward the Weſt, while, ſituate apart,
Her ſiſter iſlands face the riſing day;
Rugged ſhe is, but fruitful nurſe of ſons
Magnanimous; nor ſhall theſe eyes behold,
Elſewhere, an object dear and ſweet as ſhe.
Calypſo, beauteous Goddeſs, in her grot
Detain'd me, wiſhing me her own eſpouſed;
Ææan * Circe alſo, deeply ſkill'd
In ſubtleſt arts, within her palace long
Detain'd me, wiſhing me her own eſpouſed;
But never could they warp my conſtant mind.
So much our parents and our native ſoil
Attract us moſt, and even though our lot

* So called from Aia a city of Colchis.—B. & C.

Be

Be fair and plenteous in a foreign land.
But come—my painful voyage, ſuch as Jove
Gave me from Ilium, I will now relate.
From Troy to Thracian Iſmarus I ſail'd,
City of the Ciconians; them I ſlew,
And laid their city waſte*; whence bringing forth
Much ſpoil with all their wives, I portion'd it
With equal hand, and each received a ſhare.
Next, I exhorted to immediate flight
My people; but in vain; they madly ſcorn'd
My ſober counſel, and much wine they drank,
And ſheep and beeves ſlew num'rous on the ſhore.
Mean-time, Ciconians to Ciconians call'd,
Their neighbours ſummoning, a mightier hoſt
And braver, dwelling diſtant from the ſhore,
And ſkilful, either mounted, to maintain
Fierce fight, or if occaſion bade, on foot.
Num'rous they came as leaves, or vernal flow'rs
At day-ſpring. Then, by the decree of Jove,
Misfortune found us. At the ſhips we ſtood
Piercing each other with the brazen ſpear,
And till the morning brighten'd into noon,
Few as we were, we yet withſtood them all;
But, when the ſun verged weſtward, then the Greeks
Fell back, and the Ciconian hoſt prevail d.

* Becauſe they had been allies of Priam.—B. & C.

Six

Six warlike Greecians from each galley's crew
Periſh'd in that dread field; the reſt eſcaped *.
Thus, after loſs of many, we purſued
Our courſe, yet, difficult as was our flight,
Went not till firſt we had invoked by name
Our friends, whom the Ciconians had deſtroy'd †.
But, ether's Sov'reign, Jove, aſſail'd us ſoon
With a tempeſtuous North-wind; earth alike
And ſea with ſtorms he overhung, and night
Fell faſt from heav'n. Their heads deep-plunging oft
Our gallies flew, and rent, and rent again
Our tatter'd ſail-cloth crackled in the wind.
We, fearing inſtant death, within the barks
Our canvas lodg'd, and, toiling ſtrenuous, reach'd
At length the continent. Two nights we lay
Continual there, and two long days, conſumed
With toil and grief; but when the beauteous morn
Had brought, at length, the third day to a cloſe ‡,

* The whole number of the ſlain was 72, for it appears afterward that his barks were 12.—B.

† It was cuſtomary when any died in a foreign land, for the ſurvivors, uſing certain ceremonies at the ſame time, to invoke them by name, that they might thus ſeem, even though their bodies were left behind, to have them ſtill in their company.—B. & C.

‡ Ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ τρίτον ἦμαρ ἐϋπλόκαμος τέλεσ' ἠώς,

Or it may ſignify, *on the morning of the third day*, for τελέω has a double ſenſe, importing not only to finiſh but to make or bring to paſs. As in that line—

Εἰ δύναμαι τελέσαι γε, καὶ εἰ τετελεσμένον ἐστί.

(Our maſts erected, and white ſails unfurl'd)
Again we ſat on board; mean-time, the winds
Well managed by the ſteerſman, urged us on.
And now, all danger paſs'd, I had attain'd
My native ſhore, but, doubling in my courſe
Malea, waves and currents and North-winds
Conſtrain'd me devious to Cythera's iſle *.
Nine days by cruel ſtorms I thence was borne
Athwart the fiſhy Deep, but on the tenth
Reach'd the Lotophagi, a race ſuſtain'd
On ſweeteſt fruit alone †. There quitting ſhip,
We landed and drew water, and the crews
Beſide the veſſels took their ev'ning cheer.
When, haſty, we had thus our ſtrength renew'd,
I order'd forth my people to inquire
(Two I ſelected from the reſt, with whom
I join'd an herald, third) what race of men
Might there inhabit. They, departing, mix'd
With the Lotophagi; nor hoſtile aught
Or ſavage the Lotophagi deviſed

* Malea was a promontory and Cythera an iſland of Laconia.—B. & C.

† Meninx is ſuppoſed to have been the land of the Lotophagi mentioned by Homer. Some indications of it are ſhown there, ſuch as the altar built by Ulyſſes and the very fruit he found; for it abounds with a ſort of tree which the inhabitants call the Lotus, the fruit of which has the moſt agreeable flavour. Strabo Geog: B. XVII.—It is alſo ſaid that they made wine of it.—C.

Againſt

Againſt our friends, but offer'd to their taſte
The lotus; of which fruit what man ſoe'er
Once taſted, no deſire felt he to come
With tidings back, or ſeek his country more,
But rather wiſh'd to feed on lotus ſtill
With the Lotophagi, and to renounce
All thoughts of home. Them, therefore, I conſtrain'd
Weeping on board, and dragging each beneath
The benches, bound him there. Then, all in haſte,
I urged my people to aſcend again
Their hollow barks, leſt others alſo, fed
With fruit of lotus, ſhould forget their home.
They quick embark'd, and on the benches ranged
In order, threſh'd with oars the foamy flood.

Thence, o'er the Deep proceeding ſad, we reach'd
The land at length, where, giant-ſized * and free
From all conſtraint of law, the Cyclops dwell.
They, truſting to the Gods, plant not, or plough,
But earth unſow'd, untill'd, brings forth for them
All fruits, wheat, barley, and the vinous grape
Large-cluſter'd, nouriſh'd by the ſhow'rs of Jove †.

* So the Scholium interprets in this place, the word ὑπερφίαλος.—B. & C.

† They truſted, as Clarke obſerves, not in a religious ſenſe, for it appears in the ſequel that they accounted the Gods inferiour to themſelves, but in an economical one; depending in fact on their ſoil and climate, and leading a life of eaſe and inactivity.

No

No councils they convene, no laws contrive,
But caverns deep inhabit on the heads
Of lofty mountains, judging each, his own,
And heedleſs of the welfare of the reſt.
In front of the Cyclopean haven lies
Nor cloſe nor yet remote, an iſland, ſmall
And cloth'd with woods. There, wild-goats, undiſturb'd,
Breed numberleſs; for never huntſman there,
Inured to toil and hardſhip while he roams
The dreary woodland heights, their track purſues;
No fleecy flocks dwell there, nor plough is known,
But the unſeeded and unfurrow'd ſoil,
Year after year a wilderneſs by man
Untrodden, food for blatant goats ſupplies.
For crimſon galleys none the Cyclops own,
Nor naval artiſt, whoſe induſtrious hand
Might build them barks for intercourſe by ſea
With diſtant cities, as the practice is,
For mutual 'vantage' ſake, of wiſer man,
Elſe, man might people and improve their iſle
Not ſteril in itſelf, but apt to yield,
In their due ſeaſon, fruits of ev'ry kind.
For ſtretch'd beſide the hoary ocean lie
Green meadows moiſt, where vines would never fail;
Light is the land, and they might yearly reap
The talleſt crops, ſo unctuous is the glebe.

Safe

Safe is its haven alſo, where no need
Of cable is or anchor, or to laſh
The hawſer faſt aſhore, but puſhing in
His bark, the mariner might there abide
Till riſing gales ſhould tempt him forth again.
At bottom of the bay clear water runs,
Iſſuing from a cove hemm'd all around
With poplars; down into that bay we ſteer'd
Amid the darkneſs of the night, ſome God
Conducting us; for all unſeen it lay,
Such gloom involved the fleet, nor ſhone the moon
From heav'n to light us, veil'd by pitchy clouds.
Hence, neither iſland, we, nor lofty ſurge
Rolling toward the beach deſcried, or ere
Our veſſels ſtruck the ground; but when they ſtruck,
Then, low'ring all our ſails, we diſembark'd,
And on the ſea-beach ſlept till dawn appear'd.
Soon as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
Look'd roſy forth, we with admiring eyes
The iſle ſurveying, roam'd it wide around.
Meantime, the nymphs, Jove's daughters, rouſed the goats
Bred on the mountains, to ſupply with food
The partners of my toils; then, bringing forth
Bows and long-pointed javelins from the ships,
Divided all into three ſep'rate bands
We ſtruck them, and the Gods requited ſoon

Our

Our ſkill, ſo frequent on all ſides they fell.
Twelve ſhips attended me, and ev'ry ſhip
Nine goats received by lot; myſelf alone
Selected ten. All day, till ſet of ſun,
We, feaſting largely, ſat, and drinking wine
Delicious, without ſtint; for dearth was none
Of ruddy wine on board, but much remain'd,
For much we found at Iſmarus, where each
His veſſel fill'd, when we deſpoil'd the town.
Thence looking to the near Cyclopean ſhore
We ſaw ſmoke riſing, and a mingled din
Of ſheep and goats and of their owners heard.
Now ſank the ſun, and (night o'erſhadowing all)
We ſlept along the ſhore; but when again
The roſy-finger'd daughter of the dawn
Look'd forth, my crews convened, I thus began.
My friends! reſt here, while, ſeeking yonder coaſt
With my own bark and people, I inquire
If the inhabitants be wild, unjuſt,
And to contention giv'n, or well diſpoſed
To ſtrangers, and a race who fear the Gods.
So ſaying, I climb'd my bark and bade my crew
Caſting her hawſers looſe, attend me thence.
Obedient they ſoon enter'd, and with oars
Well-timed and even threſh'd the foamy flood.
Erelong, arriving on the coaſt, we found

At

At its extremity, faſt by the ſea,
A cavern, lofty, and dark-brow'd above
With laurels; in that cavern ſlumb'ring lay
Much cattle, ſheep and goats, and a broad court
Encloſed it, fenced with ſtones from quarries hewn,
With ſpiry firs, and oaks of ample bough.
Here dwelt a giant vaſt, who far remote
His flocks fed ſolitary, converſe none
Deſiring, ſullen, ſavage, and unjuſt.
Monſter, in truth, he was, hideous in form,
Far leſs reſembling man by bread ſuſtain'd,
Than ſome huge mountain-ſummit, tufted thick
With trees and ſhrubs, and tow'ring o'er the reſt.
Enjoining, then, my people to abide
Faſt by the ſhip which they ſhould cloſely guard,
I went; but not without a goat-ſkin fill'd
With richeſt wine, from Maron erſt received,
The offspring of Evanthes, and the prieſt
Of Phœbus, whom in Iſmarus I ſaved,
And, with himſelf, his children and his wife,
Through rev'rence of Apollo; for he dwelt
Amid the laurels ſacred to his God.
He gave me, therefore, noble gifts; from him
Sev'n talents I receiv'd of beaten gold,
A beaker, argent all, and after theſe
No fewer than twelve jars with wine replete,

Rich

Rich, unadult'rate, drink for Gods; nor knew
One ſervant, male or female, of that wine
In all his houſe; none knew it, ſave himſelf,
His wife, and the intendant of his ſtores.
Oft as they drank that luſcious juice, he ſlaked
A ſingle cup with twenty from the ſtream,
And, even then, the beaker breath'd abroad
A ſcent celeſtial, which whoever ſmelt,
Thenceforth no pleaſure found it to abſtain.
Charged with an ample goat-ſkin of this wine
I went, and with proviſion in a bag,
But felt a ſudden preſage in my ſoul
That, haply, with terrifick force endued,
Some ſavage would appear, untaught the laws
That guard the ſocial rites of human-kind.
We fearleſs enter'd his abode, but Him
Found not, then paſturing his flocks abroad.
With curious eyes his cavern we explored
From ſide to ſide; his ſtrainers hung with cheeſe
Diſtended, and with lambs and kids his pens
Were crowded cloſe, all ſorted by their age
In ſep'rate folds; the fulleſt-ſized apart,
Apart from theſe the ſmaller, and the leaſt
Alſo apart. His pails and bowls with whey
Swam all, neat veſſels into which he milk'd.
Me then my friends firſt importuned to take

A portion of his cheeſes, then to drive
Forth from the ſheep-cotes to the rapid bark
His kids and lambs, and plough the brine again.
But me they moved not, happier had they moved!
I wiſh'd to ſee him, and to gain, perchance,
Some pledge of hoſpitality from One,
No pleaſant hoſt, when he ſhould once appear.
Then, kindling fire, we offer'd to the Gods,
And of his cheeſes eating, patient ſat
Till home he trudg'd from paſture *. Charged he came
With dry wood bundled, an enormous load,
Fuel by which to ſup. Loud craſh'd the thorns
Which down he caſt before the cavern's mouth,
To whoſe interiour nooks we trembling flew.
At once he drove into his ſpacious cave
His batten'd flock, all thoſe which gave him milk,
But left the males, both rams and goats, abroad,
And with a rock (uplifting it with eaſe)
Shut cloſe his cavern's mouth. It was a load
Which all the teams of twenty and two wains
Of ampleſt ſize, had toil'd in vain to move.
Such was the crag that ſerved him as a door

* Athenæus takes particular notice of it as an inſtance of the piety of Homer, that he repreſents Ulyſſes as ſcrupulouſly attentive to this religious duty, even in the cave of the Cyclops.—C. But the pious act had certainly this defect in it, that he offered what was not his own; a defect which Barnes has noticed.

For his capacious cave. Then, down he ſat,
And milking, one by one, his goats and ewes,
Applied her yeanling to the teats of each,
And thick'ning half with rennet, thruſt the curd
Into his wicker ſieves, but ſtored the reſt
In pans and bowls—his cuſtomary drink.
His labours thus perform'd, he kindled, laſt,
His fuel, and diſcerning *us*, enquired,
Friends, ſpeak your names, and anſwer, whence ye come?
Plough ye the Deep for traffick, or, at large,
As pirates, rove, who, fearing nought themſelves,
Alarm and terrour bear to foreign ſhores?
He ceas'd. We, ſtruck with horrour, heard the growl
Of his big voice, and view'd his form uncouth,
To whom, though ſore-appall'd, I thus replied.
Of Greece are we, and, bound from Ilium home,
Have wander'd wide the expanſe of ocean, ſport
For every wind, and, driven from our courſe,
(Such was the will of Jove) have landed here.
We boaſt ourſelves of Agamemnon's train,
The ſon of Atreus, at this hour the Chief
Beyond all others under heav'n renown'd,
So great a city he hath ſack'd, and ſlain
Such num'rous foes; but ſince we reach, at laſt,
Thy knees, we beg ſuch hoſpitable fare,
Or other gift, as gueſts are wont to obtain.

Illuſtrious lord! reſpect the Gods, and us
Thy ſuitors; ſuppliants are the care of Jove
The hoſpitable; he their wrongs reſents,
And where the ſtranger ſojourns, there is he.

I ceas'd, when anſwer thus he, fierce, return'd.
Friend! either thou art fool, or haſt arrived
Indeed from far, who bidd'ſt me fear the Gods
Leſt they be wroth. The Cyclops little heeds
Jove ægis-arm'd, or all the Powers of heav'n *.
Our race is mightier far; nor ſhall I ſpare,
Through fear of Jove's hoſtility, thyſelf
Or thy companions, be not ſuch my choice.
But tell me now. Where touch'd thy gallant bark
Our country, on thy firſt arrival here?
Remote, or nigh? for I would learn the truth.

So ſpake he, tempting me; but, artful, thus
I anſwer'd, penetrating his intent.

My veſſel, Neptune, Shaker of the ſhores,
At yonder utmoſt promontory daſh'd
In pieces, hurling her againſt the rocks
With winds that blew right thither from the ſea,

* So the Cyclops of Euripides ſays,

Ζηνὸς δ' ἐγὼ κεραυνὸν οὐ φρίσσω, ξένε,
Οὐδ' οἶδ' ὅτι Ζεὺς ἔστ' ἐμοῦ κρείσσων θεός.—C.

I quake not at the thunderbolt of Jove
O gueſt, nor know him more a God than I.

And

And I, with theſe alone, eſcaped alive.
So I, to whom, relentleſs, anſwer none
He deign'd, but, with his arms extended, ſprang
Toward my people, of whom two at once
Seizing, like whelps againſt his cavern-floor
He daſh'd them, and their brains ſpread all around.
Theſe, piece-meal hewn, for ſupper he prepared,
And, like a mountain-lion, neither fleſh
Nor entrails left, nor yet their marrowy bones.
We, viewing that tremendous fight, upraiſed
Our hands to Jove, all hope and courage loſt.
When thus the Cyclops had with human fleſh
Fill'd his capacious belly, and had quaff'd
Much undiluted milk, among his flocks
Outſtretch'd immenſe, he preſs'd his cavern-floor.
Me, then, my courage prompted to approach
The monſter with my glitt'ring faulchion drawn,
And to transfix him where the vitals wrap
The liver; but maturer thoughts forbade.
For ſo, we alſo had incurr'd a death
Tremendous, wanting pow'r to thruſt aſide
The rocky maſs that cloſed his cavern-mouth
By force of hand alone. Thus many a ſigh
Heaving, we watch'd the dawn. But when, at length,
Aurora, day-ſpring's daughter roſy-palm'd
Look'd forth, then, kindling fire, his flocks he milk'd

In order, and her yeanling kid or lamb
Thruſt under each. When thus he had perform'd
His wonted taſk, two ſeizing, as before,
He ſlew them for his next obſcene regale.
His breakfaſt ended, from the cave he drove
His fatted flocks abroad, moving with eaſe
That pond'rous barrier, and replacing it
As he had only cloſed a quiver's lid.
Then, hiſſing them along, he drove his flocks
Toward the mountain, and me left, the while
Contemplating how beſt I might avenge
My friends, and by the aid of Pallas win
Deathleſs renown. This counſel pleas'd me moſt.
Beſide the ſheep-cote lay a maſſy club
Hewn by the Cyclops from an olive ſtock,
Green, but which dried, ſhould ſerve him for a ſtaff.
To us conſid'ring it, that ſtaff appear'd
Tall as the maſt of a huge trading bark,
Impell'd by twenty rowers o'er the Deep.
Such, in our eyes, its length and bulk appear'd.
From this I ſever'd, at its tap'ring end,
A fathom's length, and bade my people ſhave
The ſcantling ſmooth. They ſmooth'd it, and, the while,
I gave it point, then ſeer'd it in the fire,
And cover'd it with ordure of the flocks
With which the cavern-floor lay thick beſpread.

And

And now, commandment for the lots I gave,
Who ſhould, with me, the pointed brand enforce
When ſleep ſhould ſeize him next, into his eye,
And grind the pupil out. They ſhook the lots,
And four were choſen, in my own eſteem
The worthieſt, and myſelf was choſen fifth *.
At even-tide he came, his fleecy flocks
Aſſembling homeward, and compell'd them all
Into his cavern, leaving none abroad,
Either through ſome ſurmiſe, or ſo inclined
By influence, haply, of the Gods themſelves.
The huge rock pull'd into its place again

* It was neceſſary to chooſe them by lot, leſt thoſe whom he left, had he choſen his aſſiſtants otherwiſe, ſhould have thought themſelves undervalued, or thoſe whom he had taken, have complained of being ſelected for a ſervice of ſo much danger.

Spondanus, as both Barnes and Clarke obſerve, has much fooliſh ſpeculation here, on the queſtion why Ulyſſes did not kill the Cyclops at once, Is he ſatisfied, ſays he, with ſuch ſlight revenge for the loſs of his ſix companions? I deny that it was ſlight. To blind him was a ſeverer puniſhment than to ſlay him. By deprivation of ſight his life is made more bitter to him than a thouſand deaths. And I am not afraid to affirm that this was the very conſideration which determined Ulyſſes to act as he did, though the poet has not mentioned it. The learned critick, ſays Clarke, was wonderfully blind himſelf, for the true reaſon of the hero's conduct could not have been more plainly given than it is in that line,

Αὐτῷ γάρ κε καὶ ἄμμας ἀπώλομεν, &c.

The mouth of the cave being cloſed with a rock which they could not move, they muſt infallibly have periſhed, had not Ulyſſes ſpared the life of Polypheme that he might diſplace it for them.

At the cave's mouth, he, ſitting, milk'd his ſheep
And goats in order, and her kid or lamb
Thruſt under each; thus, all his work diſpatch'd,
Two more he ſeiz'd, and to his ſupper fell.
I then, preſenting to his hand a bowl
Of ivy-wood replete with ruddy wine,
Before the Cyclops ſtood, and thus began.

Lo, Cyclops! this is wine. Take this and drink
After thy meal of man's fleſh. Taſte and learn
What precious liquor our loft veſſel bore.
I brought it for libation, and in hope
That, moved to pity by that ſacred rite,
Thou would'ſt diſmiſs us home; but limits none
Thy fury knows; what man of all mankind
Shall, after deeds thus lawleſs, viſit *Thee?*

I ceas'd. He took and drank, and hugely † pleas'd
With that delicious bev'rage, thus enquired.

Give me again, and ſpare not. Tell me, too,
Thy name, incontinent, that I may make
Requital, gratifying alſo thee

* Hierocles being brought before the judge, he ſentenced him to be beaten with rods, when filling the hollow of his hand with the blood that ſtreamed from him, he ſcattered it over the magiſtrate, ſaying

Κύκλωψ, τῆ, πίε οἶνον, ἐπεὶ φάγες ἀνδρόμεα κρέα.

Vide Suidam in voce Hierocles.—B. & C.

† Ἄσας.

With

With ſomewhat to thy taſte. We Cyclops own
A bounteous ſoil, which yields *us* alſo wine
From cluſters nouriſh'd by the ſhow'rs of Jove;
But this—oh this is from above—a ſtream
Of nectar and ambroſia, all divine!

He ended, and received a ſecond draught,
Like meaſure. Thrice I bore it to his hand,
And, fooliſh, thrice he drank. But when the fumes
Began to play around the Cyclops' brain,
With ſhow of amity I thus replied.

Cyclops! thou haſt my noble name enquired,
Which I will tell thee. Give me, in return,
The promiſed boon, ſome hoſpitable pledge.
My name is Outis*; Outis I am call'd
At home, abroad, wherever I am known.

So

* Clarke, who has preſerved this name in his marginal verſion, contends ſtrenuouſly, and with great reaſon, that Outis ought not to be tranſlated; and in a paſſage which he quotes from the *Acta eruditorum*, we ſee much fault found with Giphanius and other interpreters of Homer for having tranſlated it. It is certain that in Homer the word is declined not as ουτις-τινος, which ſignifies no man, but as ουτις-τιδος, making ουτι in the accuſative, conſequently as a proper name. It is ſufficient that the ambiguity was ſuch as to deceive the friends of the Cyclops. Outis is ſaid by ſome (perhaps abſurdly) to have been a name given to Ulyſſes on account of his having larger ears than common.

The Gentleman who honoured this work with ſome very learned and acute criticiſms in the Analytical Review for January 1793, and to whoſe remarks the Tranſlator with pleaſure acknowledges himſelf indebted for ſeveral improvements, is ſtill of opinion againſt

Clarke

So I; to whom he, ſavage, thus replied.
Outis, when I have eaten all his friends,
Shall be my laſt regale *. Be that thy boon.

Clarke and the writer quoted by Clarke from the *Acta eruditorum*, that OUTIS ought to be tranſlated. But in all that he alleges to that purpoſe there ſeems to be no ſufficient reaſon for it.

Outis, though a name of expedience only, and invented merely for the ſake of its conſequences, is as much a name as that which really belonged to the inventor; and names are never tranſlated. No, not even when our clear apprehenſion of a paſſage, depends on our knowledge of their meaning. And for this plain reaſon. Becauſe a name tranſlated is a new name, and not that which the perſon bore or choſe to aſſume. In all ſuch caſes, therefore, the reader's poſſible ignorance is overlooked in the text, and ſuch information as he may want is given him in the margin.

Thus, in the firſt book of SAMUEL, where ABIGAIL ſpeaking of her huſband ſays, NABAL is his name and folly is with him, it is ſufficient that in the margin the tranſlators of the Bible inform us that NABAL ſignifies *folly*. And again, when the mother of Ruth ſays, call me no longer NAOMI, but call me MARA, for the Lord hath dealt very *bitterly* with me, the reader unſkilled in HEBREW, is enlightened by a marginal reference, which teaches him that NAOMI ſignifies *pleaſant*, and MARA *bitter*.

Other proofs might be given, and one in particular from the 19th book of this very Poem, where the reaſon why AUTOLYCUS named the hero of it Ulyſſes, or rather ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ, is aſſigned, and where it would nevertheleſs be wrong, and even prepoſterous, to convey to the Engliſh reader the information he needs, by a tranſlation of the name in the context.

* Homer ſeems to have been the inventor of the terrible Graces, one of which is that ſpeech of the Cyclops—Οὖτιν ἐγὼ πύματον ἔδομαι—I will eat Outis laſt.—Such was the favour ſhown by the monſter to Ulyſſes. Nor does he appear ſo dreadful while he devours two Greecians, nor from the rock with which he cloſes up his cavern, nor from his club, as in this inſtance of ſavage urbanity. Demetrius Phalereus περὶ Ἑρμηνείας.—C.

He

He ſpake, and, downward ſway'd, fell reſupine,
With his huge neck aſlant. All-conqu'ring ſleep
Soon ſeized him. From his gullet guſh'd the wine
With human morſels mingled, many a blaſt
Sonorous iſſuing from his glutted maw.
Then, thruſting far the ſpike of olive-wood
Into the embers glowing on the hearth,
I heated it, and cheer'd my friends, the while,
Leſt any ſhould, through fear, decline his part.
But when that ſtake of olive-wood, though green,
Should ſoon have flamed, for it was glowing hot,
I bore it to his ſide. Then all my aids
Around me gathered, and the Gods infuſed
Heroic fortitude into our hearts.
They, graſping the ſharp ſtake of olive-wood
Infix'd it in his eye; myſelf, advanced
To a ſuperiour ſtand, twirl'd it about.
As when a ſhipwright with his wimble bores
Tough oaken timber, placed on either ſide
Below, his fellow-artiſts ſtrain the thong
Alternate, and the reſtleſs iron ſpins,
So, graſping hard the fiery-pointed ſtake,
We twirl'd it in his eye; the bubbling blood
Boil'd round about the brand; his pupil ſent
A ſcalding vapour forth that ſinged his brow,

And

And all his eye-roots crackled in the flame.
As when the ſmith an hatchet or large axe
Temp'ring, immerges all the hiſſing blade
Deep in cold water, (whence the ſtrength of ſteel)
So hiſs'd his eye around the olive-wood.
The howling monſter with his outcry fill'd
The hollow rock, and I, with all my aids,
Fled terrified. He, plucking forth the ſpike
From his burnt ſocket, mad with anguiſh, caſt
The implement all bloody far away.
Then, bellowing, he ſounded forth the name
Of ev'ry Cyclops dwelling in the caves
Around him, on the wind-ſwept mountain-tops;
They, flocking at his cry from ev'ry part,
Circled his den, and of his ail inquired.
What ail'ſt thou, Polypheme, with hideous cries
Troubling the peaceful night, and our repoſe?
Fear'ſt thou to periſh, or to loſe thy flocks
By force or fraud of rovers o'er the Deep?
Whom thus the Cyclops anſwer'd from within.
My friends! By fraud of Outis here ſurpriſed,
By force of Outis here ſubdued, I die.
Then thus with accents wing'd his friends without.
If no man harm thee, but thou art alone,
And ſickneſs feel'ſt, it is the ſtroke of Jove,

And

And thou muſt bear it; yet invoke for aid
Thy father Neptune, Sov'reign of the floods *.
So ſaying, they went, and in my heart I laugh'd
That by the fiction only of a name,
Slight ſtratagem! I had deceived them all.
Then groan'd the Cyclops wrung with pain and grief,
And, fumbling with ſtretch'd hands, removed the rock
From his cave's mouth; which done, he ſat him down
Spreading his arms athwart the paſs, to ſtop
Our egreſs with his flocks abroad; ſo dull,
It ſeems, he held me, and ſo ill-adviſed.
I, pondering what means might fitteſt prove
To ſave from inſtant death, (if ſave I might)
My people and myſelf, to ev'ry ſhift
Inclined, and various counſels framed, as one
Who ſtrove for life, with inſtant death in view.
To me, thus meditating, this appear'd
The likelieſt courſe. The rams well-thriven were,
Thick-fleeced, full-ſized, with wool of ſable hue.
Theſe, ſilently, with oſier twigs on which
The Cyclops, hideous monſter, ſlept, I bound,
Three in one leaſh; the intermediate rams
Bore each a man, whom the exteriour two

* Outis, as a *name*, could only denote him who bore it; but as a *noun*, it ſignifies *no man*, which accounts ſufficiently for the ludicrous miſtake of his brethren.

Preſerved, concealing him on either ſide.
Thus each was borne by three, and I, at laſt,
The curl'd back ſeizing of a ram, (for one
I had reſerv'd far ſtateliеſt of them all)
Slipp'd underneath his belly, and both hands
Infolding faſt in his exub'rant fleece,
Hung by that hold and preſs'd the floor ſupine *.
All thus diſpoſed, we watch'd with many a ſigh
The ſacred dawn; but when, at length, aris'n,
Aurora, day-ſpring's daughter roſy-palm'd
Again appear'd, the males of all his flocks
Ruſh'd forth to paſture, and his ewes, the while,
Stood bleating, unrelieved from the diſtreſs
Of udders overcharged. He, rack'd with pain
Intolerable, handled, as they ſtood,
The backs of all, but, in his folly, left
Their boſoms, where we clung, ſtill unexplored.
And now (none left beſide) the ram approach'd
With his own wool encumber'd and with me,
Whom many a fear moleſted. Polypheme
The giant ſtroked him as he ſat, and ſaid,

* Here again Spondanus makes a diſcovery. Namely, that Ulyſſes reſerving the ram to himſelf, which was the largeſt of the whole flock, diſcovered by doing ſo, more ſolicitude for his own ſafety than for that of his companions. As if it was not plainly impoſſible that he ſhould bind himſelf as he had bound them.—C. In fact he was much leſs ſecure than they, having no ram on either ſide to conceal him.

My

My darling ram! why, lateſt of the flock
Com'ſt thou, whom never, heretofore, my ſheep
Could leave behind, but ſtalking at their head,
Thou firſt waſt wont to crop the tender graſs,
Firſt to arrive at the clear ſtream, and firſt
With ready will to ſeek my ſheep-cote here
At evening; but thou com'ſt, now, laſt of all.
Is ſorrow for thy maſter's eye the cauſe
Pierced by the leader of a worthleſs crew
Vile as himſelf, who vanquiſh'd me with wine,
The vagrant Outis? Him I ſtill believe
Impriſon'd here, and could'ſt thou but aſſiſt
Thy maſter's ſearch, and tell me with a voice
Articulate in what receſs conceal'd
He 'ſcapes my fury now, from ſide to ſide
His ſcatter'd brain ſhould ſpread my cavern-floor,
And lighter I ſhould feel my wrong received
From Outis, baſely named and nothing-worth *.
So ſaying, he left him to purſue the flock.
When, thus drawn forth, we had, at length, eſcaped

* Polyphemum Homerus cùm immanem ferúmque finxiſſet, cum ariete etiam colloquentem facit, ejúſque laudare fortunas, quòd, quà vellet, ingredi poſſet; et, quæ vellet, attingere.—Cic. Tuſc. Diſp. Lib. V.—C.

Homer, having repreſented Polypheme as a fierce and ſavage Being, makes him alſo hold diſcourſe with his ram, which he accounts a happy creature, becauſe he can go where he will, and find what his occaſions require.

Few

Few paces from the cavern and the court,
Myſelf releaſing firſt, my friends I loos'd.
Then, turning ſeaward many a thriven ewe
Sharp-hoof'd, we drove them ſwiftly to the ſhip.
With joyful hearts my people us received
Who had eſcaped, but much they mourn'd the dead.
I ſuffer'd not their tears, but ſilent ſhook
My brows, by ſigns commanding them to lift
The ſheep on board, and inſtant plow the main.
They, quick embarking, on the benches ſat
Well-ranged, and threſh'd with oars the foamy flood;
But when my diſtance from the ſhore was ſuch
As a loud voice may fly, with bitter taunts
Inſulting then the Cyclops, I exclaim'd.

Cyclops! when thou devoured'ſt in thy cave
With brutal force my followers, thou devour'd'ſt
The followers of no timid Chief, or baſe.
Vengeance was ſure to recompenſe that deed
Atrocious. Monſter! who waſt not afraid
To eat the ſtranger houſed beneath thy roof!
Therefore the Gods have well requited thee.

I ended; he, exaſp'rate, raged the more,
And rending from its hold a mountain-top,
Hurl'd it toward us; at our veſſel's ſtern
Down came the maſs, nigh ſweeping in its fall
The rudder's head. The ocean at the plunge

Of

Of that huge rock, high on its refluent flood
Heav'd, irreſiſtible, the ſhip to land.
I ſeizing, quick, our longeſt pole on board,
Back thruſt her from the coaſt, and by a nod
In ſilence given, enjoin'd my crew to ply
Their oars in haſte, that ſo we might eſcape.
Procumbent *, each obey'd, and when the bark
Had twice her former diſtance interpoſed †,
Again I greeted him, although my friends
Earneſt diſſuaded me on ev'ry ſide.

Ah, raſh Ulyſſes! why with taunts provoke
The ſavage more, who hath this moment hurl'd
A weapon, ſuch as heav'd the ſhip again
To land, where death ſeem'd certain to us all?
For had he heard a cry, or but the voice
Of one man ſpeaking, he had all our heads
With ſome ſharp rock, and all our timbers cruſh'd
Together, ſuch vaſt force is in his arm.

So they, but my courageous heart remain'd
Unmoved, and thus again, incenſed, I ſpake.

Cyclops! ſhould any man hereafter aſk

* προπισόντες.

——————— Olli certamine ſummo
Procumbunt. VIRGIL.

† The ſeeming incongruity of this line with 555, is reconciled by ſuppoſing that Ulyſſes exerted his voice, naturally loud, in an extraordinary manner on this ſecond occaſion.—C.

Who cauſed thy ſhameful blindneſs, thus reply—
Laertes' ſon of Ithaca, renown'd
For cities ſackt, Ulyſſes claims the praiſe.
I ceas'd, and with a groan thus he replied.
Ah me! an antient oracle I feel
Accompliſh'd. Here abode a prophet erſt,
A man of nobleſt form, and in his art
Unrivall'd, Telemus Eurymedes.
He, prophefying to the Cyclops-race,
Grew old among us, and preſaged my loſs
Of ſight, in future, by Ulyſſes' hand.
I therefore watch'd for the arrival here,
Always, of ſome great Chief, for ſtature, bulk
And beauty prais'd, and cloth'd with wond'rous might.
But now, a puny dwarf, a wretch beneath
All prudent fear, ſubdued me firſt with wine,
Then blinded me. Come hither, O my gueſt!
Return, Ulyſſes! hoſpitable cheer
Awaits thee, and my pray'rs I will prefer
To glorious Neptune for thy proſp'rous courſe;
For I am Neptune's offspring, and the God
Is proud to be my Sire; he, if he pleaſe,
And he alone can heal me; none beſide
Of Pow'rs Immortal, or of men below.
He ſpake, to whom I anſwer thus return'd.
I would that of thy life amerced as ſure

I could

I could diſmiſs thee to the ſhades, as none—
Not Neptune's ſelf ſhall ſight reſtore to Thee.
So I; then pray'd the Cyclops to his Sire,
With hands uprais'd toward the ſtarry heav'n.
Hear, Ocean's Sov'reign! Neptune azure-hair'd!
If I indeed am thine, and if thou boaſt
Thyſelf my father, grant that never more
Laertes' ſon of Ithaca, renown'd
For cities ſackt, Ulyſſes, reach his home.
But ſhould the fates ordain that he behold
Once more his home, his country and his friends,
Late, in diſtreſs, on board a foreign bark,
All his companions loſt, may he arrive,
Nor find his mis'ries ended even there.
He ſpake, whoſe imprecation Neptune heard.
Then lifting from the ſhore a ſtone of ſize
Still more unwieldy, with enormous force
He whirl'd it round, and launch'd it from his hand.
Behind my ſable bark the burthen fell,
Threat'ning the rudder's head. Huge roſe the waves
Under concuſſion of the plunging rock,
And wellnigh wafted us at once to land.
But when we reached the iſle where we had left
Our num'rous barks, and where my people ſat
Watching with ceaſeleſs ſorrow our return,
We thruſt our veſſel to the ſandy ſhore,

Then diſembark'd, and of the Cyclops' ſheep
Gave equal ſhare to all. To me alone
My fellow-voyagers the ram conſign'd
In diſtribution, my peculiar meed.
Him to the cloud-girt Sov'reign over all
Devoting, on the ſhore his thighs I burn'd.
But adverſe Jove, deſigning, even then,
The wreck of all my galleys, and the death
Of all my followers, heeded not the gift.
Thus, feaſting largely, on the ſhore we ſat
Till even-tide, and quaffing gen'rous wine;
But when the ſun was ſet and darkneſs fell,
Then, on the ſhore we ſlept; and when again
Aurora, roſy daughter of the Dawn,
Look'd forth, I bade my people, caſting looſe
Without delay their moorings, climb the barks.
They, all obedient, took their ſeats on board
Well-ranged, and threſh'd with oars the foamy flood.
Thus, happy to eſcape, though ſad for thoſe
Whom we had loſt, we roam'd the Deep again.

ARGU-

ARGUMENT

OF THE

TENTH BOOK.

Ulyſſes, in purſuit of his narrative, relates his arrival at the iſland of Æolus, his departure thence, and the unhappy occaſion of his return thither. The monarch of the winds diſmiſſes him at laſt with much aſperity. He next tells of his arrival among the Læſtrygonians, by whom his whole fleet, together with their crews, are deſtroyed, his own ſhip and crew excepted. Thence he is driven to the iſland of Circe. By her the half of his people are transformed into ſwine. Aſſiſted by Mercury, he reſiſts her enchantments himſelf, and prevails with the Goddeſs to recover them to their former ſhape. In conſequence of Circe's inſtructions, after having ſpent a complete year in her palace, he prepares for a voyage to the infernal regions.

BOOK X.

We came to the Æolian iſle; there dwells
Æolus, ſon of Hippotas, belov'd
By the Immortals, in an iſle afloat *.

* The Æolian iſles, commonly ſo called, were in the Tyrrhene ſea, and not far from Sicily. But whether one of thoſe is here intended, or a diſtinct one, perhaps of the poet's creation, is doubted by the commentators.

Heraclides Ponticus ſuppoſes Æolus himſelf an allegorical perſon, repreſenting the year, and his ſix ſons and ſix daughters the twelve months of it.—B. & C.

A brazen wall force-proof, and ſmootheſt rocks
Of ſteep aſcent, environ it around.
Twelve are his children in his palace born,
Six ſons, ſix daughters; and his daughters ſix
To his ſix ſons by nuptial rites he join'd.
They with their father hold perpetual feaſt
And with their royal mother, ſtill ſupplied
With dainties numberleſs; the ſounding dome
Is fill'd with ſav'ry odours all the day,
And with their conſorts chaſte at night they ſleep
On ſtatelieſt couches with rich arras ſpread.
Their city and their ſplendid courts we reach'd.
A month complete he, friendly, at his board
Regaled me, and inquiry made minute
Of Ilium's fall, of the Achaian fleet,
And of our voyage thence. I told him all.
But now, deſirous to embark again,
I aſk'd diſmiſſion home, which he approved,
And well provided for my proſp'rous courſe.
He gave me, furniſh'd by a bullock flay'd
In his ninth year, a bag; ev'ry rude blaſt
Which from its bottom turns the Deep, that bag
Impriſon'd held; for him Saturnian Jove
Hath officed arbiter of all the winds,
To rouſe their force, or calm them, at his will.
He gave me them on board my bark, ſo bound

With ſilver twine that not a breath eſcaped,
Then order'd gentle Zephyrus abroad
To ſpeed us homeward. Order vain, alas!
So fatal proved the folly of my friends *.
Nine days continual, night and day we ſail'd,
And on the tenth my native land appear'd.
Not far remote my Ithacans I ſaw
Fires kindling on the coaſt †; but worn with toil
And watchful care me gentle ſleep ſubdued,
For conſtant I had ruled the helm, nor giv'n
That charge to any, fearful of delay.
Then, in cloſe conference my crew beſpake
Each other, and he carries home, they ſaid,
Silver and gold from Æolus received,
Son of the valiant Hippotas; and thus
A ſeaman murmuring, the reſt harangued.
Ye Gods! what city or what lands ſoe'er
Ulyſſes viſits, how is he belov'd
By all, and honour'd! many precious ſpoils
He homeward bears from Troy; but we return,

* The poet is ſuppoſed to have bound theſe bags with ſilver twine, that the miſtake of the mariners who imagined them filled with treaſure, might ſeem more probable.—B. & C.

† They kindled fires on the coaſt for the information of navigators, the fire itſelf ſerving them as a ſignal by night, and the ſmoke by day. This was the ſmoke which Ulyſſes while detained by Calypſo, ſo ardently wiſhed to ſee.—C.

Partners of all his perils by the way,
With thriftleſs hands. Now alſo he hath gain'd
This pledge of friendſhip from the King of winds.
But come—be quick—ſearch we the bag, and learn
What ſtores of gold and ſilver it contains.
So he, whoſe miſchievous advice prevailed.
They loos'd the bag; forth iſſued all the winds,
And, rapt by tempeſts back, with fruitleſs tears
They mourn'd their native country loſt again.
Juſt then awaking, in my troubled mind
I doubted, whether from the veſſel's ſide
To plunge and periſh, or, with patient mind,
To ſuffer and to live. The ſuff'rer's part
At length I choſe, and, reſolute, ſurvived.
But, with my mantle wrapt around my brows,
I lay'd me down, till, hurried by the blaſt,
We, groaning, reach'd again th' Æolian iſle.
Firſt, from refreſhing ſtreams our barks we ſtored,
Then, my companions at their galley's ſides
All ſeated, took repaſt; ſhort meal we made,
When, with an herald and a choſen friend,
The hall of Æolus once more I ſought.
Him banquetting with all his ſons we found,
And with his conſort. Ent'ring, down we ſat
All on the threſhold, whom aſtoniſh'd they
Beheld, and of our coming thus enquired.

Return'd?

Return'd? Ulyſſes! by what adverſe Pow'r
Repuls'd haſt thou arrived? we ſent thee forth
Well-fitted to regain thy native iſle,
Or ſoon to reach what port ſoe'er thou would'ſt.
So they—to whom, heart-broken, I replied.
My baſe companions and the traitor, Sleep
Alike are culpable; but, Oh my friends!
Redreſs the miſchief, for the pow'r is yours.
So I their favour woo'd. Mute ſat the ſons,
But thus their father anſwer'd. Hence—be gone—
Thou worſt of men! I may not entertain
Or give ſafe conduct homeward to a wretch
Abhorr'd by all in heav'n. Haſte—leave the iſle,
For hated by the Gods haſt thou arrived.
He ſaid, and ſent me ſorrowing from the gate.
Thence, therefore, wearied at the toilſome oar
Through our own folly, and with mournful hearts
We plough'd the Deep, no longer hoping aid
From Æolus, of winds to waft us home.
Six days we navigated, day and night,
The briny flood, and on the ſeventh arrived
At lofty Læſtrigonia, city built
By Lamus, for its diſtant gates renown'd *.

* The diſtant gates are mentioned as a *datum* from which to eſtimate the extent of the city.—B. & C.

The

The herdſman, there, his cattle driving home,
Calls forth the ſhepherd; there, th' induſtrious ſwain,
Renouncing ſleep, may double wages earn
Attending both; for when the flocks forſake
At even-tide the paſtures which they range
Throughout the fervid day, the cooler hours
Nocturnal to the grazing herds belong *.
To that capacious port we came, by rocks
Uninterrupted flank'd on either ſide
Of tow'ring height, while prominent the ſhores
And bold, converging at the haven's mouth
Leave narrow paſs †. We puſh'd our galleys in,
Then moor'd them ſide by ſide; for never ſurge
There lifts its head, or great or ſmall, but clear
We found, and motionleſs, the ſhelter'd flood.
I only, ſtationing my bark without,
Secured her well with hawſers to a rock
At the land's point, then climb'd the rugged ſteep,
And ſtood to ſpy the country. Labours none
Of men or oxen in the land appear'd,

* It is ſuppoſed by Euſtathius that the paſtures being infeſted by gad-flies and other noxious inſects in the day-time, they drove their ſheep a-field in the morning, which by their wool were defended from them, and their cattle in the evening, when the inſects had withdrawn.—B. & C. It is one of the few paſſages in Homer that muſt lie at the mercy of conjecture.

† Which accounts for the deſtruction of the fleet, the difficulty of the egreſs rendering their eſcape impracticable.—C.

Nor

Nor aught beſide ſaw we, but from the earth
Smoke riſing; therefore of my friends I ſent
Two well-ſelected, with an herald, third,
To learn what race of men that country fed.
Departing, they an even track purſued
Made by the waggons bringing timber down
From the high mountains to the town below.
Ere yet they reach'd the city, on the way
A damſel met them bearing forth an ew'r,
The daughter of Antiphatas, the King,
Deſcending to the chryſtal fountain named
Artacia, whence the city was ſupplied.
Approaching they accoſted her, and aſk'd
What King reign'd there, and over whom he reign'd.
She, prompt and pleaſed, ſoon taught them how to find,
Her father's houſe, where ent'ring, they beheld,
And ſhudder'd at the ſight, a woman, huge
And hideous, like a mountain's tow'ring head.
She, ſeeing them, from council, inſtant, call'd
Her ſpouſe Antiphatas, who teeming came
With dreadful purpoſes, and of the Three
Seized one, whom cruſh'd and broken he devour'd.
With headlong terrour the ſurviving two
Fled to the ſhips. Then ſent the ruthleſs King
Loud proclamation forth, and, at the ſound,
From ſide to ſide of all the city, fierce

And

And countleſs, ſtalk'd the Læſtrigonian hoſt,
Gigantic forms, not human. From the rocks
Huge ſtones, a ſtrong man's burthen each, they caſt,
And terrible, at once, a mingled ſound
Of ſhatter'd ſhips and dying men aroſe,
Whom ſpear'd like fiſhes to their home they bore,
A loathſome prey. While them within the port
They ſlaughter'd, I, (the faulchion at my ſide
Drawn forth) cut looſe the hawſers of my ſhip,
And all my crew enjoin'd with boſoms laid
Prone on their oars, to fly the threaten'd woe.
They, dreading inſtant death, tugg'd reſupine
Together, and my galley from beneath
Thoſe beetling * rocks into the open ſea
Shot gladly; but the reſt all periſh'd there.
Proceeding thence, we ſigh'd, and roam'd the waves,
Glad that we lived, but ſorrowing for the ſlain.
We came to the Ææan iſle; there dwelt
Circe, dread Goddeſs, ſkill'd in magic ſong,
Siſter of ſage Æætes; them the Sun,
Bright luminary of the world, begat
On Perſe, daughter of Oceanus †.

* The word has the authority of Shakeſpear, and ſignifies overhanging.

† Æætes was king of Colchis and father of Medea.—B. & C.

Our

Our veſſel ſilently * we grounded there
Within a ſpacious haven, thither led
By ſome celeſtial Pow'r. We diſembark'd,
And on the coaſt two days and nights entire
Extended lay, with labour worn, and each
The victim of his heart-devouring woes.
Then, with my ſpear and with my faulchion arm'd,
I left the ſhip to climb with haſty ſteps
An airy height, thence, hoping to eſpy
Some works of man, or hear, perchance, a voice.
Exalted on a rough rock's craggy point
I ſtood, and on the diſtant plain, beheld
Smoke which from Circe's palace through the gloom
Of trees and thickets roſe. That ſmoke diſcern'd,
I ponder'd next if thither I ſhould haſte,
Seeking intelligence. Long time I muſed,
But choſe at laſt, as my diſcreter courſe,
To ſeek the ſea-beach and my bark again,
And, when my crew had eaten, to diſpatch
Before me, others, who ſhould firſt enquire.
But, ere I yet had reach'd my gallant bark,
Some God with pity viewing me alone
In that untrodden ſolitude, ſent forth

* Being made extremely cautious by the miſchiefs they had ſuffered both from the Cyclops and the Læſtrigonians.—C.

An

An antler'd ſtag full-ſized into my way.
His woodland paſtures left, he ſought the ſtream,
For he was thirſty and already parch'd
By the ſun's heat. Him iſſuing from his haunt,
Sheer through the back beneath his middle ſpine
I wounded, and the lance ſprang forth beyond.
Moaning he fell, and in the duſt expired.
Then, treading on his breathleſs trunk, I pluck'd
My weapon forth, which leaving there reclined,
I tore away the oſiers with my hands
And ſallows green, and to a fathom's length
Twiſting the gather'd twigs into a band,
Bound faſt the feet of my enormous prey,
And, ſlinging him athwart my neck, repair'd
Toward my ſable bark, propp'd on my lance,
Which now to carry ſhoulder'd as before
Surpaſs'd my pow'r, ſo bulky was the load.
Arriving at the ſhip, I there let fall
My burthen, and, aſſembling on the beach
My people, thus their drooping ſpirits cheer'd.
Rejoice, my friends! We ſhall not, though diſtreſs'd,
Seek Pluto's realm till thither ſent by Fate.
Come—we will banquet now, not die conſumed
With famine, wanting neither food nor wine.
I ſpake; at once obedient, from the ground,
Their ſolded brows unmantling, all aroſe,

And

And with admiring eyes (for of a bulk
To be admired was he) the ſtag ſurvey'd,
Till having gazed their fill, their hands they laved,
And preparation made of noble cheer.
That day complete, till ſet of ſun, we ſpent
Feaſting deliciouſly without reſtraint,
And quaffing gen'rous wine; but when the ſun
Went down, and darkneſs overſhadow'd all,
Extended, then, on Ocean's bank we lay;
And when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
Look'd roſy forth, convening all my crew
To council, I aroſe, and thus began.
My fellow-voyagers, however worn
With num'rous hardſhips, hear! for neither Weſt
Know we, nor Eaſt, where riſes, or where ſets
The all-enlight'ning ſun. But let us think,
If thought perchance may profit us, of which
Small hope I ſee; for when I lately climb'd
Yon craggy rock, I ſaw that we had reach'd
An iſle encircled by the boundleſs Deep;
Flat lies the land, and in the midſt I mark'd
Dun ſmoke aſcending from an oaken bow'r.
I ſpake, whom they with hearts half-broken heard,
Recalling fell Antiphatas to mind
The Læſtrygonian, and the Cyclops' deeds,
Ferocious feeder on the fleſh of man.

Aloud

Aloud they wept; faſt flow'd the tears of each;
But neither tears nor cries avail'd them aught.
Then, ſeparating all my valiant friends
In equal portions, I aſſign'd a Chief
To either band, myſelf to theſe, to thoſe
Godlike Eurylochus. This done, we caſt
The lots into the helmet, and at once
Forth ſprang the lot of bold Eurylochus.
He went, and with him of my people march'd
Twenty and two; they ſorrowing to depart,
Nor we leſs mourning to be left behind.
Low in a vale, but on an open ſpot,
They found the ſplendid houſe of Circe, built
With poliſh'd ſtones, and compaſs'd all around
By lions on all ſides and mountain-wolves
Tamed by herſelf with drugs of noxious pow'rs*.

Nor

* Hinc exaudiri gemitus, iræque leonum
Vincla recuſantum, et ſerâ ſub nocte rudentum:
Setigerique ſues, atque in præſepibus urſi
Sævire, ac formæ magnorum ululare luporum:
Quos hominum ex facie Dea ſæva potentibus herbis
Induerat Circe in vultus ac terga ferarum. Æn. VII. 15.

Hence groans were heard, and the vext lion's voice
Scorning his chain, and growling through the Dark,
And briſtly boars, and at the manger bound
Bears murmuring, and huge wolves howling loud,
Whom, human once, with drugs of mighty pow'r
The ſorcereſs had changed to brutal forms.

The paſſages are not exactly parallel; Homer deſcribes wild beaſts tamed,

Nor were they miſchievous, but as my friends
Approach'd, ariſing on their hinder feet,
Paw'd them in blandiſhment, and wagg'd the tail.
As, when from feaſt he riſes, dogs around
Their maſter fawn, accuſtom'd to receive
Some ſoothing gift from his familiar hand,
Around my people, ſo, thoſe talon'd wolves
And lions fawn'd. They, terrified, that troop
Of ſavage monſters horrible beheld.
And now, before the Goddeſs' gates arrived,
They heard the voice of Circe ſinging ſweet
Within, while, buſied at the loom, ſhe wove
An ample web immortal, ſuch a work
Tranſparent, graceful, and of bright deſign
As hands of Goddeſſes alone produce.
Thus then Polites, Prince of men, the friend
Higheſt in my eſteem, the reſt beſpake.

My friends! ſome damſel or ſome Goddeſs weaves
An ample web within, and ſtrikes, the while,
With ſuch melodious ſtrains the marble walls,
That all the palace rings. Haſte—Call aloud.

He ceas'd; they call'd; ſoon iſſuing at the ſound,
The Goddeſs open'd wide her ſplendid gates,

tamed, and Virgil men transformed to beaſts. There is no room, therefore, for the compariſon made by Scaliger, or for the preference which he gives to Virgil.—See Clarke.

And bade them in; they, heedleſs, all complied,
All ſave Eurylochus, who fear'd a ſnare*.
She, intrdoucing them, conducted each
To a bright throne, then gave them Pramnian wine,
With grated cheeſe, pure meal, and honey new,
But medicated with her pois'nous drugs
Their food, that in oblivion they might loſe
The wiſh of home. She gave them, and they drank,—
When, ſmiting each with her enchanting wand,
She ſhut them in her ſties. In head, in voice,
In body, and in briſtles they became
All ſwine, yet intellected as before.
There Circe ſhut them all, who weeping fed
On acorns, cheſnuts, and the cornel-fruit,
Food grateful ever to the groveling ſwine.
Back flew Eurylochus toward the ſhip,
To tell the woful tale; ſtruggling to ſpeak,
Yet ſpeechleſs, there he ſtood, his heart transfixt
With anguiſh, and his eyes with tears replete.
Me boding terrours occupied. At length,
When, gazing on him, all had oft enquired,
He thus rehears'd to us the dreadful change.

* He feared a ſnare from the ſingularity of all that he obſerved; wild beaſts tractable as ſpaniels, and a perſon, woman in appearance and all alone, inviting ſo many men unknown to her, without diſcovering the ſmalleſt apprehenſion.— B. & C.

Renown'd

Renown'd Ulyſſes! as thou bad'ſt, we went
Through yonder oaks; imboſom'd in a vale,
But built conſpicuous on a ſwelling knoll
With poliſh'd rock, we found a ſtately dome*.
Within, ſome Goddeſs or ſome woman wove
An ample web, and caroll'd ſweet the while.
They call'd aloud; ſhe, iſſuing at the voice,
Unfolded, ſoon, her ſplendid portals wide,
And bade them in. Heedleſs they enter'd, all,
But I remain'd, ſuſpicious of a ſnare.
Erelong the whole band vaniſh'd, none I ſaw
Thenceforth, though, ſeated there, long time I watch'd.
He ended; I my ſtudded faulchion huge
Athwart my ſhoulder caſt, and ſeized my bow,
Then bade him lead me thither by the way
Himſelf had gone; but with both hands my knees
He claſp'd, and in wing'd accents ſad exclaim'd.
My King! ah lead me not unwilling back,
But leave me here; for confident I judge
That neither thou wilt bring another thence,
Nor come thyſelf again. Haſte—fly we ſwift
With theſe, for we, at leaſt, may yet eſcape.

* Ἤομεν, ὡς ἐκέλευες, ——— ——— ———
Εὕρομεν ἐν βήσσῃσι ——— ——— ———

The omiſſion of the conjunctive καὶ is admired by Dionyſius Hal: as a great beauty, the effect of it being not only rapidity but emphaſis.—C.

So he, to whom this anſwer I return'd.
Eurylochus! abiding here, eat thou
And drink thy fill beſide the ſable bark;
I go; neceſſity forbids my ſtay.
So ſaying, I left the galley and the ſhore.
But ere yet, travelling that gloomy vale,
I reach'd the palace where th' enchantreſs dwelt,
Hermes, poſſeſſor of the golden wand,
Met me. Some ſtripling in his prime he ſeem'd
His cheeks cloth'd newly with their earlieſt down,
For youth is then moſt graceful; faſt he lock'd
His hand in mine, and thus, familiar, ſpake.
Unhappy! whither, wand'ring o'er the hills,
Stranger to all this region, and alone,
Go'ſt thou? Thy people are within the walls
Of Circe priſon'd, where as ſwine in ſties
She keeps them. Com'ſt thou to releaſe thy friends?
I tell thee, never wilt thou thence return
Thyſelf, but wilt be priſon'd with the reſt.
Yet hearken—I will diſappoint her wiles,
And will preſerve thee. Take this precious drug;
This holding, enter thou the Goddeſs' houſe
Boldly, for it ſhall ſave thy life from harm.
Lo! I reveal to thee the cruel arts
Of Circe; learn them. She will mix for thee
A potion, and will alſo drug thy food

With noxious herbs; but ſhe ſhall not prevail
By all her pow'r to change thee; for the force
Superiour of this noble plant, my gift,
Shall baffle her. Hear ſtill what I adviſe.
When ſhe ſhall ſmite thee with her ſlender rod,
With faulchion drawn and with death-threat'ning looks
Ruſh on her; terrified, to her embrace
She will invite thee; neither thou refuſe
The Goddeſs' offer'd love, ſecure to win
Deliv'rance for thy friends, and for thyſelf
Reception kind and bounteous in return.
But force her ſwear the dreaded oath of heav'n
That ſhe will other miſchief none deviſe
Againſt thee, leſt ſhe ſtrip thee of thy might,
And, quenching all thy virtue, make thee vile *.
So ſpake propitious Hermes, and the drug
Pluck'd from the ſoil to my poſſeſſion gave,
With knowledge of its pow'rs. The root was black,
Milk-white the bloſſom; Moly is its name

* ——————————Circes pocula nôſti;
Quæ ſi cum ſociis ſtultus cupiduſque bibiſſet,
Sub dominâ meretrice fuiſſet turpis et excors;
Vixiſſet canis immundus, vel amica luto ſus.
Hor. Epis: Lib. I, 2, 23.—C.

——————thou haſt heard of Circe's cup;
Which drinking, like the greedy fools his friends,
He had become an harlot's heartleſs drudge;
A filthy cur had lived, or filthier ſwine.

In heav'n; not eaſily by mortal man
Dug forth, but all is eaſy to the Gods *.
Then, Hermes through the iſland-woods repair'd
To heav'n, and I to Circe's dread abode,
In gloomy muſings buſied as I went.
Within the veſtibule arrived, where dwelt
The beauteous Goddeſs, ſtaying there my ſteps,
I call'd aloud; ſhe, ſudden, at the voice
Appearing, threw the ſplendid portals wide
And bade me in; I, ſorrowful, obey'd,
She placed me on an argent-ſtudded throne
Foot-ſtool'd beneath, and for my drink prepared
The Pramnian mixture in a golden cup,
Impregnating, on my deſtruction bent,
With noxious herbs the draught. I drain'd ſecure
And unimpair'd the goblet, when, incenſed,
She ſmote me with her wand, and thus exclaim'd—
Now ſeek the ſty. There wallow with thy friends.
She ſpake; I drawing from beſide my thigh
My faulchion keen, with death-denouncing looks
Ruſh'd on her; ſhe with ſcreams of terrour ran
Beneath my lifted arm, ſeized faſt my knees,
And in wing'd accents plaintive thus began.
Who? whence? thy city and thy birth declare.

* Mercury was the God of inſtruction, and Moly is an allegorical plant by which inſtruction or ſalutary diſcipline is intended.—B.

Amazed I ſee thee with that potion drench'd,
Yet uninchanted; never man before
Once paſs'd it through his lips, and liv'd the ſame;
But in thy breaſt a mind inhabits, proof
Againſt all charms. Come then—I know thee well.
Thou art Ulyſſes verſatile and ſhrewd,
Of whoſe arrival here in his return
From Ilium, Hermes of the golden wand
Was ever wont to tell me. Sheath again
Thy ſword, and let us, on my bed reclined,
Mutual embrace, that we may truſt thenceforth
Each other, without jealouſy or fear.

The Goddeſs ſpake, to whom I thus replied.
O Circe! canſt thou bid me meek become
And gentle, who beneath thy roof detain'ſt
My fellow-voyagers transform'd to ſwine?
And, fearing my eſcape, invit'ſt thou me
To ſhare thy couch, with fraudulent deſign
Firſt to unarm, and to unman me, next?
No—truſt me—never will I ſhare thy bed
Till firſt, oh Goddeſs, thou conſent to ſwear
The dread all-binding oath, that other harm
Againſt myſelf thou wilt imagine none.

I ſpake, and, undelaying, ſhe complied.
When, therefore, nought of all her ſolemn oath
Unſworn remain'd, I climb'd her ſtately bed.

Four graceful nymphs, mean-time, their houſhold truſt
Adminiſt'ring, the palace briſkly paced,
Her menials, from the fountains ſprung and groves,
And from the ſacred ſtreams that ſeek the ſea.
Of theſe, one caſt fine linen on the thrones,
Which, next, with purple arras rich ſhe ſpread;
Bright ſilver ſtands with golden diſhes charged
Before the gorgeous thrones another placed,
The third, an argent beaker fill'd with wine
Delicious, which in golden cups ſhe ſerved;
The fourth brought water, which ſhe warm'd within
An ample vaſe, and when the ſimm'ring flood
Sang in the tripod, led me to a bath,
And laved me with the pleaſant ſtream profuſe
Pour'd o'er my neck and body, till my limbs
Refreſh'd, all ſenſe of laſſitude reſign'd.
When ſhe had bathed me, and with limpid oil
Anointed me, and clothed me in a veſt
And mantle, next, ſhe led me to a throne
Of royal ſtate, with ſilver ſtuds emboſs'd,
And footſtool'd ſoft beneath; then came a nymph
With golden ewer charged and ſilver bowl,
Who pour'd pure water on my hands, and placed
The ſhining ſtand before me, which with food
Various, ſelected from her preſent ſtores,
The cat'reſs ſpread; then, courteous, bade me eat.

But

But me it pleas'd not; with far other thoughts
My ſpirit teem'd, on vengeance more intent.
Soon, then, as Circe mark'd me on my ſeat
Faſt-rooted, ſullen, nor with outſtretch'd hands
Deigning to touch the banquet, ſhe approach'd,
And in wing'd accents ſuaſive thus began.

Why ſits Ulyſſes like the Dumb, dark thoughts
His only food? loathes he the touch of meat,
And taſte of wine? Thou fear'ſt, as I perceive,
Some other ſnare, but idle is that fear,
For I have ſworn the inviolable oath.

She ceas'd, to whom this anſwer I return'd,
How can I eat? what virtuous man and juſt
O Circe! could endure the taſte of wine
Or food, till he ſhould ſee his priſon'd friends
Once more at liberty? If then thy wiſh
That I ſhould eat and drink be true, reſtore
My loved companions to theſe eyes again *.

So I; then Circe, bearing in her hand
Her potent rod, went forth, and op'ning wide
The ſty, drove thence my friends, none ſmaller-ſized
Than, after nine years growth, the pamper'd brawn.

* Xenocrates arriving at the court of Antipater, in the office of an ambaſſador employed to ſolicit the releaſe of Athenians whom he had taken priſoners, and being invited to his table, anſwered the invitation in theſe lines. The conqueror was ſo well pleaſed with the application that he releaſed the captives immediately.—C.

They

They ſtood before me; ſhe through all the herd
Proceeding, each anointed with a charm
Of other pow'rs, and at the wholeſome touch
All ſhed the ſwiniſh briſtles by the drug
Dread Circe's former magic gift, produced.
Reſtored at once to manhood, they appear'd
More vig'rous far, and ſightlier than before.
Conſcious of me, they ſeized with tender graſp
Their leader's hand. Tears follow'd, but of joy,
And with loud cries the vaulted palace rang.
Even the awful Goddeſs felt, herſelf,
Compaſſion, and, approaching me, began.

Laertes' noble ſon, for wiles renown'd!
Hence to the ſhore, and to thy gallant bark;
Firſt, hale her ſafe aground, then, hiding all
Your arms and treaſures in the caverns, come
Thyſelf again, and hither lead thy friends.

So ſpake the Goddeſs, and my gen'rous mind
Perſuaded; thence repairing to the beach,
I ſought my ſhip; arrived, I found my crew
Lamenting miſerably, and their cheeks
With tears bedewing ceaſeleſs at her ſide.
As when the calves within ſome village rear'd
Behold, at eve, the herd returning home
From fruitful meads where they have grazed their fill,
Forth ruſhing from the ſtall, they blare and ſport
Around.

Around their mothers with a ceaſeleſs joy,
Such joy, at ſight of me, diſſolved in tears
My grateful friends, and each his ſpirit felt
With like affections warm'd as he had reach'd
At length his country, and his city ſeen,
Fair Ithaca, where he was born and rear'd.
Then in wing'd accents tender thus they ſpake.
Noble Ulyſſes! thy appearance fills
Our ſoul with tranſports, ſuch as we ſhould feel
Arrived in ſafety on our native ſhore.
But ſpeak—how periſh'd our unhappy friends?
So they; when, cheering them, I thus replied.
Hale ye the veſſel firſt aſhore, and hide
In caverns all our treaſures and our arms;
Then haſte to follow me, and ye ſhall ſoon
Behold your happy friends, beneath the roof
Of Circe banquetting and drinking wine,
For dearth of nought with her they feel or fear.
So I; whom all with readineſs obey'd,
All ſave Eurylochus; he fought alone
To ſtay the reſt, and, eager, interpoſed.
Ah whither tend we, miſerable men?
Why covet ye this evil, to go down
To Circe's palace? ſhe will change us all
To lions, wolves, or ſwine, that we may guard
Her palace? by neceſſity conſtrain'd.

So

So ſome were pris'ners of the Cyclops erſt,
When, led by raſh Ulyſſes, our loſt friends
Intruded needleſsly into his cave,
And periſh'd by the folly of their Chief.
He ſpake; whom hearing, half reſolv'd I ſtood
With my keen faulchion from beſide me drawn,
To tumble his lopp'd head into the duſt,
Although he were my kinſman in the bonds
Of cloſe affinity; but all my friends
As with one voice, thus gently interpoſed.
Our noble Chief! Command that he remain
Our veſſel's guard, while we thy ſteps attend
That ſhall conduct us where the Goddeſs dwells.
So ſaying, they left the galley, and ſet forth
Climbing the coaſt; nor would Eurylochus
Beſide the hollow bark remain, but join'd
His comrades, by my dreadful menace awed.
Circe, the while, my friends, her happy gueſts
Had nought neglected, but to each had giv'n
Warm bath, ſmooth unction, veſt and fleecy cloak,
And feaſting, when we came, we found them all.
They met, they greeted, and the wond'rous tale
Of transformation told, all wept aloud
Till the wide dome reſounded. Then approach'd
The graceful Goddeſs, and addreſs'd me thus.
Laertes' noble ſon, for wiles renown'd!

Provoke

Provoke ye not each other, now, to tears.
I am not ignorant, myſelf, how dread
Have been your woes, both on the fiſhy Deep,
And on the land by force of hoſtile pow'rs.
But come—Eat now, and drink ye wine, that ſo
Your freſhen'd ſpirit may revive, and ye
Like courage feel again, as when ye left
The rugged ſhores of Ithaca, your home.
For now, through recollection, day by day,
Of all your pains and toils, ye are become
Exhauſted, ſtrengthleſs, and a cheerful mind
Know never, ſuch have been your num'rous woes.
She ſpake, whoſe invitation kind prevail'd,
And won us to her will. There, then, we dwelt
The year complete, with ſav'ry viands fed
Day after day, and quaffing gen'rous wine.
But when the year, with all its waning moons
And tedious days, fulfill'd, another year
Its circling courſe began, my faithful friends
Then ſummon'd me abroad, and thus they ſaid.
Sir! recollect thy country, if indeed
Propitious fate ordain thee to behold
Thy native ſhores and high-built home again.
So they; whoſe admonition I receiv'd
Well-pleas'd. Then, all the the day, regaled we ſat

At

At Circe's board with ſav'ry viands rare,
And quaffing richeſt wine; but when, the ſun
Declining, darkneſs overſhadow'd all,
Then, each within the duſky palace took
Cuſtom'd repoſe, and to the Goddeſs' bed
Magnificent aſcending, there I urged
My earneſt ſuit, which gracious ſhe receiv'd,
And in wing'd accents earneſt thus I ſpake.
O Circe! let us prove thy promiſe true;
Diſmiſs us hence. My own deſires, at length,
Tend homeward vehement, and the deſires
No leſs of all my friends, who with complaints
By thee unwitneſs'd, wear my heart away.
So I; to whom the Goddeſs in return.
Laertes' noble ſon, Ulyſſes famed
For deepeſt wiſdom! dwell not longer here,
Thou and thy followers, in my abode
Reluctant; but your next muſt be a courſe
Far diff'rent; hence departing, ye muſt ſeek
The dreary houſe of Ades and of dread
Perſephone, that ye may there conſult
Theban Tireſias, prophet blind, but bleſt
With faculties which death itſelf hath ſpared,
On whom alone Perſephone beſtows
A mind prophetick, while all others flit

Mere

Mere forms, the ſhadows of what once they were *.
She ſpake; whoſe awful tidings I received
Heart-broken; weeping on the bed I ſat,
Reckleſs of life and of the light of day.
But when, with tears and rolling to and fro
Satiate, I felt relief, I thus replied.
O Circe! with what guide ſhall I perform
This voyage, unperform'd by living man?
I ſpake, when inſtantly the Goddeſs thus—
Brave Laertiades! let not the fear
To want a guide diſtreſs thee. Once on board,
Your maſt erected, and your ſhining ſail
Unfurl'd, ſit thou; the breathing North ſhall waft
Thy veſſel on. But when ye ſhall have croſs'd
The broad expanſe of Ocean, and ſhall reach
The oozy ſhore, where grow the poplar groves
And fruitleſs willows wan of Proſerpine,
Puſh thither through the gulphy Deep thy bark,
And, landing, haſte to Pluto's murky abode.

* A curious ſtory, but unfit for tranſlation, is related by the Scholiaſt concerning the cauſe of his blindneſs.—B. & C.

Hauta, the daughter of Tireſias, rivalled her father in prophetick ſkill, and, reſiding at Delphos, carried the art to a much greater degree of perfection. Poſſeſſed of wonderful natural talents, ſhe compoſed moſt of her oracular reſponſes in verſe of different ſtructures, and many of her lines Homer is ſaid to have appropriated and to have applied them to the embelliſhment of his poems.

Diod. Sic. Hiſ. lib. iv.—C.

There

There, into Acheron runs not alone
Dread Pyriphlegethon, but Cocytus loud,
From Styx derived; there alſo ſtands a rock,
At whoſe broad baſe the roaring rivers meet*.
There, thruſting, as I bid, thy bark aſhore,
O Hero! ſcoop a trench, in length and breadth
A meaſured cubit, and libation pour
Around, for all the nations of the Dead;
Firſt, milk with honey mixt, then luſcious wine,
Then water, ſprinkling, laſt, meal over all.
Next, offer ſupplication to the forms
And ſhadows of the Dead, and vow to ſlay
In thy own palace, ſhould'ſt thou ſafe return,
An heifer, faireſt of thy num'rous herds,
And to enrich unſparingly the pyre
With delicacies ſuch as pleaſe the ſhades;
But, in peculiar, to Tireſias vow
A ram all ſable, and of nobleſt ſize.
When thus thou haſt propitiated with pray'r
All the illuſtrious nations of the dead,
Slay for them, next, in ſacrifice a ram
And ſable ewe, turning the face of each
Right toward Erebus, and look thyſelf,

* Acheron ſignifies the river of woe, Pyriphlegethon, the river that burns with fire, Cocytus the river of wailing, and Styx, of hatred.

Mean-time,

Mean-time, aſkance toward the river's courſe.
Souls num'rous, ſoon, of the departed dead
Will thither flock; then, ſtrenuous urge thy friends,
Flaying the victims which thy ruthleſs ſteel
Hath ſlain, to burn them, and to ſooth by pray'r
Illuſtrious Pluto and dread Proſerpine.
While thus is done, thou ſeated at the foſs,
Faulchion in hand, chaſe thence the airy forms
Afar, nor ſuffer them to approach the blood,
Till with Tireſias thou have firſt conferr'd.
Then, glorious Chief! the Prophet ſhall himſelf
Appear, who will inſtruct thee, and thy courſe
Delineate, meaſuring from place to place
Thy whole return athwart the fiſhy flood.

While thus ſhe ſpake, the golden dawn aroſe,
When, putting on me my attire, the nymph
Next, cloth'd herſelf, and girding to her waiſt
With an embroider'd zone her ſnowy robe
Graceful, redundant, veil'd her beauteous head.
Then, ranging the wide palace, I arouſed
My followers, ſtanding at the ſide of each—

Up! ſleep no longer! let us quick depart,
For thus the Goddeſs hath, herſelf, adviſed.

So I, whoſe early ſummons my brave friends
With readineſs obey'd. Yet even thence
I brought not all my crew. There was a youth,

Youngeſt of all my train, Elpenor; one
Not much in eſtimation for deſert
In arms, nor prompt in underſtanding more,
Who, ſeeking cooler air, which overcharged
With wine he needed, on the palace-roof
Of Circe ſlept, apart from all the reſt.
Awaken'd by the clamour of my friends
Newly ariſen, he alſo ſprang to riſe,
And, in his haſte, forgetful where to find
The deep-deſcending ſtairs, plunged through the roof.
That ſhock his neck-bone, parting at the joint,
Suſtain'd not, and his ſpirit ſought the ſhades.
Then, thus to my aſſembling friends I ſpake.
Ye think, I doubt not, of an homeward courſe,
But Circe points me to the drear abode
Of Proſerpine and Pluto, to conſult
The ſpirit of Tireſias, Theban ſeer.
I ceaſed, and they thoſe awful tidings heard
Heart-broken; down they ſat, lamenting loud
Their mournful lot, and plucking each his hair;
Yet profit none of all their ſorrow found.
But while we ſought my galley on the beach,
With aching hearts and ever-flowing tears,
Circe, the while, deſcended to the ſhore,
That ſhe might bind beſide the bark a ram
And ſable ewe, but paſs'd us unperceived;

For

For who, when they conſent not to be ſeen,
Can ſee the Gods, what way ſoe'er they move *?

* ——————— εἰδέ τις αὐτὸν
Εἰσορόα θνητῶν, αὐτὸς δὲ γε πάντας ὁρᾶται.
Orpheus apud Clem. Alex.—C.
——————— who ſees,
Himſelf inviſible, all human-kind.

ARGUMENT

OF THE

ELEVENTH BOOK.

Ulyſſes relates to Alcinoüs his voyage to the infernal regions, his conference there with the prophet Tireſias concerning his return to Ithaca, and gives him an account of the heroes, heroines, and others whom he ſaw there.

BOOK XI.

WE reach'd the ſhip, which haling downward, firſt
Into the ſacred Deep, we placed on board
Her maſt and ſails, the ram and ſable ewe,
Then enter'd weeping and diſtreſs'd, ourſelves.
And now, melodious Circe, nymph divine,
Sent after us a canvas-ſtretching breeze,
Pleaſant companion of our courſe, and we
(The tackle once adjuſted) on the ſeats
Repoſing, needed but the pilot's aid.

All

All day, with ſails diſtended, o'er the Deep
She flew, and when the ſun, at length, declined,
And twilight dim had ſhadow'd all the ways,
Approach'd the bourn of Ocean's vaſt profound.
The city, there, of the Cimmerians ſtands
With clouds and darkneſs veil'd, on whom the ſun
Deigns not to look with his beam-darting eye,
Or when he climbs the ſtarry arch, or when
Earthward he ſlopes again his weſt'ring wheels *,
But ſad night canopies the woful race †.
We haled the bark aground, and, landing there
The ram and ſable ewe, beſide the brink
Of Ocean journey'd whither Circe bade.
Eurylochus and Perimedes here
The victims held, while with my faulchion drawn
I ſcoop'd an hollow trench in meaſur'd length
And breadth, a cubit, and libation pour'd

* Milton.

† A people who inhabited the ſhore of the Boſphorus, where they are ſaid to have dwelt in excavations of the earth, communicating with each other by ſubterraneous paſſages. Strabo ſays that they ſubſiſted partly by mining for metals and partly by prophecy; they had an oracle at a great depth under-ground, and thoſe of them whoſe buſineſs it was in particular to attend it, never ſaw the ſun, emerging from their caverns only in the night.—C.

The night is called νὺξ ὀλοὴ, becauſe it was an unnatural one. To the proper night Homer generally gives the epithet ἀμβροσίη.—C.

Around for all the nations of the Dead,
Firſt, milk with honey mixt, then luſcious wine,
Then water; ſprinkling, laſt, meal over all.
This done, adoring the unreal forms
And ſhadows of the dead, I vow'd to ſlay,
In my own palace, ſhould I ſafe return,
An heifer, faireſt of my num'rous herds,
And to enrich unſparingly the pyre
With delicacies, ſuch as pleaſe the ſhades.
But, in peculiar, to the Theban ſeer
I vow'd, in ſize ſuperiour to the reſt
A ſable ram. When thus I had implored
With vows and pray'r the nations of the dead,
Piercing the victims next, I turn'd them both
To bleed into the trench; then ſwarming came
From Erebus the ſhades of the deceaſed,
Brides, youths unwedded, ſeniors who had lived
Long time familiar with oppreſſive cares,
And girls, afflicted never till they died.
Came alſo num'rous warriors by the ſpear
In battle pierced, with armour gore-diſtain'd,
And ſtalk'd in multitudes around the foſs
With dreadful clamours; me pale horrour ſeized.
Then, all in haſte, I importuned my friends
Flaying the victims which myſelf had ſlain,

To

To burn them, and to ſupplicate in pray'r
Illuſtrious Pluto and dread Proſerpine *.
I ſat the while, and with my faulchion drawn
Forbade the thronging ghoſts to approach the blood,
Till with Tireſias I ſhould firſt confer.
The ſpirit, firſt, of my companion came,
Elpenor; for no burial honours yet
Had he received, but we had left his corſe
In Circe's palace, tombleſs, undeplored,
Ourſelves by preſſure urged of other cares.
Him ſeeing, with compaſſion touch'd I wept,
And in wing'd accents of his fate enquired.
Elpenor! how cam'ſt thou into the realms
Of darkneſs? Haſt thou, though on foot, ſo far
Outſtripp'd my ſpeed, who in my bark arrived?
So I, to whom with tears he thus replied.
Laertes' noble ſon, for wiles renown'd!
Fool'd by ſome demon and the intemp'rate bowl,
I periſh'd in the houſe of Circe; there
Forgetful of the deep-deſcending ſteps
I fell precipitated from the roof.
That ſhock my neck-bone, parting at the joint,
Suſtain'd not, and my ſpirit ſought the ſhades.

* Becauſe Ulyſſes himſelf departed not from the trench he had opened, but ſtood guarding the blood continually, according to the inſtruction given him by Circe.—B. & C.

But now, by thoſe whom thou haſt left at home,
By thy Penelope, and by thy ſire,
The gentle guardian of thine infant years,
And by thy only ſon Telemachus
I now adjure thee, for full well I know
That from the houſe of Pluto ſafe return'd,
Thou ſhalt erelong thy gallant veſſel moor
At the Ææan iſle. Ah! there arrived
Remember me, nor leave me undeplored
And uninhumed, leſt vengeance, for my ſake,
Attend thee from the Gods; but burn my corſe
With whatſoever arms I left, and raiſe
A kind memorial of me on the ſhore,
Heap'd high with earth; that an unhappy man
May yet enjoy an unforgotten name.
Thus do at my requeſt, and on my hill
Funereal fix erect the poliſh'd oar,
With which among my friends I lately row'd *.
He ſpake, to whom thus anſwer I return'd.
Poor youth! I will perform thy whole deſire.
Thus we, there ſitting, doleful converſe held,
I, ſtretching my bright faulchion o'er the blood,

* It was a prevalent opinion among the Greeks, that the ſhades of the unburied dead were not permitted to mix with the ſhades of others. The Scholiaſt obſerves that he ſaw not thoſe who had been devoured by the Cyclops or the Læſtrigonians, becauſe they, however horrible their ſepulture, had yet a tomb.—C.

And my companion's ſhadowy ſemblance ſad
With earneſt ſpeech diſcourſing me the while.
The ſoul of my departed mother, next,
Of Anticleia, daughter of the brave
Autolycus approach'd, whom going forth
To Ilium, I had living left at home *.
Her ſeeing, with compaſſion touch'd, I wept;
Yet even her, (although it pain'd my ſoul)
Forbade, relentleſs, to approach the blood,
Till with Tireſias I ſhould firſt confer.
Then came the ſpirit of the Theban ſeer
Himſelf, his golden ſceptre in his hand,
Who knew me, and, enquiring, thus began.
Why, wretched man! the ſun's bright beams renounced,
Com'ſt thou to viſit in this joyleſs place
The ſhades of men departed? Leave the trench,
And turn thy faulchion's glitt'ring edge away,
That I may drink the blood, and tell thee truth.
He ſpake; I thence receding, deep infix'd
My glitt'ring faulchion in the ſheath again,
And when the prophet from the crimſon pool
Had drawn till ſatisfied, he thus began.
Thou ſeek'ſt a pleaſant voyage home again,
Renown'd Ulyſſes! but a God will make

* The tradition is, that, unable to endure the long abſence of her ſon, ſhe hanged herſelf.—B. & C.

That

That voyage difficult; for, as I judge,
Thou wilt not paſs by Neptune unperceiv'd,
Whoſe anger ſtill purſues thee, for the ſake
Of Polypheme his ſon, made blind by thee.
At length, however, after num'rous woes,
Thou may'ſt attain, perchance, thy native iſle,
If thy own appetite thou wilt control
And theirs who follow thee, what time thy bark
Well-built, ſhall at Thrinacia's ſhore arrive,
Eſcaped from perils of the gloomy Deep *.
There grazing ye ſhall find the flocks and herds
Of the all-ſeeing and all-hearing Sun,
Which, if attentive to thy ſafe return,
Thou leave unharm'd, though after num'rous woes,
Ye may at length your Ithaca regain †.
But if thou violate them, I denounce
Deſtruction on thy ſhip and all thy band,
And though thyſelf eſcape, thou ſhalt arrive
Late and afflicted, all thy people loſt,

* The ſhore of Sicily, commonly called Trinacria, but *Euphonicè* by Homer, Thrinacia. It took this name from its three promontories, Pelorus, Pachynus, and Lilybæum.—B. & C.

† It is plain that Homer, notwithſtanding he ſays more than once, Διὸς δ' ἰτυλείτο βουλή, was not in the ſtrict ſenſe of the word a Fataliſt, but underſtood Man to be a Free Agent, and to have an option reſpecting all thoſe points of his conduct with which his future happineſs or miſery was connected.—C.

And

And in a foreign bark. Diſtreſs, beſides,
Awaits thee there, for thou ſhalt find within
Proud ſuitors of thy noble wife, who waſte
Thy ſubſtance, and with promis'd ſpouſal gifts
Ceaſeleſs ſolicit her to wed; yet well
Shalt thou avenge all their injurious deeds.
That onee perform'd, and ev'ry ſuitor ſlain
Either by ſtratagem, or face to face
In thy own palace, bearing, as thou go'ſt,
An oar, ceaſe not to journey till thou find
A people who the ſea know not, nor eat
Food ſalted; they trim galley crimſon-prow'd
Have ne'er beheld, nor yet ſmooth-ſhaven oar,
With which the veſſel wing'd ſcuds o'er the waves *.
Well thou ſhalt know them; this ſhall be the ſign—
When thou ſhalt meet a trav'ller, who ſhall name
The oar on thy broad ſhoulder borne, a van †,
There, deep infixing it within the ſoil,
Worſhip the King of Ocean with a bull,
A ram, and a laſcivious boar; then ſeek
Thy home again, and ſacrifice at home

* Evidently with a view to appeaſe and propitiate Neptune, who would thus ſee a nation, lately ignorant of the ſea and of all maritime affairs, inſtructed in them by Ulyſſes, ſuddenly become his votaries.

† Miſtaking the oar for a corn-van. A ſure indication of his ignorance of maritime concerns.

An hecatomb to the Immortal Gods,
Adoring duly each, and in his courſe.
So ſhalt thou die in peace a gentle death,
Remote from Ocean; it ſhall find thee late,
In ſoft ſerenity of age, the Chief
Of a bleſt people.—I have told thee truth *.

So ſpake the ſeer, to whom I thus replied—
The Gods themſelves, Tireſias! have ordain'd
My ſuff'rings ſuch. But tell me, for I need
Thy ſage inſtruction ſtill, and tell me true.
Sullen and mute and with averted looks
Here ſits, beſide the trench, my mother's ſhade—
How ſhall ſhe know me once ſo dearly loved?

So I; when anſwer thus the ſeer return'd.
The means are eaſy; learn them; they are theſe.
What ſhade ſoe'er, by leave from thee obtain'd,
Shall taſte the blood, that ſhade will tell the truth;
The reſt, prohibited, will all retire.

When thus the ſpirit of the royal Seer

* It is doubtful whether θάνατος ἐξ ἁλὸς ſignifies a death that ſhould reach him *by means* of the ſea, or *at a diſtance from it*. They who chooſe the former ſenſe, ſay that Ulyſſes was ſlain by his ſon Telegonus whom he had by Circe. He had wandered far in queſt of his father, when arriving at Ithaca and not being permitted to land, he fought with his oppoſers who knew him not, and killed Ulyſſes. But this interpretation but very ill accords with the epithet Ἀβληχρὸς, *gentle, peaceful*, more like *ſleep* than *death*.—B.&C.

Had

Had his prophetic mind reveal'd, again
He enter'd Pluto's gates; but I unmoved
Still waited till my mother's ſhade approach'd;
She drank the blood, then knew me, and in words
Wing'd with affection, plaintive, thus began.
How, Oh my ſon! ſtill living, haſt thou reach'd
This darkſome region? Arduous is the taſk
For living man to mingle with the Dead.
Broad rivers roll, and awful floods between,
And Ocean wider ſtill, whoſe gulphs forbid
All acceſs, ſave to well-built barks alone.
Is this ſad ſhore the firſt, where, thou and thine
After long wand'ring from the ſhores of Troy
Have diſembark'd? And haſt thou not beheld
Thy conſort yet, nor reach'd thy native home?
She ſpake, to whom this anſwer I return'd.
My mother! me neceſſity conſtrain'd
To Pluto's dwelling, anxious to conſult
Theban Tireſias; for I have not yet
Approach'd Achaia, nor have touch'd the coaſt
Of Ithaca, but have been evermore
A woful wand'rer, ſince I follow'd firſt
King Agamemnon to the war of Troy.
But ſpeak, my mother, and the truth alone;
What ſtroke of fate ſlew *thee?* Fell'ſt thou a prey
To ſome ſlow malady? or by the ſhafts

Of

Of gentle Dian ſuddenly ſubdued *?
Speak alſo of my ſire, and of my ſon;
Share they ſuch honours, as, allied to me,
They juſtly claim? Or have the people crown'd
Some other, through deſpair of my return?
What views have influenced, and what counſels moſt
The conduct of my wife? Perſiſts ſhe ſtill
Diſcharging tenderly the mother's part,
And wiſely managing her home-concerns?
Or hath ſhe wander'd to another mate,
And wedded with the nobleſt of the Greeks?
I ceas'd, when thus the venerable ſhade.
Not ſo; ſhe faithful ſtill and patient dwells
Beneath thy roof; but dwells a mourner there,
With weeping anguiſh waſted night and day.
Thy dignities and fair poſſeſſions ſtill
Continue thine; Telemachus, thy ſon,
Tills, undiſturb'd, thy land, and ſits a gueſt
At many a noble banquet, ſuch as well
Beſeems the ſplendour of his princely ſtate,
For all invite him †. At his farm retired

* Death by a *ſlow* malady, or death by the *ſhafts of Diana* are ſet in oppoſition to each other; a ſudden death being always ſignified by the latter.—C.

† The death of Anticlea ſeems to have happened prior to the intruſion of the ſuitors and the havock they made of his ſubſtance.—C.

It appears to have been cuſtomary with the antients to invite their princes and judges to all their publick entertainments.—C.

Thy

Thy father dwells, nor to the city comes
For aught; nor bed, nor furniture of bed,
Furr'd cloaks or ſplendid arras he enjoys,
But, with his ſervile hinds all winter ſleeps
In aſhes and in duſt beſide the fire,
Coarſely apparell'd, and when ſummer comes,
Or genial autumn, on the fallen leaves
In any nook, not curious where, he finds
An humble couch among his fruitful vines.
There, ſtretch'd forlorn, indulging hopeleſs grief,
And worn with age, thy fortune he deplores.
So periſh'd I; ſuch fate I alſo found *;
Me, neither from above Diana pierced,
Right-aiming arch'reſs, with her gentle ſhafts,
Nor any dread diſtemper, ſuch as waſtes
And ſlowly withers life, extinguiſh'd mine,
But dear remembrance of thy filial love
And kindneſs that ſhould never ſooth me more,
Theſe, my Ulyſſes! fatal proved to me.
She ſaid; I, ardent wiſh'd to claſp the ſhade
Of my departed mother; thrice I ſprang

* The compariſon is between her grief and that of Laertes, not between the effects of it. His grief enfeebles and wears him out gradually; hers impelled her at once to an act of deſperation. She is ſilent, however, concerning the manner of her death, on account of the guilty nature of it, which would have ſhocked her ſon had ſhe owned it.

Toward

Toward her, by deſire impetuous urged,
And thrice ſhe flitted from between my arms,
Light as a paſſing ſhadow or a dream.
Then, pierced by keener grief, in accents wing'd
With filial earneſtneſs I thus replied.

My mother, why elud'ſt thou my attempt
To claſp thee, that ev'n here, in Pluto's realm,
We might to full ſatiety indulge
Our grief, infolded in each other's arms?
Hath Proſerpine, offended, ſent me forth
An empty ſhade, t' afflict me ſtill the more?

Then, inſtant, thus the venerable form.
Ah, ſon! thou moſt afflicted of mankind!
On thee, Jove's daughter, Proſerpine, obtrudes
No vain illuſion, but a fixt decree
Such renders, once deceaſed, all human-kind,
Thenceforth, no muſcular ſupport they need,
Diveſted, by the fierce funereal fires,
Of fleſh and bones; and when the mind expell'd
Hath left the limbs all lifeleſs, like a dream
The unſubſtantial ſoul, then, flits away.
But haſte thou back to light, and, taught thyſelf
Theſe ſacred truths, hereafter teach thy ſpouſe *.

Thus

* Muretus underſtood this precept given to Ulyſſes by his mother in a ſenſe ſimilar to the ſenſe of Virgil's—portâque emittit eburnâ—that

Thus mutual we conferr'd. Then, thither came,
Sent from beneath by Proſerpine, the ſhades
Of num'rous women, wives and daughters, all,
Of Kings and Heroes. Cloſe around the trench,
Eager to drink the crimſon pool they ſtood.
But I, conſid'ring ſat, how I might each
Interrogate, and thus reſolv'd. My ſword
Forth drawing from beſide my ſturdy thigh,
Firm I prohibited the ghoſts to drink
The blood together; they ſucceſſive came;
Each told her own diſtreſs; I queſtion'd all.
There, firſt, the high-born Tyro I beheld;
She claim'd Salmoneus* as her ſire, and her
Had Cretheus, ſon of Æolus, eſpouſed.
Enamour'd of Enipeus, ſtream divine,
Lovelieſt of all that water earth, beſide
His limpid current ſhe was wont to ſtray,
When Ocean's God, (Enipeus' form aſſumed†)
Within the eddy-whirling river's mouth

that is to ſay, as a concealed inſinuation of the contempt which the poet felt for the ſuperſtition on which his ſtory was founded.

Plutarch alſo obſerves that Homer has done well to treat this conference of Ulyſſes with the ſhades of the deceaſed, as a tale credible only by credulous women.—C.

* Whom for counterfeiting his thunders Jove ſtruck with a thunderbolt.—B. & C.

† Enipeus was a river of Elis which alſo ran through Theſſaly.—B. & C.

Embraced her; there, while the o'er-arching flood,
Uplifted mountainous, conceal'd the God
And his fair human bride, her virgin zone
He loos'd, and o'er her eyes ſweet ſleep diffuſed,
His am'rous purpoſe ſatisfied, he graſp'd
Her hand, affectionate, and thus he ſaid.

Rejoice in this my love, and when the year
Shall tend to conſummation of its courſe,
Illuſtrious twins produce; for love divine
Is never fruitleſs. With affection due
Suſtain and cheriſh them, and well beware
That, going hence, thou boaſt not my embrace,
For I am Neptune, ſov'reign of the Deep.

He ſaid, and, whelm'd in ocean, diſappear'd.
She Pelias bore and Neleus, heroes, both,
And ſceptre-ſwaying delegates of Jove.
Pelias the plains of Iäolchus own'd,
Of num'rous flocks poſſeſs'd; but his abode
Amid the ſands of Pylus Neleus choſe,
To Cretheus wedded next, the lovely nymph
Yet other ſons, Æſon and Pheres bore,
And Amythaon of equeſtrian fame.

I, next, the daughter of Aſopus ſaw,
Antiope; ſhe gloried to have known
Th' embrace of Jove himſelf, to whom ſhe brought
A double progeny, Amphion named

And

And Zethus; they the firſt foundations lay'd
And built the tow'rs of ſeven-gated Thebes,
For that, though valiant both, in ſpacious Thebes
Unfenced by tow'rs, they could not dwell ſecure *.
Alcmena, next, Amphitryon's wife I ſaw,
By Jove's embrace made mother of the bold
And lion-hearted Hercules; with Her
Came alſo Megara from Creon ſprung,
And by th' unconquer'd Hercules eſpouſed.
The beauteous Epicaſte ſaw I then,
Mother of Oedipus, who guilt incurr'd
Enormous, fatally deceiv'd and match'd
With her own ſon; he, firſt, his father ſlew,
Then wedded her, which ſoon the Gods divulged †.
He, under vengeance of offended heav'n,
In pleaſant Thebes dwelt miſerable, King
Of the Cadmean race; ſhe to the gates
Of Ades brazen-barr'd deſpairing went,
Self-ſtrangled by a cord made faſt aloft
To her own palace-roof, and woes bequeath'd
(Such as the Fury ſiſters execute
Innumerable) to her guilty ſon.

* Homer takes no notice of the ſtory of Amphion building the walls of Thebes by the magick influence of his lyre.—C. It was probably therefore invented ſince.

† By the Tragedians called—Jocaſta.

There alſo lovely Chloris I beheld,
Amphion's laſt-born daughter, and the bride
Of Neleus, choſen for her beauties' ſake,
And gifted, at his hands, with countleſs dow'r.
Neleus ſupreme in ſandy Pylus reign'd
And in Orchomenus, and ſire became
Of an illuſtrious offspring; for ſhe bore,
Firſt, Neſtor; Chromius, ſecond; after whom
Undaunted Periclymenus, and, laſt
His daughter Pero, wonder of all eyes,
Whom ev'ry neighbour of the Pylian realm
In marriage ſought, but none might hope to win
From Neleus, ſave alone who ſhould prevail
To drive from Phylace the guarded herds
Of King Iphiclus. Of them all, alone,
Melampus undertook that arduous taſk,
The Prophet; but by Fate's ſevere decree,
The herdſmen bound and held him pris'ner there.
At length (the year, with all its months and days
Concluded, and the new-born year begun)
The King Iphiclus, for his wiſdom' ſake,
And grateful for myſterious ſayings ſolved,
Releaſed him, and the will of Jove was done *.

* Iphicles had been informed by the Oracles, that he ſhould have no children till inſtructed by a prophet how to obtain them; a ſervice which Melampus had the good fortune to render him.—B.

Next, Leda, wife of Tyndarus I ſaw,
Who bore to Tyndarus a noble pair,
Caſtor the bold, and Pollux ceſtus-famed.
Though pris'ners in the fertile womb of earth,
They ſtill ſurvive, and honour even there
From Jove obtain; by turns they die, they live,
Nor leſs than Gods in earth are deem'd or heav'n *.
The conſort of Aloëus, next, I view'd,
Iphimedia. She to Neptune bore,
For Him ſhe call'd their Father, a ſhort-lived
But godlike Pair of never dying fame,
Otus and Ephialtes. Such for height,
And ſuch for beauty, never by the fruits
Of earth were nouriſh'd, ſince Orion died.
Nine cubits were the breadth, nine ells the length,
At nine years growth, of each. The Gods themſelves
They menaced, and preparing to diſturb
With all-confounding war the realms above,
On the Olympian ſummit thought to fix

* Caſtor being ſlain by Meleager, or by Polynices, and Pollux being immortal, the latter entreated Jupiter that his brother might ſhare his immortality with him, and that they might alternately aſcend to Olympus and ſink into the ſhades. Thus the Mythologiſts allegorized the alternate appearance and diſappearance of the two ſtars named Caſtor and Pollux, one of which declines into the ſouthern Hemiſphere, while the other is ſeen in ours.—C.

Huge Oſſa, and on Oſſa's tow'ring head
Pelion with all his foreſts; ſo to climb,
By mountains heap'd on mountains, to the ſkies *.
Nor had they fail'd, to full-grown youth matured,
But by the ſon † of fair Latona ſlain
Both periſh'd, ere the cheeks of either yet
The fleecy down of blooming manhood wore.
Phædra I alſo there, and Procris ſaw,
And Ariadne for her beauty praiſed,
Whoſe ſire was all-wiſe Minos. Theſeus her
From Crete toward the fruitful region bore
Of ſacred Athens, but enjoy'd not there;
For, firſt, ſhe periſh'd by Diana's ſhafts
In Dia, Bacchus witneſſing her crime ‡.
Mæra and Clymene I ſaw beſide,
And odious Eriphyle, who received
The price in gold of her own huſband's life §.

But

* Oſſa and Pelion were mountains of Theſſaly. Olympus was a mountain of Macedonia.—B. & C.

† Apollo.

‡ Phædra was the daughter of Minos and wife of Theſeus; Procris was the daughter of Erectheus.—Dia was an iſland near to Crete, and was afterward called Naxos. It was ſacred to Bacchus. Bacchus, therefore, accuſed her to Diana of having received the embraces of Theſeus in his temple there, and the Goddeſs puniſhed her with death.—B. & C.

§ Mæra was the daughter of Proetus and Anteia, and died a virgin. Clymene was the daughter of Minyas ſon of Neptune and

of

But all the wives of Heroes whom I ſaw,
And all their daughters can I not relate;
Night, firſt, would fail; and even now the hour
Calls me to ſlumber either in my bark
Or here; mean-time, I in yourſelves confide,
And in the Gods to ſhape my conduct home.
He ceaſed, and through the gloomy manſion all
Sat ſilent, charm'd to rapture, till, at length,
The beauteous Queen, Areta, thus began.
Phæacians! how appears he in your eyes
This ſtranger, graceful as he is in port,
In ſtature noble, and in mind diſcrete?
He is my gueſt; an honour which alike
All here partake; him, therefore, ſend not hence
With urgent haſte, nor ſcantily impart
To one ſo deſtitute; for ye are rich,
And by kind heav'n with rare poſſeſſions bleſt.
The Hero, next, Echeneus ſpake, a Chief
Now antient, eldeſt of Phæacia's ſons.
Wiſely, my friends, and not below the praiſe

of Euryanaſſa, and was married to Phylacus. Eriphyle was the daughter of Iphis; bribed by a golden ornament which ſhe received either from Polynices or Adraſtus, ſhe betrayed her huſband. Knowing as a prophet the event, he feared to go to the ſiege of Thebes, and, in conſequence of her treachery, was conſtrained to go. His name was Amphiaraüs.—B. & C.

Which all her prudent counſels ever claim
The Queen hath now adviſed, and, if it pleaſe
Alcinoüs alſo, thus will we perform.
To whom the King Alcinoüs replied.
As ſurely as I live, and as I reign,
So ſhall be done; I ratify the word.
Then let the gueſt, though anxious to depart,
Wait till the morrow, that I may complete
The whole donation. His ſafe conduct home
Shall be the gen'ral care, but mine in chief,
To whom dominion o'er the reſt belongs.
Him anſwer'd, then, Ulyſſes ever-wiſe.
Alcinoüs! Prince! exalted high o'er all
Phæacia's ſons! ſhould ye ſolicit, kind,
My ſtay throughout the year, preparing ſtill
My conduct home, and with illuſtrious gifts
Enriching me the while, ev'n that requeſt
Should pleaſe me; for the 'vantage all were mine.
I ſhould return ſtill wealthier, and, arrived
In Ithaca, ſhould readier welcome find,
And rev'rence more profound obtain from all.
To whom Alcinoüs anſwer thus return'd.
Ulyſſes! viewing thee, no fears we feel
Leſt thou, at length, ſome falſe pretender prove,
Or ſubtle hypocrite, of whom no few
Diſſeminated o'er its face the earth

Suſtains,

Suſtains, adepts in fiction, and who frame
Fables, where fables could be leaſt ſurmiſed.
Thy phraſe well turn'd, and thy ingenuous mind
Proclaim *thee* diff'rent far, who haſt in ſtrains
Harmonious, like a tuneful bard, rehears'd
The woes of all thy Greecians, and thy own.
But ſay, and tell me true. Beheld'ſt thou there
None of thy followers to the walls of Troy
Slain in that warfare? Lo! the night is long—
A night of utmoſt length; nor yet the hour
Invites to ſleep*. Tell me thy wond'rous deeds,
For I could watch till ſacred dawn, could'ſt thou
So long endure to tell me of thy toils.

Then thus Ulyſſes, ever-wiſe, replied,
Alcinoüs! high exalted over all
Phæacia's ſons! the time ſuffices yet
For converſe and for ſleep; and if thou wiſh
To hear ſtill more, I ſhall not ſpare to unfold
More pitiable ſtill, the woful end
Of other Greecians, after mine, deſtroy'd,
Who 'ſcaped, indeed, unſlaughter'd from the field
Of Ilium, but, who reach'd their native ſhores
Only to periſh, victims, at the laſt,

* This circumſtance, according to Euſtathius, is mentioned by the poet in order to aſcertain the time,—C. which muſt have been in the winter, for at the end of the fourteenth book it is evidently a winter-night which Ulyſſes ſpends with Eumæus.

Of

Of a perfidious woman's dark deſigns *.
Now, when chaſte Proſerpine had wide diſpers'd
Thoſe female ſhades, the mournful ſpirit, next,
Of Agamemnon, Atreus' ſon, appear'd;
Encircled by a throng, he came; by all
Who with himſelf beneath Ægiſthus' roof
Their fate fulfilling, periſh'd by the ſword.
He knew me quickly, ſoon as he had drunk
The crimſon pool; with lamentations loud
He pierced the gloom; tears trickling bathed his cheeks,
And with ſpread palms, through ardour of deſire,
He ſought to infold me faſt, but vigour none,
Or force, as erſt, his agile limbs inform'd.
I wept for pity at that ſight, and thus
In words by friendſhip wing'd his ſhade addreſs'd.
Ah glorious ſon of Atreus, King of men!
By what dire ſtroke of deſtiny ſubdued
Becam'ſt thou pris'ner here? By cruel force
Of overbearing ſtorms that whelm'd thy barks
Beneath the waves, at Neptune's dread command?
Or ſlain at home by robbers arm'd to ſeize
Thy flocks and herds †; Or fighting to ſecure

* Clytemneſtra.

† Having attempted himſelf the ſame thing at Iſmarus, but unſucceſsfully, and with the loſs of many of his companions, he naturally ſuſpects that Agamemnon might have fallen in a ſimilar enterpriſe.—B. & C.

From

From hoſtile pow'rs your city and your wives?
I ceaſed, when Agamemnon thus replied.
Ulyſſes, noble Chief, Laertes' ſon
For wiſdom famed! I neither died by force
Of overbearing ſtorms that whelm'd my barks
Beneath the waves, at Neptune's dread command,
Nor yet by ſpoilers of my flocks and herds,
But by the baſe Ægiſthus. He, combined
With my perfidious wife, the fatal ſtroke
Contrived for me; he bade me to his houſe,
And ſlew me at his board, as at his crib
Men ſlay an ox. Thus miſerably died
I and my friends around me, ſlaughter'd, all,
As at the nuptials of ſome wealthy Chief
Or other banquet, bleed the fatted boars
Bright-tuſk'd, for ſervice of his num'rous gueſts.
Thou haſt already witneſs'd many a field
With warriors overſpread, ſlain one by one;
But that dire ſcene had moſt thy pity moved;
For we, with brimming beakers at our ſide,
And underneath full tables, bleeding lay.
Blood floated all the pavement. Then the cries
Of Priam's daughter ſounded in my ears
Moſt pitiable of all, Caſſandra's cries,
Whom Clytemneſtra cloſe beſide me ſlew.
Expiring as I lay, I yet eſſay'd

To graſp my faulchion, but the trait'reſs quick
Withdrew herſelf, nor would vouchſafe to cloſe
My languid eyes, or prop my drooping chin
Ev'n in the moment when I ſought the ſhades.
So that the thing breathes not, ruthleſs and fell
As woman once reſolv'd on ſuch a deed
Deteſtable as my baſe wife contrived,
The murther of the huſband of her youth *.
I thought to have gladden'd by my ſafe return
My children, and the maidens of mine houſe,
But ſhe, paſt meaſure profligate, hath poured
Shame on herſelf, on women yet unborn,
And even on the virtuous of her ſex.

He ceas'd, to whom, thus, anſwer I return'd.
Gods! how ſeverely hath the Thund'rer plagued
The houſe of Atreus, even from the firſt,
By female counſels! we for Helen's ſake
Have num'rous died, and Clytemneſtra framed
While thou waſt far remote, this ſnare for thee!

* Homer more than once tells us that Clytemneſtra was never married till to Agamemnon, but Euripides, ſays Euſtathius, knew the contrary, who affirms that ſhe was married firſt to Tantalus. In his Iphigenia in Aulis he introduces her ſaying

Ἔγημας ἄκουσάν με καὶ λάθρᾳ βίᾳ,
Τὸν πρόσθεν ἄνδρα Τάνταλον κατακτανών.—C.

Againſt my will thou took'ſt me, and by force,
When thou hadſt ſlain my firſt mate Tantalus.

So I, to whom Atrides thus replied.
Thou, therefore, be not pliant overmuch
To woman; truſt her not with all thy mind,
But half diſcloſe to her, and half conceal *.
Yet, from thy conſort's hand no bloody death,
My friend, haſt thou to fear; for paſſing wiſe
Icarius' daughter is, far other thoughts,
Intelligent, and other plans, to frame.
Her, going to the wars, we left a bride
New-wedded, nouriſhing her infant boy,
Who, man himſelf, conſorts ere now with men
A proſp'rous youth; his father, ſafe reſtored
To his own Ithaca, ſhall ſee him ſoon,
And *he* ſhall claſp his father in his arms
As nature bids; but me, my cruel one
Indulged not with the dear delight to gaze
On my Oreſtes, for ſhe ſlew me firſt.
Yet deep repoſe this counſel in thy breaſt.
Steer ſecret to thy native iſle; avoid
Notice; for woman merits truſt no more †.

Now

* And yet, not becauſe ſhe was a woman, but becauſe ſhe was a wicked one, Clytemneſtra thus dealt with her huſband, and woman is not on her account to be deemed leſs worthy of truſt than man. But it is natural to look with a ſuſpicious eye to the quarter whence came the miſchief by which we ourſelves have ſuffered, and to caution others againſt it.—Dio, Orat. 74.—C.

† This is, ſurely, one of the moſt natural ſtrokes to be found in any poet. Convinced, for a moment, by the virtues of Penelope, he

Now tell me truly. Know ye by report
That ſtill my ſon ſurvives? where dwells he, ſay?
With antient Neſtor at his Pylian home,
Or in Orchomenos, or elſe beneath
My brother's roof in Sparta's wide domain?
For my Oreſtes is not yet a ſhade.

So he, to whom I anſwer thus return'd.
Atrides, aſk not me, for of his life
Or of his death I know not; words alone
Are empty ſounds, and better far ſuppreſs'd.

Thus we diſcourſing mutual ſtood, and tears
Shedding diſconſolate. Achilles' ſhade
Mean-time approach'd me, Peleus' mighty ſon;
Patroclus alſo, and Antilochus
Appear'd, with Ajax, for proportion juſt
And ſtature tall, (Pelides ſole except)
Diſtinguiſh'd above all Achaia's ſons.
The ſoul of ſwift Æacides at once
Knew me, and in wing'd accents thus began.

Brave Laertiades, for wiles renown'd!
What bolder deed than this wilt thou deviſe?
How haſt thou dared deſcend into the gloom
Of Hades, where the ſhadows of the Dead,

ſhe mentions her with reſpect; but, recollecting himſelf ſuddenly, involves even her in his general ill opinion of the ſex, begotten in him by the crimes of Clytemneſtra.

Forms

Forms without intellect, alone reſide * ?
So ſpake the Chief, whom anſwering thus I ſaid.
O Peleus' ſon! Achilles! braveſt far
Of all Achaia's race? I here arrived
Seeking Tireſias, from his lips to learn
By what means I may reach the rugged coaſt
Of Ithaca; for, toſs'd by ceaſeleſs ſtorms,
Never have I approach'd Achaia's ſhore,
Or touch'd my country yet, from day to day
Still ſeeking it in vain. But as for Thee,
Felicity like thine, Achilles! none
Hath known, or ſhall hereafter; for the Greeks
Thee living honour'd ever as a God,
And thy control is even here ſupreme
O'er all thy fellow-ſhades; indulge not then,
Achilles, cauſeleſs grief that thou haſt died.
I ceaſed, and anſwer thus at once received.
Renown'd Ulyſſes! think not death a theme
Of conſolation; I had rather live
The ſervile hind for hire, and eat the bread
Of ſome man ſcantily himſelf ſuſtain'd,

* This is plainly the import of the word Ἀφραδὲς, ſince none of them knew Ulyſſes, or could articulate, till they had drunk at the trench; after which they were inſpired by Proſerpine and enabled to converſe with him.

Than

Than ſov'reign empire hold o'er all the ſhades.*
But come—ſpeak to me of my noble boy;
Proceeds he, as he promis'd, brave in arms,
Or ſhuns he war? Say alſo, haſt thou heard
Of royal Peleus? ſhares he ſtill reſpect
Among his num'rous Myrmidons, or ſcorn
In Hellas and in Phthia, for that age
Predominates in his enfeebled limbs?
For help is none in me; the glorious ſun
No longer ſees me ſuch, as when in aid
Of the Achaians I o'erſpread the field
Of ſpacious Troy with all their braveſt ſlain.
Oh might I, vigorous as then, repair
For one ſhort moment to my father's houſe,

* It ſeems plain, and ſo the anſwer of Achilles was underſtood by Dionyſius Halicarn: that the abhorrence in which he holds the ſtate of the Dead, and the emphatical preference he gives to Life when compared with it, aroſe from his deſire of ſtill greater glory, and from his inability to endure the weariſomeneſs of a condition ſo inactive. Therefore it is that, always conſiſtent with himſelf, he had rather toil for lean wages and eat ſcanty bread, than be the ſupreme in authority over all below. In the ſame ſtile of complaint he adds in the ſequel

Οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼν ἀπαφωγὸς, &c.
For help is none in me, the glorious Sun
No longer ſees me ſuch————————

what advantage have we, ſays the Critick abovementioned, from the poſſeſſion of virtue, where we have no room to exert it?—C.

They

They all ſhould tremble; I would ſhow an arm,
Such as ſhould daunt the fierceſt who preſumes
To injure *him*, or to deſpiſe his age *.
Achilles ſpake, to whom I thus replied.
Of noble Peleus have I nothing heard;
But I will tell thee, as thou bidd'ſt, the truth
Unfeign'd of Neoptolemus thy ſon;
For him, myſelf, on board my hollow bark
From Scyros to Achaia's hoſt convey'd †.
Oft as in council under Ilium's walls
Our Chiefs aſſembled, foremoſt he pronounced
His mind, and ever prudently; by none,
Save godlike Neſtor and myſelf, excell'd.
Oft, too, as we with battle hemm'd around
Troy's bulwarks, from among the mingled crowd
Thy ſon ſprang foremoſt into martial act,
Emulous always of ſuperiour fame.
Beneath him num'rous fell the ſons of Troy
In dreadful fight, nor have I pow'r to name
Diſtinctly all, who by his glorious arm

* Another moſt beautiful ſtroke of nature. Ere yet Ulyſſes has had opportunity to anſwer, the very thought that Peleus may poſſibly be inſulted, fires him, and he takes the whole for granted. Thus is the impetuous character of Achilles ſuſtained to the laſt moment!

† This Ulyſſes did after the death of Achilles, for while he lived his ſon was not among the beſiegers.—C. Scyros was a city of Dolopia.—B. & C.

Exerted in the cauſe of Greece, expired.
Yet will I name Eurypylus, the ſon
Of Telephus, an Hero whom his ſword
Of life bereaved, and all around him ſtrew'd
The plain with his Cetean warriors, won
To Ilium's ſide by bribes to women giv'n *.
Save noble Memnon only, I beheld
No Chief at Ilium beautiful as he.
Again, when all our braveſt to the horſe
Of wood aſcended, by Epeüs framed,
And I was charged to open or to ſhut
The hollow fraud; then, many a Greecian Chief
And Senator the tear in ſilence wiped
From his wan cheek, and trembled ev'ry limb;
But never ſaw I changed to terrour's hue
His ruddy cheek, no tears wiped *he* away,
But oft he preſs'd me to go forth, his ſuit
With pray'rs enforcing, griping hard his hilt
And his braſs-burthen'd ſpear, and dire revenge
Denouncing, ardent, on the race of Troy.
At length, when we had ſack'd the lofty town

* Γυναίων τίνεσκε δώροις—Priam is ſaid to have influenced by gifts the wife and mother of Eurypylus, to perſuade him to the aſſiſtance of Troy, he being himſelf unwilling to engage.—B. & C. The paſſage through defect of hiſtory has long been dark, and commentators have adapted different ſenſes to it, all conjectural.

The Ceteans were a people of Myſia, and Telephus was their King.—B. & C.

Of

Of Priam, laden with abundant ſpoils
He ſafe embark'd, nor pierced by ſhaft or ſpear
Sent from afar, nor ſmitten by the ſword,
As oft in war befalls, where wounds are dealt
Promiſcuous, at the will of fiery Mars.
I ſpake, whoſe praiſes of his ſon, the ghoſt
Of ſwift Æacides exulting heard,
And meaſuring with larger ſtrides, for joy,
The meadow gray with aſphodel, retired *.
Thus, many a mournful ghoſt beſide me ſtood
Rehearſing, each, his ſorrows, and, alone,
The ghoſt of Ajax eyed me from afar,
Indignant that Achilles' armour left
By Thetis to the worthieſt at the ſhips,
Troy and Minerva judges of the ſtrife,
Not to himſelf had fallen, but to me †.
Fatal award! and which I now deplore,

* Κατ' ἀσφοδελὸν λειμῶνα—Aſphodel was planted on the graves, and around the tombs of the deceaſed, and hence the ſuppoſition, that the Stygian plain was clothed with aſphodel. F.

† Agamemnon, deſirous not to ſeem partial to either of the competitors for the armour of Achilles, aſſembling the Trojan captives aſked them whether Ajax or Ulyſſes had occaſioned moſt lamentation in their city. They replied that their city had ſuffered moſt by Ulyſſes. When taking that as a juſt criterion of their reſpective merits, to Ulyſſes he gave the armour.—B. & C. The conſequence to Ajax was ſuch inſupportable diſappointment and mortification that he ſlew himſelf.

Since Ajax (ſave Achilles) in his form
And martial exploits foremoſt of the Greeks,
Now lies ſepultured for that armour' ſake!
I, ſeeking to appeaſe him, thus began.
O Ajax, ſon of glorious Telamon!
Canſt thou remember, even after death,
Thy wrath againſt me, kindled for the ſake
Of thoſe pernicious arms? arms which the Gods
Ordain'd of ſuch dire conſequence to Greece,
Which cauſed thy death, our bulwark! Thee we mourn
With grief perpetual, nor the death lament
Of Peleus' ſon, Achilles, more than thine.
Yet none is blamable; Jove evermore
With bitt'reſt hate purſued Achaia's hoſt,
And he ordain'd thy death. Hero! approach,
That thou may'ſt hear the words with which I ſeek
To ſooth thee; let thy long diſpleaſure ceaſe!
Quell all reſentment in thy gen'rous breaſt!
I ſpake; nought anſwer'd he, but ſullen join'd
His fellow ghoſts; yet, ſtill I had eſſay'd
To move the angry Chief to ſome reply,
But for the wiſh that in my ſoul I felt
To view the ſad eſtate of others there.
There ſaw I Minos, offspring famed of Jove;
His golden ſceptre in his hand, he ſat
Judge of the dead; they pleaded each in turn;

Some

Some ſtood, ſome ſat, ſurrounding on his throne
The King whoſe ample doors are never cloſed.
Orion next, huge ghoſt, engaged my view,
Droves urging o'er the graſſy mead, of beaſts
Which he had ſlain, himſelf, on the wild hills,
With ſtrong club arm'd of ever-during braſs.
There alſo Tityus on the ground I ſaw
Extended, offspring of the glorious earth;
Nine acres he o'erſpread, and, at his ſide
Station'd, two vultures on his liver prey'd,
Scooping his entrails; nor his hands were free
To chaſe them thence; for he had ſought to force
Latona, glorious concubine of Jove,
What time through pleaſant Panope* ſhe paſs'd
A lonely trav'ller to the Pythian dome.
Next, ſuff'ring grievous torments, I beheld
Tantalus; in a pool he ſtood, his chin
Waſh'd by the wave; thirſt-parch'd he ſeem'd, but found
Nought to aſſuage his thirſt; for when he bow'd
His hoary head and ſtrove to drink, the flood
Vaniſh'd abſorb'd, and, at his feet, aduſt
The ſoil appear'd, dried, inſtant, by the Gods.
Tall trees, fruit-laden, with inflected heads
Stoop'd to him, pears, pomegranates, apples bright,

* A city of Phocis.—B. & C.

The luſcious fig, and unctuous olive ſmooth;
Which when with ſudden graſp he would have ſeized,
Winds whirl'd them high into the duſky clouds *.
There, too, the hard-taſk'd Siſyphus I ſaw,
Thruſting before him an enormous rock †.
With hands and feet ſtruggling, he ſhoved the ſtone
Up to a hill-top; but the ſteep wellnigh
Vanquiſh'd, by ſome great force repulſed, the maſs
Ruſh'd again, obſtinate, down to the plain ‡.
Again, ſtretch'd prone, he toil'd; ſweat bathed his limbs,
And thick the duſt around his brows aroſe.
The might of Hercules I, next, ſurvey'd;
His ſemblance; for himſelf their banquet ſhares
With the Immortal Gods, and in his arms
Infolds neat-footed Hebe, daughter fair
Of Jove, and of his golden-ſandall'd ſpouſe.
Around him, clamorous as birds, the dead

* The offence of Tantalus was inſatiable greedineſs; for not contented to banquet with the Gods himſelf, he alſo ſtole their nectar and ambroſia, and gave them to his companions.—B. & C.

† Βαρυζοντα muſt have this ſenſe interpreted by what follows. To attempt to make the Engliſh numbers expreſſive as the Greek, is a labour like that of Siſyphus. The Tranſlator has done what he could.

‡ It is now, perhaps, impoſſible to aſcertain with preciſion what Homer meant by the word κρατειὴς, which he uſes only here, and in the next book, where it is the name of Scylla's dam.—Some underſtand it in this place to be an adverb only, formed in the ſame manner as the adverb λιχριφὶς.—B. & C.

Swarm'd

Swarm'd turbulent; he, gloomy-brow'd as night,
With uncaſed bow and arrow on the ſtring
Peer'd terrible from ſide to ſide, as one
Ever in act to ſhoot, a dreadful belt
He bore athwart his boſom, thong'd with gold *.
There broider'd, many a form ſtupendous ſhone,
Bears, wild-boars, lions with fire-flaſhing eyes,
Fierce combats, battles, bloodſhed, homicide.
The matchleſs artiſt who that belt deviſed
And wrought thoſe various forms, ne'er fram'd the like
Before or after. Soon as he beheld
He knew me, and in ſorrow thus began.
Laertes' noble ſon, for wiles renown'd!
Ah, hapleſs Hero! thou art, doubtleſs, charged,
Thou alſo, with ſome arduous labour, ſuch
As in the realms of day I once endured.
Son of Saturnian Jove, I yet ſuſtain'd
Enormous toils, ſubjected to a man
In worth and might inferiour far to me,
For whom much arduous ſervice I perform'd.
He even bade me on a time lead hence
The dog, that taſk believing above all
Impracticable; yet from Ades him
I dragg'd reluctant into light, by aid

* A thong was attached to the belt, and the ſword was ſuſpended by it.—B. & C.

Of Hermes, and of Pallas azure-eyed.
So ſaying, he penetrated deep again
The abode of Pluto; but I ſtill unmoved
There ſtood expecting, curious, other ſhades
To ſee of Heroes in old time deceaſed,
And Theſeus and Pirithoüs had beheld
Famed offspring of the Gods, with other Chiefs
Of old renown, and even whom I would;
But nations countleſs of the ſhadowy Dead
Now gath'ring faſt around me rent the air
With hideous outcry; me pale horrour ſeized,
Leſt awful Proſerpine ſhould thither ſend
The Gorgon-head from Ades, ſight abhorr'd!
Thence, therefore, haſting to the ſhore, I bade
My crew caſt looſe their moorings and embark.
Obedient they their ſeats on board reſumed,
And down th' Oceanus with oars we won
Our paſſage, firſt, then fann'd by pleaſant gales *.

* The two firſt lines of the following book ſeem to aſcertain the true meaning of the concluſion of this, and to prove ſufficiently that by Ὠκεανὸς here, Homer could not poſſibly intend any other than a river. In thoſe lines he tells us in the plaineſt terms, that *the ſhip left the ſtream of the river Oceanus, and arrived in the open ſea.* Diodorus Siculus informs us, that Ὠκεανὸς had been a name anciently given to the Nile.—C.

ARGU-

ARGUMENT

OF THE

TWELFTH BOOK.

Ulyſſes, purſuing his narrative, relates his return from the ſhades to Circe's iſland, the precautions given him by that Goddeſs, his eſcape from the Sirens, and from Scylla and Charybdis; his arrival in Sicily, where his companions, having ſlain and eaten the oxen of the Sun, are afterward ſhipwreck'd and loſt; and concludes the whole with an account of his arrival, alone, on the maſt of his veſſel, at the iſland of Calypſo.

BOOK XII.

WHEN down the ſmooth Oceanus impell'd
By proſp'rous gales, my galley, once again,
Cleaving the billows of the ſpacious Deep
Had reach'd th' Ææan iſle, where ſprightly Morn
Comes dancing forth, and Phœbus firſt appears,
We thruſt her to the ſands, and, going forth,

Slept

Slept on the beach till ruddy dawn aroſe *.
But ſoon as day-ſpring's daughter roſy-palm'd
Look'd forth again, ſending my friends before,
I bade them bring Elpenor's body down
From the abode of Circe to the ſhore.
Then, on the utmoſt headland of the coaſt
We timber fell'd, and, ſorrowing o'er the dead,
Water'd his fun'ral rites with many tears.
The dead conſumed, and with the dead his arms,
We heap'd his tomb, and the ſepulchral poſt
Erecting, fix'd his ſhapely oar aloft.
Thus, punctual, we perform'd; nor our return
From Ades knew not Circe, but attired
In haſte, erelong arrived, with whom appear'd
Her female train with plenteous viands charged,
And bright wine roſy-red. Amidſt us all
Standing, the beauteous Goddeſs thus began.
Unhappy trav'llers, who have ſought, alive,
The houſe of Hades, deſtin'd twice to die,
While all beſides, once dying, die no more!
Come—take ye food; drink wine; and on the beach
All day regale, for ye ſhall hence again

* According to the opinion of the Scholiaſt, the poet means not to ſay that the Ææan iſle is the place where Aurora actually firſt riſes, but merely to call it a land of day-light. And it ſeems natural that Ulyſſes, who had ſo lately left the gloomy city of the Cimmerians, ſhould ſo diſtinguiſh it.—B. & C.

At

At day-ſpring o'er the Deep; but I will mark
Myſelf your future courſe, nor uninform'd
Leave you in aught, leſt, through ſome dire miſtake,
By ſea or land new mis'ries ye incur.
The Goddeſs ſpake, whoſe invitation kind
We glad accepted; thus we feaſting ſat
Till ſet of ſun, and quaffing richeſt wine;
But when the ſun was ſet and darkneſs fell,
My crew beſide the hawſers ſlept; while me
The Goddeſs leading by the hand apart,
Firſt bade me ſit, then, ſeated oppoſite,
Inquired, minute, of all that I had ſeen;
And I, from firſt to laſt, recounted all.
Then, thus the awful Goddeſs in return.
Thus far thy toils are finiſh'd. Now attend!
Hear what the Gods themſelves, I know, will bring
To thy remembrance in the needful hour.
Firſt ſhalt thou reach the Sirens; they the hearts
Enchant of all who on their coaſt arrive *.
The wretch, who unforewarn'd approaching, hears

* The Sirens, according to many, were the daughters of Acheloüs and Sterope, but others call them the daughters of Acheloüs and Terpſichore, one of the Muſes. Chooſing to live virgins they were hated by Venus, and, having wings, flew to Anthemuſa an iſland of the Tyrrhene ſea. Their names were Aglaophema, Thelxiepia, and Piſinoë; but Homer allows only two, mentioning them in the Dual number.—B. & C.

The

The Sirens' voice, his wife and little-ones
Ne'er fly to gratulate his glad return;
But him the Sirens ſitting in the meads
Charm with mellifluous ſong, although he ſee
Bones heap'd around them, and the mould'ring ſkins
Of hapleſs men, whoſe bodies have decay'd.
But, paſs them thou, and, leſt thy people hear
Thoſe warblings, ere thou yet approach, with wax
Moulded between thy palms fill all their ears;
But as for thee—thou hear them if thou wilt.
Yet let thy people, compaſſing around
Thy feet and arms with cordage of the ſhip,
Cloſe bind thee to the ſocket of the maſt;
So ſhalt thou, raptur'd, hear the Sirens' ſong.
But if thou ſupplicate to be releaſed,
Or give ſuch order, then, with added cords
Let thy companions bind thee ſtill the more.
When thus thy people ſhall have ſafely paſs'd
The Sirens, think not, taught by me, to learn
What courſe thou next ſhall ſteer; no—chooſe thyſelf
The beſt of two, which I ſhall now deſcribe.
Here vaulted rocks impend, for ever daſh'd
By the hoarſe billows of the azure Deep;
The bleſſed Gods thoſe rocks, Erratic, call *.

Not

* Theſe rocks are underſtood to be thoſe called the Cyanean or Symplegades from συμπλήσσειν which ſignifies *to daſh together*. For, ſtanding

Not even birds can paſs them; not the birds
Themſelves which his ambroſia bear to Jove,
But even of thoſe doves the ſlipp'ry rock
Proves fatal ſtill to one, for which the God
Supplies another, leſt the number fail *.
Ship never yet, arriving there, eſcaped,
But planks and mariners are whelm'd at once,
Or, caught by fiery tempeſts, ſwept away.
The Argo only from the Colchian ſhore
Paſs'd ſafely, further'd by the vows of all;
And even her perhaps rude winds had driv'n
Againſt thoſe bulky rocks, but Juno's aid
Vouchſafed to Jaſon ſent her ſafe along.
Theſe rocks are two; one lifts his ſummit ſharp
High as the ſpacious heav'ns, in duſky clouds
Enveloped, which nor autumn ſees diſpers'd

ſtanding at ſmall diſtance from each other, to thoſe who approached them in a right line, they appeared two, but, ſeen in an oblique direction, had the appearance of approximation till at laſt they ſeemed to meet. They were therefore fabulouſly ſaid to claſh, and were denominated *The rocks of colliſion*. For the ſame reaſon evidently it is that Homer calls them Πλαγκταὶ or Erratic.—C.

* While Jupiter was an infant a cave in Crete was his nurſery, where he was attended by doves who brought him ambroſia in their bills, and by a vaſt eagle which ſupplied him in the ſame place with nectar. The God, having ſubdued and tamed the latter, aſſigned him an abode in heaven, and the doves he made his harbingers to announce the approach of ſummer and winter.—See Byzant. Mero cited by Barnes.—B. & C.

Nor

Nor ſummer, for the ſun ſhines never there;
No mortal man, with twice ten feet ſupplied,
And were his hands as num'rous, might attain
Its tow'ring head, or to its baſe deſcend,
For ſmoothneſs ſuch it ſhows, as if by ſkill
Of ſome nice artiſt poliſh'd all around.
Full in the centre of its weſtern ſide,
Turn'd toward Erebus, a cavern yawns
Gloomy and deep; beneath it ye ſhall ſteer
Ulyſſes, glorious Chief! your flying bark.
No youth could ſend an arrow from on board
High as its horrid mouth. There Scylla dwells,
And like a wild-beaſt's whelp of late renounced
By its fierce dam, with hungry whinings fills
Her deep receſs, a monſter to be view'd
With terrour even by the Gods themſelves.
Her feet are twelve, all fore-feet; ſix her necks
Of hideous length, each clubb'd into a head
Terrifick, arm'd with fangs in triple row,
Thick-planted, and with carnage fill'd between.
Plunged to her middle in the hollow den
She lurks, protruding from the black abyſs
Her heads, with which the rav'ning monſter dives
In queſt of dolphins, dog-fiſh, or of prey
More bulky, ſuch as in the roaring gulphs
Of Amphitrite without end abounds.

None ever boaſted yet that he had paſs'd
Her cavern ſafely, for with ev'ry mouth
She bears upcaught a mariner away *.
The other rock, Ulyſſes, thou ſhalt find
Humbler, a bow-ſhot only from the firſt;
On this a wild fig grows broad-leav'd, and here
Charybdis dire ingulphs the ſable flood †.
Each day ſhe thrice diſgorges, and again
Thrice drinks, inſatiable, the deluge down.
Ah, fear her Then! for ſhould thy bark approach
What time ſhe drinks the billows, not the pow'r
Of Neptune' ſelf could reſcue thee and thine.
Steer, therefore, cloſe to Scylla, and thy bark
Urge ſwiftly on, ſince loſs of ſix alone
Is better far than ſhipwreck made of all.
So Circe ſpake, to whom I thus replied.
Oh Goddeſs! tell me true. Should I eſcape,
Perchance, the dread Charybdis, may I ſtrike

* The hiſtory of Scylla diveſted of the fable, according to Palæphatus was ſimply this. A three-bank'd galley belonging to an iſland in the Tyrrhene ſea, and named Scylla, with the aid of as many ſhips as ſhe could procure to aſſiſt her, plundered the coaſts of Sicily and of the bay of Ionia ſo frequently, that ſhe cauſed in thoſe parts much talk and general conſternation. Ulyſſes, by the help of a ſtrong and fair wind, had the good fortune to eſcape when this galley chaſed him.—C.

† The fig-tree is mentioned here becauſe it will ſoon be wanted for the preſervation of the hero.—B. & C.

In

In their defence whom Scylla would annoy?
I ſaid, and quick the Goddeſs in return.
Wretch! may no toils thy thirſt of battle quell,
Nor even Pow'rs immortal move thy fear?
For ſuch is Scylla; that enormous peſt
Defies all force; retreats not; cannot die.
Defence is vain; flight is thy ſole reſource *.
For ſhould'ſt thou linger putting on thy arms
Beſide the rock, beware, leſt darting forth
Her num'rous heads, ſhe ſeize with ev'ry mouth
A Greccian, and with others, even thee.
Paſs therefore ſwiftly, and aloud invoke
Crataïs, mother of this plague of man,
Who will forbid her to aſſail thee more †.
Thou next ſhalt reach Thrinacia's iſle; there graze
The num'rous ſheep and oxen of the Sun;
Sev'n herds; as many flocks of ſnowy fleece;
Fifty in each; they breed not, neither die,
No ſhepherds them, but Goddeſſes attend,
Lampetia fair, and Phaëthuſa, both
By nymph Neæra to Hyperion borne.

* Barnes on this paſſage cites a punning epigram, expreſſive of the ſame ſentiment; underſtanding Scylla as a type of Luſt.

Quid facies, facies Veneris cum veneris ante?
Ne ſedeas, ſed eas; ne pereas, per eas.

† Others make Scylla the daughter of Phorcys and Hecate.—B.&C.

Them,

Them, ſoon as ſhe had train'd them to an age
Proportion'd to that charge, their mother ſent
Into Thrinacia, there to dwell and keep
Inviolate their father's flocks and herds.
If, anxious for a ſafe return, thou ſpare
Thoſe herds and flocks, though after much endured,
Ye may at laſt your Ithaca regain;
But ſhould'ſt thou violate them, I foretell
Deſtruction of thy ſhip and of thy crew;
And though thyſelf eſcape, thou ſhalt return
Late, in ill plight, with not a follower left.
She ended, and the golden morning dawn'd.
Then, all-divine, her graceful ſteps ſhe turn'd
Back through the iſle, and, at the beach arrived,
I ſummon'd all my followers, bade them caſt
My veſſel looſe, and climb her ſides again;
Obedient they embark'd, the benches fill'd,
And threſh'd with well-timed oars the foamy Deep.
And now, melodious Circe, nymph divine,
Sent after us a canvas-ſtretching breeze,
Pleaſant companion of our courſe, and we
(The tackle all adjuſted) to the gale
Reſign'd the bark, and to the pilot's care,
And, pierced with heart-felt ſorrow, thus I ſaid.
Oh friends! it much imports you to be taught
(Not one but all) ſuch tidings as myſelf

Have learn'd from Circe, propheteſs divine,
That ſhould we periſh, we may periſh arm'd
With like foreknowledge, both yourſelves and I.
Firſt, we muſt paſs the Sirens ſinging ſweet
In flow'ry meads, of whoſe enticing ſtrains
She bids us all beware, and me alone
With open ears receive them; me with cords
Bind, therefore, ye, ſo ſurely to the maſt
That fixt erect and moveleſs at its foot
I may perforce remain; and ſhould I ſue
In gentle ſort, or ſeek with ſtern commands
T'obtain deliv'rance, bind me ſtill the more.
Thus with diſtinct precaution I prepared
My people; rapid in her courſe, mean-time,
My gallant bark approach'd the Sirens' iſle,
For briſk and favourable blew the wind.
Then, all at once, a breathleſs calm enſued,
And the waves ſlumber'd, lull'd by pow'r divine.
Up-ſprang my people, and the folded ſails
Beſtowing ſafe below, with all their oars
Timed in juſt meaſure, ſwept the whitening flood.
Myſelf, the while, diſſev'ring with my knife
A waxen cake, the num'rous portions chafed
Between my palms; erelong the ductile maſs
Grew warm, obedient to that ceaſeleſs force,
Aſſiſted by the ſun's all-piercing beam.

With that ſoft liniment I fill'd the ears
Of my companions, man by man, and they
My feet and arms with ſtrong coercion bound
Of cordage to the maſt-foot well ſecured.
Then down they ſat, and, rowing, threſh'd the brine.
But when with rapid courſe we had arrived
Within ſuch diſtance as a voice may reach,
Not unperceiv'd by them the gliding bark
Approach'd, and, thus, harmonious they began.
Achaia's boaſt! Ulyſſes! glorious Chief!
Oh hither guide thy bark, that thou may'ſt hear
The Sirens' voice! theſe ſhores none ever paſs'd
Till happier, firſt, and wiſer he became
Liſt'ning awhile to our melodious ſong.
For all the woes inflicted by the Gods
On Ilium's ſons, and on Achaia's hoſt,
And all events wherever elſe, we know *.

So

* The following tranſcript of a Latin verſion of this famous ſong by Cicero, may perhaps gratify the curious reader.

O decus Argolicum! quin puppim flectis, Ulyſſe,
Auribus ut noſtros poſſis agnoſcere cantus!
Nam nemo hæc unquam eſt tranſvectus cærula curſu,
Quin priùs adſtiterit, vocum dulcedine captus;
Poſt, variis avido ſatiatus pectore muſis,
Doctior ad patrias lapſus pervenerit oras.
Nos grave certamen belli, clademque tenemus
Græcia quam Trojæ divino numine vexit,
Omniaque è latis rerum reſtigia terris.

So they with voices ſweet their muſick poured
On my delighted ear, winning with eaſe
My heart's deſire to liſten, and by ſigns
I bade my people, inſtant, ſet me free.
But they more ſtrenuous row'd, and from their ſeats
Eurylochus and Perimedes ſprang
With added cords to bind me ſtill the more.
This danger paſt, and when the Sirens' voice,
Now left remote, had loſt its pow'r to charm,
Then, my companions freeing from the wax
Their ears, deliver'd me from my reſtraint.
The iſland left afar, I ſoon diſcern'd
Huge waves, and ſmoke, and horrid thund'rings heard.
All ſat aghaſt; forth flew at once the oars
From ev'ry hand, and with a claſh the waves
Smote all together; check'd, the galley ſtood,
By billow-ſweeping oars no longer urged,
And I, throughout the veſſel, man by man

To theſe lines of Cicero it may not be improper to add his opinion of the ſubject.—The Sirens, he ſays, ſeem to have arreſted the paſſenger not only by the novelty or variety of their ſong, but by the knowledge they profeſſed and promiſed to communicate; ſuch as men would even cling to their rocks to hear. Homer ſaw plainly that to repreſent ſo great a man detained by a ditty only, would make his ſtory incredible. The ſongſtreſſes therefore offer him knowledge alſo, which if a man, ardently deſirous of wiſdom, had preferred even to his native country, it had been no wonder.

Addreſſing all, encouraged thus my crew.
We meet not, now, my friends, our firſt diſtreſs.
This evil is not greater than we found
When the huge Cyclops in his den by force
Impriſon'd us, yet even thence we 'ſcaped,
My intrepidity and fertile thought
Opening the way; and we ſhall recollect
Theſe dangers alſo, in due time, with joy *.
Come, then—purſue my counſel. Ye your ſeats
Still occupying, ſmite the furrow'd flood
With well-timed ſtrokes, that by the will of Jove
We may eſcape, perchance, this death, ſecure.
To thee the pilot thus I ſpeak, (my words
Mark thou, for at thy touch the rudder moves)
Shunning yon ſmoke and thoſe tumultuous waves,
Cloſe by this rock direct thy wary courſe
And fear to leave it; leſt the veſſel ſlide
Into the current's force, and all be loſt.
So I, with whoſe advice all, quick, complied.
But Scylla I as yet named not, (that woe
Without a cure) leſt, terrified, my crew
Should all renounce their oars, and crowd below.

* Ulyſſes aſſumes to himſelf the honour of their deliverance from the Cyclops, not in the ſpirit of ſelf-praiſe and vain-glory, but to confirm their confidence in him the more. For confidence in their leader is often the ſalvation of his followers.—C.

Juſt then, forgetful of the ſtrict command
Of Circe to forbear, I cloth'd my limbs
In radiant armour, graſp'd two quiv'ring ſpears,
And to the deck aſcended at the prow,
Expecting earlieſt notice there, what time
The rock-bred Scylla ſhould annoy my friends.
But I diſcern'd her not, nor could, although
To wearineſs of ſight the duſky rock
I vigilant explored. Thus, many a groan
Heaving, we navigated ſad the ſtreight,
For here ſtood Scylla, while Charybdis there
With hoarſe throat deep abſorb'd the briny flood.
Oft as ſhe vomited the deluge forth,
Like water cauldron'd o'er a furious fire
The whirling Deep all murmur'd, and the ſpray
On both thoſe rocky ſummits fell in ſhow'rs.
But when ſhe ſuck'd the ſalt wave down again,
Then, all the pool appear'd wheeling about
Within, the rock rebellow'd, and the ſea
Drawn off into that gulph diſcloſed to view
The oozy bottom. Us pale horror ſeized.
Thus, dreading death, with faſt-ſet eyes we watch'd
Charybdis; mean-time, Scylla from the bark
Caught ſix away, the braveſt of my friends;
And as I watching ſtood the galley's courſe
And them within, uplifted high in air

Their

Their legs and arms I ſaw. My name aloud
Pronouncing in their agony, they went,
My name, and never to pronounce it more.
As when from ſome bold point among the rocks
The angler, with his taper rod in hand,
Caſts forth his bait to ſnare the ſmaller fry,
He ſwings away remote his guarded line *,
Then jerks aground at once the ſtruggling prey,
So Scylla them raiſed ſtruggling to the rock,
And at her cavern's mouth devour'd them all,
Shrieking and ſtretching forth to me their arms
In ſign of hopeleſs mis'ry. Ne'er beheld
Theſe eyes in all the ſeas that I have roam'd,
A ſight ſo piteous, nor in all my toils.
Theſe rocks thus paſt, Charybdis, and the den
Of dreadful Scylla, to the fruitful iſle
Where graze the fatted flocks and ſpotleſs herds
Of bright Hyperion, ſuddenly we came.
Ere yet we reach'd the coaſt, the bleat of ſheep
And lowings loud of oxen in the ſtall
Came o'er mine ear. Then dropp'd into my mind
The charge enjoin'd me by the Theban ſeer
Tireſias, nor by Circe leſs enforced,
That I ſhould leave afar with trembling awe

* They paſſed the line through a pipe of horn, to ſecure it againſt the fiſhes' bite.—B. & C.

The iſland of the all-enlivening Sun,
And to my people, ſorrowing, thus I ſaid.
Receive, my friends, however ſore diſtreſs'd,
The charge prophetick of the Theban ſeer
Tireſias, and by Circe much enforced,
To ſhun this iſland ſacred to the God
Of all-enliv'ning day; for deadlieſt woes
She ſaid, would meet us there. Ye, therefore, paſs
A coaſt ſo dang'rous ſwiftly as ye may.
I ceaſed; they me with conſternation heard,
And harſhly thus Eurylochus replied.
Ulyſſes, ruthleſs Chief! no toils impair
Thy ſtrength, of ſenſeleſs iron thou art form'd,
Who thy companions weary and o'erwatch'd
Forbidd'ſt to diſembark on this fair iſle,
Where now, at laſt, we might with eaſe regale.
Thou, raſh, command'ſt us, leaving it afar,
To roam all night the Ocean's dreary waſte;
But winds to ſhips injurious ſpring by night,
And how ſhall we eſcape a dreadful death
If, chance, a ſudden guſt from South ariſe
Or ſtormy Weſt, that daſh in pieces oft
The veſſel, even in the Gods deſpite?
Prepare we rather now, as night enjoins,
Our evening fare beſide the ſable bark,
In which at peep of day we may again

Launch

Launch forth ſecure into the boundleſs flood.
He ceas'd, whom all applauded. Then I knew
That ſorrow by the will of adverſe heav'n
Approach'd, and in wing'd accents thus replied.
I ſuffer force, Eurylochus! and yield
O'er-ruled by numbers. Come, then, ſwear ye all
A ſolemn oath, that ſhould we find an herd
Or num'rous flock, none here ſhall either ſheep
Or bullock ſlay, by appetite prophane
Seduced, but ſhall the viands eat content
Which from immortal Circe we received.
I ſpake; they readily a ſolemn oath
Sware all, and when their oath was fully ſworn,
Within a creek where a freſh fountain roſe
They moor'd the bark, and, iſſuing, began
Briſk preparation of their evening cheer.
But when nor hunger more nor thirſt remain'd
Unſated, recollecting, then, their friends
By Scylla ſeized and at her cave devour'd,
They mourn'd, nor ceaſed to mourn them, till they ſlept.
The night's third portion come, when now the ſtars,
Had travers'd the mid ſky, ethereal Jove
Call'd forth a vehement wind with tempeſt charged,
Menacing earth and ſea with pitchy clouds
Tremendous, and the night fell dark from heav'n.
But when Aurora, daughter of the day,

Look'd

Look'd roſy forth, we thruſt the threaten'd ſhip
For ſafety far within a deep receſs
Umbrageous, whither oft the nymphs retired
For ſport and for repoſe, and gath'ring, there,
My gallant friends around me, thus I ſaid.
My friends! food fails us not, but bread is yet
And wine on board. Abſtain we from the herds,
Leſt harm enſue; for ye behold the flocks
And herds of a moſt potent God, the Sun!
Whoſe eye and watchful ear may none elude.
So ſaying, I ſway'd the gen'rous minds of all.
A month complete the South wind ceaſeleſs blew,
Nor other wind blew next, ſave Eaſt and South;
Yet they, while neither food nor roſy wine
Fail'd them, the herds harm'd not, through fear to die.
But when, at length, proviſion none remain'd,
Neceſſity, then, ſent them forth to roam
In queſt of prey, with pointed hooks to snare
Fiſhes, or birds, and even what they might,
By famine urged. I ſolitary roam'd
Mean-time the iſle and pray'd, with hope to move
Some God to ſhow us a deliv'rance thence.
When, roving thus the iſle, I had at length
Left all my crew remote, I laved my hands
Where ſhelter warm from ev'ry blaſt I found,
And ſupplicated all the Pow'rs above;

But

But they my eyes with ſlumber whelm'd, and thus
Eurylochus ſeduced my crew the while.
My friends! afflicted as ye are, yet hear
A fellow-ſuff'rer. Death, however cauſed,
Abhorrence moves in miſerable man,
But death by famine is a fate of all
Moſt to be fear'd. Come, drive me to the ſhore
The beſt and faireſt oxen of the Sun,
For ſacrifice to the Immortal Pow'rs,
Reſolving thus—that ſoon as we ſhall reach
Our native Ithaca, we will erect
To bright Hyperion an illuſtrious fane,
Which with magnificent and num'rous gifts
We will enrich. But ſhould he chooſe to ſink
Our veſſel, for his ſtately beeves incenſed,
And ſhould, with him, all heav'n reſent the deed,
I rather had with open mouth, at once,
Meeting the billows, periſh, than by ſlow
And pining mis'ry in this deſert iſle.
So ſpake Eurylochus, whom all approved.
Then, driving all the fatteſt of the herd
Few paces only, (for the ſacred beeves
Grazed rarely diſtant from the bark) they ſtood
Encircling them around, and, graſping each
Green foliage newly pluck'd from ſaplings tall,
(For barley none in all our bark remain'd)

Worſhipp'd

Worſhipp'd the Gods in pray'r *. Pray'r made, they ſlew
And flay'd them, and the thighs with double fat
Inveſting, ſpread them o'er with ſlices crude.
No wine had they with which to conſecrate
The blazing rites, but with libation poor
Of water hallow'd the interiour parts.
Now, when the thighs were burnt, and each had ſhared
His portion of the maw, and when the reſt
All ſlaſh'd and ſcored hung roaſting at the fire,
Sleep, in that moment, ſuddenly my eyes
Forſaking, to the ſhore I bent my way.
But ere the ſtation of our bark I reach'd,
The ſav'ry vapour met me. At the ſcent
I groan'd aloud, and to the Gods exclaim'd.
Oh Jupiter, and all ye Pow'rs above!
With cruel ſleep and fatal ye have lull'd
My cares to reſt, ſuch horrible offence
Mean-time my raſh companions have deviſed.
Then, flew long-ſtoled Lampetia to the Sun
At once with tidings of his ſlaughter'd beeves,
And he, incenſed, the Immortals thus addreſs'd.
Jove, and ye everlaſting Pow'rs divine!
Avenge me inſtant on the crew profane

* They might encircle them either becauſe the ceremonial required them to do ſo, or to confine and keep them together.—C.

Of

Of Laertiades; Ulyſſes' friends
Have dared to ſlay my beeves, which I with joy
Beheld, both when I climb'd the ſtarry heav'ns,
And when to earth I ſlop'd my "weſtering wheels;"
They ſhall requite the wrong, or I renounce
Henceforth the ſkies, and give the ghoſts my beams.
Then, thus the Ruler of the realms of air.
Sun! ſhine thou ſtill on the Immortal pow'rs,
And on the teeming earth, frail man's abode.
My candent bolts can ſhiver at a ſtroke
Their flying bark amid the billowy Deep.
Theſe things Calypſo, taught them, as ſhe ſaid,
Herſelf by Mercury, made known to me.
But when, deſcending to the ſhore, I reach'd
At length my bark, with look and tone ſevere
I reprimanded them, yet no redreſs
Could frame, or remedy —the beeves were dead.
Soon follow'd ſigns portentous ſent from heav'n.
The ſkins all crept, and on the ſpits the fleſh
But crude and roaſted, moan'd as with the voice
Of living beeves. Thus my devoted friends
Driving the fatteſt oxen of the Sun,
Feaſted ſix days entire; but when the ſev'nth
By mandate of Saturnian Jove appeared,
The ſtorm then ceaſed to rage, and we, again
Embarking, launch'd our galley, reared the maſt,

And

And gave our unfurl'd canvas to the wind.
The iſland left afar, and other land
Appearing none, but ſky alone and ſea,
Right o'er the hollow bark Saturnian Jove
A blue cloud ſtation'd, dark'ning all the Deep.
Not long my veſſel ran, for, blowing wild,
Now came ſhrill Zephyrus; a ſtormy guſt
Snapp'd ſheer the ſhrouds on both ſides; backward fell
The maſt, and with looſe tackle ſtrew'd the hold;
Striking the pilot in the ſtern, it cruſh'd
His ſcull together; he a diver's plunge
Made downward, and his noble ſpirit fled.
Then Jove, ſtill thund'ring, hurl'd into the ſhip
His candent bolts; ſhe, quaking all her length,
With ſulphur reek'd, and o'er her ſhatter'd ſides
My people, plunging, on the boiſt'rous waves
Like ſea-mews rode, forbidden by that ſtroke
Of wrath divine to hope their country more.
But I, the veſſel ſtill paced to and fro,
Till ſever'd by the ſtorm her planks and ribs
Forſook the keel now left to float alone.
Snapp'd where it join'd the keel the maſt had fall'n,
But fell encircled with a leathern brace,
Which it retain'd; binding with this the maſt
And keel together, on them both I ſat,
Borne helpleſs onward by the dreadful gale.

And

And now the Weſt ſubſided, and the South
Aroſe inſtead, with mis'ry charged for me,
That I might meaſure back my courſe again
To dire Charybdis. All night long I drove,
And when the ſun aroſe, at Scylla's rock
Once more, and at Charybdis' gulph arrived.
It was the fearful time when ſhe abſorb'd
The briny flood, but by a wave upborne
I ſeized the branches of the wild-fig faſt*,
To which, bat-like, I clung; yet where to fix
My foot ſecure found not, or where to aſcend,
For diſtant lay the roots, and diſtant ſhot
The largeſt arms erect into the air,
O'erſhadowing all Charybdis; therefore hard
I clench'd the boughs, till ſhe diſgorg'd again
Both keel and maſt. Not undeſired by me
They came, though late; for at what hour the judge,
After deciſion made of num'rous ſtrifes
Between young candidates for honour, leaves
The forum for refreſhment' ſake at home,
Then was it that the maſt and keel emerged†.
Deliver'd to a voluntary fall,
Faſt by thoſe beams I daſh'd into the flood,

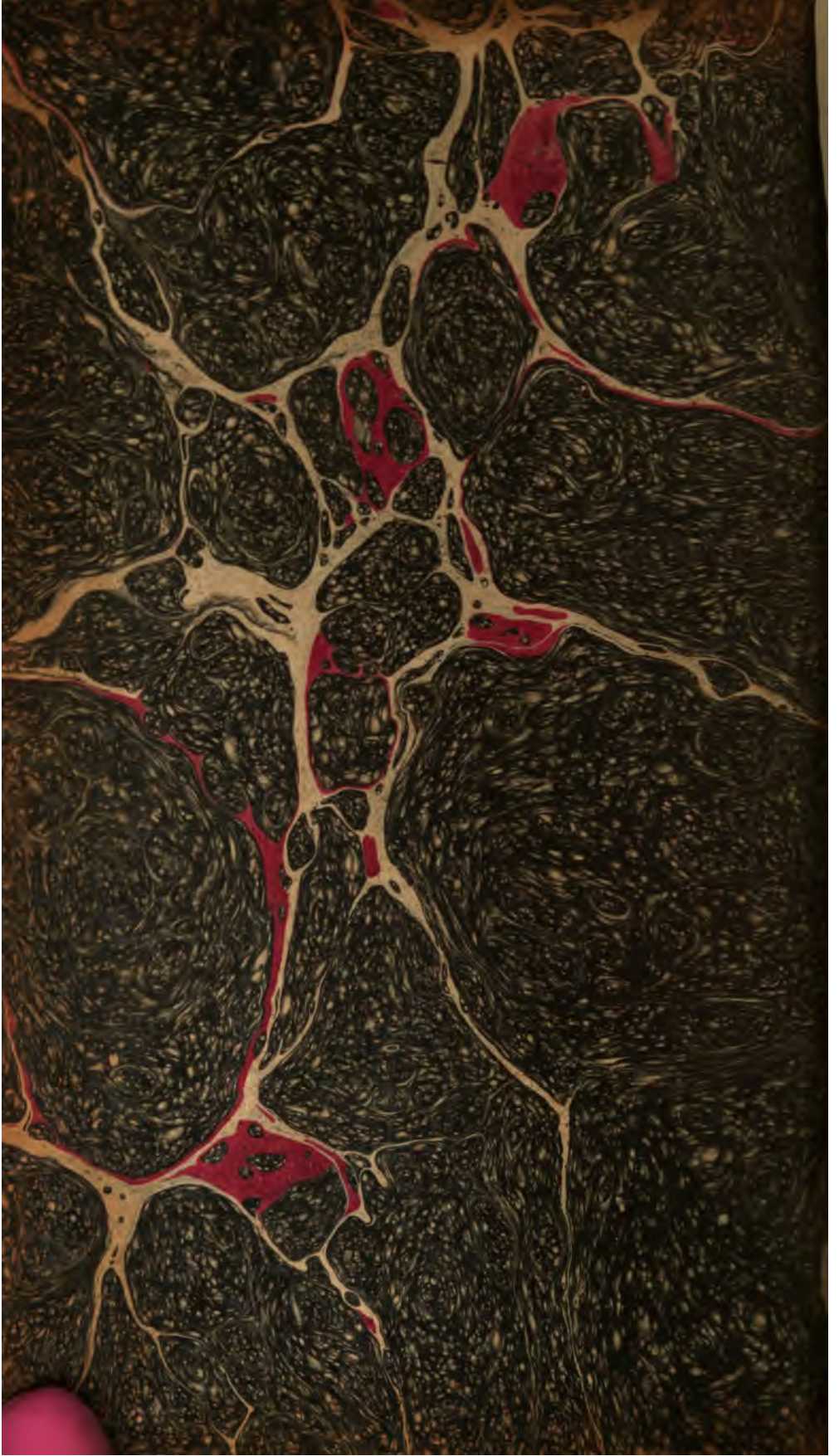
* See line 120.

† He had therefore held by the fig-tree from ſun-riſe till afternoon.

And

And ſeated on them both, with oary palms
Impell'd them; nor the Sire of Gods and men
Permitted Scylla to diſcern me more,
Elſe, in that moment, had I ſurely died *.
Nine days I floated, and the Gods, at length,
On the tenth night, the beams which I beſtrode
Drove to Ogygia, where the beauteous Nymph
Calypſo dwells; ſhe pitied and ſupplied
My want of all things.—But let this ſuffice.
Whate'er enſued, thy royal ſpouſe and thou
Learn'd yeſterday; and, to rehearſe a tale
So lately told, were weariſome and vain †.

* Strabo contends that Circe miſinformed Ulyſſes; for ſhe aſſured him that if he arrived at Charybdis at the time when ſhe ingulphed the water, Neptune himſelf could not deliver him. He arrives there, however, at that very time, and nevertheleſs eſcapes. But Circe gave him that caution, on a ſuppoſition that if he arrived there at all it muſt be in his ſhip, and his eſcape by means of the wild fig when the timbers on which he had floated thither were actually ſwallowed up, is no impeachment of the truth of her intelligence.—C.

† Hence it is plain, ſays Euſtathius, that none of Homer's repetitions are made without a reaſon, or eſcape him through mere garrulity. And Plutarch ſays, obſerving on this paſſage, Of all that can be ſaid of poets nothing is ſo true as that Homer alone, always new, always beautiful, may bid defiance to the moſt faſtidious reader. Leading us, as he does, from ſubject to ſubject he never cloys, but is ſure to preſent ſome novelty or other to our relief before ſatiety can ſeize us.—C.

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